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OCTOBER



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Eclectic Magazine

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plete in 63 vols.

ULTRAMONTANISM IN GERMANY: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

BY PROFESSOR VON SCHULTE.

Bonn, June 10th, 1878.

SINCE the year 1871 there has arisen in Germany, between the State and the Romish clergy, a contest which in some respects can scarcely ever have been surpassed for vehemence, and the end of which it is impossible to foresee. In order fairly to set forth its importance we shall cite the laws made by the German Empire and the Prussian State, and mention the chief results of them.

On the 10th of December, 1871, a law was passed by the Empire which threatened with imprisonment for a period not exceeding two years any of the clergy who, in the public exercise of their office, or in the church, spoke of political questions in such a way as to endanger the public peace. A second law, dated the 5th of July, 1872, dissolved all the institutions of the Jesuits, with the orders and fraternities associated with them within the German Empire, forbade all

action on the part of the members, and expelled all foreign Jesuits. A third law, passed on the 4th of May, 1871, threatens all clergymen who continue to exercise their functions after being deprived of their office by a judicial sentence with confiscation in certain districts or places, and eventually with the loss of German nationality, and banishment from Germany. In the years from 1872 to 1876 Prussia passed a number of laws, the object of which was to protect the rights of the State against the Churches—especially the Romish Church. The scope of them may be thus summed up: The oversight of all public and private schools is accorded to the State; the institution of clergymen, whether permanent or temporary, can only be made after notice has first been given to the Government, which has the right on legal grounds to protest; clergymen must possess the rights

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of German citizenship, have attended a German gymnasium, studied theology for three years at a German university, and passed an examination in history and German literature before a State commission; all ecclesiastical seminaries are to be under the oversight of the State, otherwise they must be closed; new schools for boys or for students are not to be built, nor youths received into those already existing. A clergyman who is punished for any crime or misdemeanor for which the penalty is imprisonment with hard labor in a house of correction, or with the loss of municipal rights or public offices, is not to be re-instituted. The same is to be the case with a clergyman from whose conduct it may be premised that he will oppose the laws and regulations of the State, and endanger the public peace. Actual discipline is only to be exercised by the German ecclesiastical authorities; the accused must be heard, an ordinary trial must be held, a written judgment given, with the grounds on which it rests; corporal punishments are forbidden, and fines are not allowed to exceed 90 marks; imprisonment in a *domus demeritorum* not to be for longer than three months, and these institutions to be under Government surveillance; the appeal to be made to the State when the sentence is illegal. If a clergyman has so seriously violated the laws of the State relating to the clerical office and its functions that his remaining in office seems incompatible with public order, then on the proposition of the State authorities he shall be dismissed from his office; no penalties are permitted except for ecclesiastical offences, or those concerning religion; they cannot be inflicted because political or civil rights are not exercised, or to enforce their exercise in a particular way. The public announcement, performance, or proclamation of them to the congregation in an injurious way is punishable. A royal court of ecclesiastical affairs decides concerning appeals, dismisses from office, and so forth. Bishoprics which are unlawfully occupied, as well as other places, are to be administered as to their temporalities by a State commission; revenues provided by the State for the clergy (or arising from funds administered by the State) are withheld if the receivers do

not declare, either by word or deed, that they submit to the laws. Benefices that have been vacant longer than a year may be filled by the patron or the community. The property of benefices is administered under State laws by a steward chosen by the community; the State exercises an oversight of the administration of the diocesan property; all orders and fraternities, except those devoted to the care of the sick, are to be dissolved at the latest by the 3rd of June, 1879, and those which remain are to be under the supervision of the State. This summary will be sufficient to show the great importance of these laws. A few words will suffice to explain their actual working.

Of the twelve Prussian dioceses, eight are vacant—six by deposition by the court already mentioned, the archbishops of Cologne and Posen, the bishops of Breslau, Münster, Paderborn, and Limburg; the other two, Fulda and Trèves, are vacant by deaths. Seven of them are administered by royal commissaries, and one (Fulda) has a capitular vicar. In these seven dioceses there is no ecclesiastical government; anarchy reigns, the people follow the illegal commands of the secret delegates of the Pope, or the deposed bishops. Hundreds of benefices are vacant. All the Romish clergy ordained since May, 1873, are incapable of holding office, because they have not submitted to the State examinations. In Baden, Hesse, Würtemberg, and Bavaria, affairs are not so bad, but cases of conflict are multiplying everywhere. Baden is the only country in which the Ultramontanes (although the Catholic population numbers 63.6 per cent.) have not the majority at the elections, either for the Landtag or the Reichstag, and where they are politically powerless.

In Prussia, Bavaria, Hesse, Würtemberg, Oldenburg, and the Kingdom of Saxony—the other States have but a small Catholic population—most of the Catholics are Ultramontanes; they regard the State as the enemy of the Church and religion, and the condemned and deposed bishops and clergy as martyrs; they furnish them with means to enable them to brave the laws. Any one who doubts this, and thinks that the conflict is waning, either does not know how

things stand, or is deceived. One has only to read the speeches of the Ultramontane leaders during the last few months in the Prussian parliament to be assured that peace with the Romish Church is a very distant prospect. If it is to be possible, solid, and permanent, it must be understood how the present state of affairs arose.

In order to this, it is necessary to know how Ultramontaniam originated in Germany, and how it grew to be a power. For Prussia, especially, but pretty much also for the whole of Germany, we must define three periods—from 1803 to 1830, from 1840 to 1848, and the most recent from 1870. I hope to be able to show how the Governments have themselves to thank for the harvest they are reaping to-day.

At the Congress of Vienna, by the acts of the German Bund of 8th June, 1815, the former German Empire was replaced by the German Confederation. From the first, the great question was, which of the two great powers, Austria and Prussia, should get the larger number of smaller States on its side. Particularism was strengthened by the importance conferred by this. Austria did not appear dangerous to the minor States, because she was large enough, and in order to maintain her position in Germany had to rely on the co-operation of the medium-sized and small States. This idea was justified, because from 1815 to 1859 the false political opinion prevailed that Austria was secure in the possession of her Italian territory by virtue of her position in the German Confederation. Prussia appeared in the eyes of the second and third-rate States as a power that must aim at annexation. It was perceived that a State whose great eastern half was separated from the western (the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia) by Hanover, Hesse, Brunswick, &c., would not always be content, especially in case of internal complications, with the three military roads stipulated in the Acts of the Congress of Vienna (Act 31). In every attempt of Prussia to effect new arrangements in the Diet, the purpose was detected of weakening the minor States. This suspicion was Austria's best ally. Hanover, Brunswick, the three Hesses, Nassau, Würtemberg, Saxony, Bavaria, were nearly al-

ways on the side of Austria, as were also some of the smallest—Lichtenstein, Lippe, &c. This must be borne in mind in order to understand other things.

By the political events of 1801—1815 more than thirty Catholic families and princes, dukes and counts, and nearly as many Protestant, lost their sovereign power over territories in the German Empire of to-day. Discontented with the new order of things, the majority of them regarded the Emperor of Austria as the successor of the former Emperor, and sided with him accordingly.

The year 1803 had destroyed the external organization of the Catholic Church in Germany by the secularization of all bishoprics, abbeys, provostships, &c., which had been States of the Empire, as well as by the secularization of all chapters and nearly all other convents. A restoration by an Imperial edict, which was projected in 1803, could, of course, not be carried out, because the Empire had ceased to exist. The example of the French Government in 1801 was followed, of forming treaties directly with the Pope, as had been attempted by several German States before 1815. The course and results of these transactions are too important to the sequel not to be briefly mentioned, although we cannot enter into the subject in detail. With the estates of the secularized bishoprics, &c., the new rulers had undertaken the obligation of endowing the new ones; they found themselves also practically in possession of the right of nomination to all benefices previously in the gift of the spiritual rulers. Seminaries, theological institutions, the ecclesiastical administration generally, were found to be in a wretched state. What was to be done? A number of States—Protestant rulers who had a larger or smaller number of Catholic subjects—Baden, Würtemberg, the two Hesses, Nassau, &c., met together in 1818 to agree upon a constitution for the Catholic Church, which should offer a guarantee to the State that it should be national, and then make treaties with Rome. It was too late. Pius VII. had been reinstated in the possession of the States of the Church by the Allies, who were enthusiastic for restoration, and had abolished everything established by the French *régime* not tending to central-

ization; he had reinstated the Jesuits, as props of the Papal power. Reaction gained the day in Austria and Prussia; the distress, having vanished, was forgotten, and the spectre of revolution was beheld in every expression of liberal ideas; the support of authority was held to be the mission of the State, and for this the Church seemed to be the very institution. The Pope was looked upon as the personification of authority, who, by recognizing the new order of things, would legalize it, and make it seem good in the eyes of Catholic subjects.

In 1817 Bavaria concluded a Concordat with the Pope, whereby extensive rights were granted to the King—appointment of the eight bishops and right of presentation to all benefices previously in the gift of secularized ecclesiastical corporations. By a law published at the same time as the concordat, the rights of the State in relation to those of the Church were defined, particularly the *placet* and the *recursus ab abuso*. Prussia and Hanover negotiated direct with the Pope. Although it did not come to concordats, *bullæ circumscriptiões* were issued, based on treaties, determining the number, boundaries, and dotations of bishoprics, chapters, the presentations to both, &c. Rome took advantage of the opportunity; bluntly rejected the advances of the other allied Governments, and attained her end. The Freiherr of Wessenberg, whom the Pope would not recognize as administrator of Constance, was deposed, and the ecclesiastical provinces of the Upper Rhine contented themselves with a bull, creating one archbishopric—Freiburg—and four bishoprics: Rottenburg, in Würtemberg; Fulda, in Hesse-Cassel; Mainz, in Hesse-Darmstadt; Limburg, in Nassau. Within the present German Empire (not including Alsace-Lorraine) there were in 1803 twenty-five Catholic archbishoprics and bishoprics, of which two, however, Fulda and Chiemsee, were very insignificant. Twenty-three had been founded by the united Governments. The Church had not suffered therefore, and Rome had won a great victory.

The episcopate of the former German Empire had been aiming for centuries to maintain its independence against the Curia; this is shown by the struggle

against the encroachment of the Nuncios, the Congress of Ems (1786), the liberal tendencies of the universities of Mainz, Trèves, Bonn, &c. Now, however, everything was settled between the Pope and the Governments without even consulting the still-existing bishops, the clergy, or the people. *The Pope was thus practically and legally recognized as absolute ruler of the Church, the Curial system had achieved a complete victory.* The ancient chapters, in spite of all their weakness from an ecclesiastical point of view, since they were mostly open only to the nobles, and were provisions for younger sons, from their being States of the Empire, and the large rights they possessed, had an independent position in relation to the bishops. By the new bulls, the right of presentation to all canonries, and to the prebends in Prussia falling vacant in the chapters in the uneven months, January, March, &c., belonging to the King, only the nominee received the *provisio* from the Pope; those falling vacant in the even months belonged to the bishops. In Bavaria the Pope nominated the provosts, the King the deans, and to the posts falling vacant during the uneven months the bishops appointed all vicars, and the canons during three even months, and during the other three the chapter. In Hanover and the ecclesiastical provinces of the Upper Rhine all the appointments were made by the bishops and chapters alternately. In Bavaria, Hanover, and the Upper Rhenish Provinces, the State had the power of rejecting obnoxious candidates. All bishops, except in Bavaria, were elected by the chapter. But while the Governments had an ostensible guarantee in the right of excluding *personæ minus græte*, which led to a great many contests, the power of the Pope was really unlimited. How he exercised it is shown by the non-confirmation of Professor Schmidt for Mainz, and repeated refusals in Bavaria. The result was, that no one could be made a bishop unless he was acceptable to the Curia, no one a canon who was not acceptable to the bishop. Thus it came about that, with very few exceptions, the episcopate became thoroughly Ultramontane. The very earliest appointments show that no liberal candidate had a chance—mere ciphers were

preferred. And if at first men like the Count Von Spiegel were admitted at Rome, it was only because they did not venture to show their true colors at once. The German Catholic chapters became, in fact, the seats of Ultramontanism.

The Curial system rapidly gained ground. It had contented itself with founding bishoprics and chapters, but no provision was made for administering them even in accordance with the canon law, or for establishing any system of discipline, which was all the more needed because most of the dioceses were without any experience. Thus a purely arbitrary rule arose; everything was dependent on the will or favor of the bishop, he had only to stand well with Rome to rule as he pleased in his diocese. For instance, it was a general custom to make appointments to benefices years in advance, provisionally or revocably (*ab conditione revocabilitatis*); if there was a patron, his consent was gained. The clergy could but play the part of obedient servants. No synod deserving the name has been held in any German diocese during the nineteenth century. The object of the Provincial Council held at Cologne in 1860 was to confirm the Romish theories.

It was supposed that all that had been neglected in internal administration, could be effected by State legislation. On reviewing the ecclesiastical policy in all the States of Germany, from 1803, and 1815 to 1848, it is inconceivable how Governments could be so short-sighted. It ought to have been clearly perceived that it would not do to confer on the Catholic Church the rights possessed by the Protestant rulers as head bishops, in the Protestant Church, which resulted from the peculiar course the Reformation took in Germany. It was quite inadmissible in States which had for the most part only recently acquired their Catholic territories, in which religious equality existed, and which had made treaties with the Pope. True political sagacity would have led to the practice of settling all claims by the laws of the State, to which the State, in virtue of its sovereignty, and having regard to the new order of things, had a right, and it should have enforced it without interfering in the internal ecclesiastical admin-

istration. But the course pursued was entirely different. Without considering that Gallicanism and the system of Joseph II. were based upon the theory that the Catholic king must protect the Catholic Church as the only true one, and had a natural right to care for it, to reform abuses, &c., they began to adopt them, because they drew the false conclusion that Protestant rulers might at any rate allow themselves, what had not been thought wrong by Catholic sovereigns. Thus it happened that some new laws were enacted, like the ordinance of 30th January, 1830, for the Upper Rhenish ecclesiastical provinces, and the old ones were partly retained. Out of this a peculiar state of things arose. Presentation to livings depended on State favor, an oath of allegiance was generally required as in the case of officials; relations with the Pope, the decrees of the bishops to the clergy and their parishioners were dependent on the *placet*; for synods a permit from the Government and the advice of a Government Commissary were necessary; theological studies, examinations, candidature for benefices, were all under regulation; regress to the sovereign of an ecclesiastical office on account of abuse was permitted, the religious training of the children of mixed marriages was regulated by the State, &c. Every restriction which the Government thought necessary in its own interests to impose on the bishops, who were absolute within their own sphere, could not fail to be regarded as a curtailment of ecclesiastical liberty.

It is preposterous to appeal, as has been, and still is done, to Bavaria and Austria, where, especially in the latter, far greater restrictions prevailed. Both states were regarded by Rome and the Catholics as Catholic. In Austria in spite of the laws of Joseph II. the clergy ruled the day; the bishops held the first position in the State, were "Excellencies," were decorated with grand crosses, richly endowed, treated with the highest distinction; they were all the more ready to bow to the Catholic Emperor, because with very few exceptions they had always been subjects. And, what is the main point, things had remained on the same footing as before, or were for the most part improved. In Bavaria also the case

was different; the reigning house was Catholic, and the people soon forgot the previous state of things.

In the rest of Germany, particularly in Prussia, circumstances were very different. The Catholic provinces, Westphalia and Rhineland, had been for the most part, up to 1808, under spiritual princes. Members of the noble Catholic families had for centuries held bishoprics, offices in the chapters, had been at the head of the administration, and, to a great extent, they owed their wealth to the Church. This glory had all at once departed. The old fashion of making things pleasant had been replaced by the rigid Prussian rule, which demanded stringent order in all things. There were whole districts exclusively Catholic, with the exception of a few Jews. Altered rule, new laws, heavier taxes, diminished autonomy, and many other things, doubtless produced contumacious subjects. The true statesman-like policy would have been to gain over the population as far as possible, and particularly to fill all important offices, or those which brought the holders of them into direct contact with the people, and therefore influenced public opinion, with natives of the district, and, if this could not be done all at once, to use every effort to find them. But what happened? In the old provinces of Brandenburg, Pomerania, Prussia, &c., there is a numerous landed gentry, whose members are addicted to the military career and the service of the State. Up to the latest decades and partly still, from the preponderance of agricultural pursuits in these districts, a relatively far larger number of young men from them devoted themselves to study, particularly to the law and the official career, than from the western provinces. It would be very rash to conclude from this, however, that the natives of Westphalia or the Rhenish provinces are at all behind those of the eastern provinces in mental endowments. Suspicion was immediately aroused. It was supposed by the authorities that no trustworthy servants would be found in the new provinces. A singular state of things was the result. Protestant officials in all influential posts became the rule. Provincial and governmental chiefs, head magistrates, &c., were all Protestants. The Rhenish prov-

inces had not one, Westphalia only one Catholic President; from 1815 to the present time scarcely half-a-dozen Catholic ministers have been chosen; the number of counsellors in the government, the superior courts, &c., has never been anything like in proportion to the adherents of the two creeds among the population. The appointment of Protestant officials in Catholic districts, in courts of justice, &c., was, up to 1840, almost carried out as a system; an immense majority of officials of all grades were Protestants. It was carried so far that a vast number of Protestant *gens-d'armes*, apparitors, and other sub-officials, who have to be chosen from disabled soldiers, were brought from the eastern provinces to Westphalia. This system, which has been described because a knowledge of it is necessary to an understanding of the course of events, had three important consequences.

Firstly, In purely Catholic districts it gave rise nearly everywhere to small Protestant communities, which, by State aid or other means, were as soon as possible made into parishes, provided with churches, &c. The laws relating to the children of mixed marriages demanded this, because they were obliged eventually to adopt the religion of the father. The clergy persuaded the people that the Government intended to convert the country to Protestantism. The circumstance that, in many cases, going over to Protestantism opened the way to a career, and *vice versa*, produced a great effect. It cannot be denied that while in official circles Radicalism was the prevailing system, the Government was actuated by the narrowest creed. This was adduced as evidence that it was intended to suppress the Catholic religion.

Secondly, There arose a general idea among the Catholics that the higher offices in the State were closed to them. This explains why the numbers of them seeking offices under Government diminished. If this was represented to the Government, the reply was, We cannot appoint them, because there are no applicants. Again a peculiar evil was the result. It is a fact that those Catholics were advanced who notoriously cared little for their religion, particularly those who had Protestant wives, and allowed their children

to be brought up as Protestants. It is strange, but true, that in many places the Catholic populace, and even the educated classes, regarded the Catholic Government officials with suspicion. How far this was carried is shown by the fact that Cardinal Geissel once said to me, "What would you have? He is an official and *must*" (do so and so). I heard the very same thing from Bishop Drepper of Paderborn, but in the more racy peasants' dialect. Both referred to the same individual, the Director of the Catholic department of the Ministry of Worship, of whom I heard complaints on the other hand that the bishops themselves did not trust him. As a result of this state of things, we find that the Catholic officials who wished to pass for good Catholics paraded it ostentatiously, and, instead of considering the fulfilment of their official duties and the advancement of the interests of the State to be their chief business, felt themselves called upon to protect those of the Church. All information turned to account against the Government came from these circles, and, at the present time, the Ultramontane press receives early intelligence of confidential orders. The merely nominal Catholics, on the other hand, took pains to show their indifference, were suspicious of those devoted to the Church, and sought to hinder their advancement. In short, a sectarian spirit was introduced into the Government, the greatest misfortune that could happen for Prussia, for it caused a discrepancy between the law and its administration.

Thirdly, Throughout Germany all sincere Catholics felt themselves set aside under Protestant rulers, and formed, though on various grounds, a secret opposition. This was mainly directed against Prussia, which they regarded as the chief and champion of Protestantism. The malcontents were the mediatised nobility, the Catholic landed nobility who did not get any influential places, military or political, and the Catholic officials who felt themselves neglected. On the Protestant side those who were dissatisfied with the course of events in the Church-Union, and the official philosophical system, either joined the cause or remained passive, thereby strengthening the power of

the opposition. The political aim of the Catholics was to enhance the power of Austria, the Catholic State; the exclusive tendency of the Church came to be opposition to the Reformation and Prussia. With 1828, when the University of Landshut was transferred to Munich, the systematic Ultramontane movement begins. The soul of it was Joseph Görres, who had been expelled from Prussia. He combated Prussia and Protestantism with all the power of satire and his unequalled command of language both in speaking and writing. This man, whom Napoleon I. called a "*cinquième puissance*," has fearfully avenged his wrongs—now that his heirs have gained their lawsuit for recovery of the salary for the post he was deprived of, one may say so. The magnates of Catholic theology at Munich—Möhler, Sailer, Döllinger, Windischman, Reithmayer, Permaneder; the lawyers, Phillips and Von Moy; the philologists, Von Lasaulx, &c., flocked round him. The old and the new leaders—Von Ketteler, Melchers, Moufang, &c.—studied at Munich. The aim of a number of writings, on which space forbids us to enlarge, was to declare war upon Prussia and Protestantism, and they made capital out of the treatment of the Catholics, mixing up the false with the true, the legislation about mixed marriages, and the affairs of the Church, in a way only too well adapted to mislead the Catholics and to lessen their patriotism. While the censorship of the press prevented the publication, and the police the open distribution, of the most dangerous of these writings, they were all the more eagerly circulated in private, and the opinion naturally gained ground that things were just as was represented.

To these circumstances an important political factor was added. After 1833 Prussia had begun to establish a union, based on material interests, between the States of North and South Germany, by means of the Zollverein. This excited the political enmity of the foes of Prussia all the more, as they could not keep out of it without loss of material prosperity.

Finally, there is one more circumstance to be mentioned, which has become the most important for the growth of Ultramontanism in Prussia. As we

have shown, the Catholic population was only represented by a minimum of the higher officials, even in Catholic districts. The office of Landrath had been introduced into every province. This personage is chief officer of State in every district (*Kreis*); until quite lately, the police, taxation, the control of military and industrial affairs, were in his hands. Persons were always chosen as Landrath who had a knight's manor (*Rittergut*) in the district. For this reason, in Catholic districts, the office was generally conferred on noble Catholic proprietors, because these manors were all in their hands. It followed that the most important administrative functions were to a great extent in the hands of malcontents. If a person who did not belong to the nobility was Landrath, he had to stand well with the nobles in order to enjoy a good social position, and to be able to exercise the functions which, up to 1848, had mostly only belonged to the holders of large estates; he was almost compelled to maintain a passive and lenient attitude towards Ultramontaniam. The schools were, up till the last few years, with fewer and fewer exceptions, divided into Catholic and Protestant; the teachers belonging to the one or the other respectively. They were trained at seminaries, which were not only Catholic or Protestant, but the Catholic ones were and still are under the direction of the clergy. The office of schoolmaster, being badly paid, attracted almost exclusively young people from the poorer classes. In the Catholic districts, nearly all over the country, the schoolmaster was also organist or sacristan, or both, and often derived the larger part of his income from these offices. The schoolmaster, from his station in life, looked upon the clergyman as entitled to the highest respect; he had been taught by his training, which was also dependent on him, to act according to his orders; and his dependence was confirmed by the system of school inspection. This was performed in every district by one or more of the clergy appointed by the Government, while the inspection of the schools in their parishes was the office of every clergyman. The schoolmaster and clergyman were up to 1848, and are so even now, the natural advisers of the

countryman; with them the doctor had to be on good terms in order that they might act together. The Government was made acquainted with the state of things by the reports of the Landraths and the school inspectors. It must be borne in mind also, that according to rule in Prussia up to 1840, the one magistrate, the doctor in most places, had no one but the clergyman to associate with. But the clergyman everywhere is on good terms with the nobility; in very many places, the noble landowner is patron as well as founder of the living; the noble is on good terms with the bishops. The local authorities, the burgomaster and officials, were either elected by the parishioners or were appointed by Government. If they were not on good terms with the clergy, their places were made too hot for them. The people, unfortunately, almost everywhere, still look upon an official as a troublesome restraint. When all these things are considered, it will be perceived that in most parishes, all influence was in the hands of the clergy and through them in those of the bishops. The Government had no idea of the real state of things. If, in spite of all, things went well up to 1848, that was owing to another circumstance. The generation of the clergy who have died out within the last twenty years, had been educated in times when Ultramontaniam had gained 'no footing in Germany. Those now over sixty years of age have been trained in the same school, but it has been quite different since 1837.

The imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne, Clemens August Baron von Droste, is justly regarded by the Ultramontanes as the beginning of a new era. It was a violent measure, and estranged all the clergy except those who, from their leaning to the philosophy of Hermes, were unfavorable to the archbishop. All the Catholic nobility of the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia were related to him by blood or marriage, in consequence of marriages taking place exclusively between persons of equal birth; and, feeling that a blow had been struck at themselves by what had befallen him, they took his part. In Bavaria, the Papal decrees and memorials were immediately translated, and George Phillips, Farke, and Guido Görres, son

of Joseph Görres, established a religious-political newspaper, the *Historisch-Politischen Blätter*, which from the first has been chiefly taken in by the clergy, and, consequently, is inimical to Prussia and the national development of which she is the representative.

Then came the accession of Frederic William IV., June 7, 1840. He was an intellectual, highly cultivated man, imbued with romantic ideas, and he saw in the Roman Catholic religion an institution whose forms were attractive to him, and whose principle of authority seemed to him the firmest support of the throne. He aimed at gaining the favor of the Catholics,—a most justifiable endeavor if the means had been adapted to it. He thought he had gained over the people, when he had secured the hierarchy and the nobles. He succeeded with both as long as he lived, with what consequences to the State we have already touched upon. He ingratiated himself with the nobles by elevating a large number of the heads of baronial families to the rank of Counts, and by conferring the dignity of Chamberlain on one or another in nearly every family, &c. He gained favor with the clergy to a still greater extent. He gave striking evidence of his endeavor to do so by sending the Ultramontane Count Brühl as Ambassador to the Pope, by releasing the Archbishop of Cologne (who, as I myself witnessed in several places, celebrated a real triumphant progress), by nominating as his coadjutor and successor Geissel, afterwards Cardinal, in conjunction with Rome, by fully rehabilitating the Archbishop, by releasing Von Dunin, Archbishop of Gnesen in Posen, by the abolition of the *placet*, by the establishment of a special Catholic department in the Ministry of Worship, by giving way on the question of the appointment of bishops, and by aiding the completion of Cologne Cathedral, to which, ever since 1842, the State has annually contributed £7,500. The consequences to the State were tragic.

The Ultramontanes were delighted, and flattered the King; but in all this they only saw evidence of their own power and the fear with which it inspired the Government, and so they proceeded full sail to extend the Catholic power in every direction. The Catholic depart-

ment of the Ministry of Worship felt itself called upon to promote, not the interests of the State, but those of the Church. It was a strange spectacle. A department of State which asks the bishop what will be agreeable to him, and whose members send reports to the Papal Nuncios! Their influence extended to everything which depends on the administration. The appointment of their own counsellors, and those for the education department in the Government and the provinces, the directors and masters of all the Catholic gymnasia, the selection of candidates for offices in the Cathedral chapters which were nominated by the King, and of the professors of Catholic theology, &c., all depended on their influence. Year by year in all matters of education it became more and more necessary to be a "good Catholic." Those who were not so pretended to be. The year 1848 first revealed the power of the clergy. Numbers of them, bishops, deans, &c., were elected to sit in the Frankfort Parliament and the Prussian National Assembly, and from the districts which were mainly Catholic, only decided Catholics were sent; in the Rhenish provinces, even Ernst Moritz Arndt was defeated by an ecclesiastic. With few exceptions, the Catholics held together; they refrained from voting when the King of Prussia was made German Emperor. They and the Liberal theologians, both at Frankfort and Berlin, carried the vote permitting the Church to administer her own affairs. While a reaction took place in the Government party as soon as the panic was over, the Catholics gave the Church the reins, and she plumed herself on having saved the State. The German bishops held a meeting at Würzburg in October, 1858, addressed a memorial to the Government and a pastoral letter to the faithful, and the Prussians and Bavarians followed suit. What was demanded was pretty much the abolition of all control of the Church. In Bavaria some concessions were made, in Prussia everything was conceded. All Government control came to an end. The appointment of the clergy, their deposition, the administration and alienation of Church property, all the clerical education system, was put completely into the power of the bishops. The right of

association was taken advantage of to found convents, orders, and fraternities. In 1848 there were in Prussia only a few convents for mendicants and nuns, and a few orders for nursing the sick; by the end of 1871, there were thirteen orders and fraternities for men, and thirty-five for women, having 626 institutions, and 5,586 members. The number had increased by 1,800 between 1865 and 1871. In some towns elementary instruction was entirely in their hands, and higher instruction for Catholic girls everywhere. Numberless church societies and brotherhoods in the elementary schools included the mass of the population. The Borromaeus-Verein, for the circulation of Catholic books, which had the privilege of free carriage, numbered in 1869 51,000 members, the contributions amounted to £7,500, and it had 1,370 libraries. The Bonifacius-Verein, for the erection and maintenance of Catholic churches in Protestant neighborhoods, collected £3,000 annually in the diocese of Cologne, from 1863 to 1872; in the same diocese in four years £13,050 were collected for the Pope on special occasions, and £100,000 from 1861 to 1873 by St. Michael's Brotherhood; from 1868 to 1873 £9,600 were collected in alms in Lent to be dispensed in the diocese.

While the people were thus preyed upon by the clergy, the clergy themselves were receiving an entirely new training. Men who had been brought up in the Collegium Germanicum at Rome gave the tone everywhere; seminaries for boys were established in every diocese, from which the majority of the clergy went forth, and the right spirit was then infused into them in their clerical seminaries,—the spirit of contempt for everything that did not originate with the Church, of over-estimating the clergy, of enmity to everything national and belonging to the State. The greatest oppression was exercised from Rome, all intellectual freedom was suppressed. If a professor of theology at a national university became suspected by the bishop, he prohibited him from teaching, and the Government consented. The elementary schools fell entirely into the hands of the Church.

In Baden, Württemberg, and Hesse things were a little different. In the two

former concordats had been entered into with the Curia on the Austrian model, which were again abolished on account of the opposition of the Parliaments; they then guarded themselves by legislation. In the two others the reactionary tendency led to a union with the bishops, which introduced a state of things similar to that in Prussia.

After 1848 a political and internal Ultramontane movement went hand-in-hand. In the Prussian Chamber a "Catholic faction" was formed, who, ever since 1852, have been trying to show, by motions, speeches, and writings, how the Catholic Church is everywhere repressed. It was just the same in the other German States. The year 1860 seemed to the Ultramontanes a fitting time for the realization of their plans. Having ensnared the greater part of the population by means of orders, fraternities, and societies, and having got trade into its power by means of the Catholic workingmen's unions, the object now was to convert general society, learning, the press, and capital to Catholicism. The establishment of the "Catholic casinos," which are the centres of the political and clerical agitation, originated at Mainz, where the Freiherr Von Ketteler held sway. There are places in the Rhenish provinces where the Catholics were not able to provide for their schools, though money enough could be found for building institutions and the restoration of splendid churches. At the General Assembly at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1862, Canon Moufang called the Government schools "institutions of the devil," and the establishment of a Catholic university was determined on. When the Catholic *savans* held a meeting at Munich in 1863, under Döllinger's presidency, the Curia interfered and made further action impossible. The well-known Langrad-Damonceau, the workman made into a Papal count, found tools in Germany, from Prince Taxis to many of the clergy, for his scheme of converting capital to Catholicism, which, however, turned out a miserable *fiasco*. When the "Deutsche Nationalverein" was established, which inscribed on its banners the unity of Germany under Prussian lead, all the Ultramontane party, whether Particularist or Austrian, joined together in the "Gross-

deutsche-Verein." But the German Diet at Frankfort, in 1863, collapsed; the war of 1866 hurled Austria out of Germany and placed Prussia at her head. It was now necessary to draw still closer together. In September, 1869, the bishops met at Fulda, and adopted resolutions—one of which was proposed by De Luca, the Nuncio at Mainz, whose plan has been in the main adopted—to unite Germany by a network of newspapers under the guidance of the bishops. It has been denied that this scheme has been carried out, but the result speaks for itself. Another resolution contains in reality the adoption of the Curial system of theological training.

When the power of Ultramontanism had reached this height, the Vatican Council assembled. This is not the place to go into the subject; it may be premised as well known that, by the Fulda Pastoral Letter of 1869, the German bishops threw dust in the eyes of the German people, that most of them were violent opponents of Papal Infallibility and afterwards submitted. What we are here concerned with is, to find out how the present state of things became possible.

When it is considered that perpetual attempts have been made, for the last fifty years, to make Germany a domain of the Curia, that everything had been done to make Jesuitical principles the standard of action from childhood to old age, that in the largest State of Germany the clergy, with the connivance of the Government, had had everything their own way, and that notwithstanding all this, opposition to the projected new dogmas by the clergy, the laity, and even in the strict Catholic press, may be said to have been universal, it must be admitted that even the worst system takes a long time to produce an effect in Germany. But on the other hand, it will be asked with astonishment, how has it come to pass that, in the course of a few years, the whole mass of the clergy and laity have not only given up their opposition, but have accepted the new doctrines, become fanatical partisans of the same Pope whom they once regarded as the destroyer of the Church, and blind followers of the bishops who now teach as dogmas what, on July 17, 1870, they called lies, and the work of man's wis-

dom? The answer is not difficult to find. It lies in two things—in the effect of the Jesuitical system, and the conduct of the Governments, which is the result of previous mismanagement, and of a false system which is still upheld.

There is no doubt whatever that thousands of the clergy, and most of their parishioners, were opposed to Infallibility and Papal supremacy; most important German Catholic newspapers, the *Kölnische Blätter* (now an Ultramontane popular paper) and the *Wiener Volksfreund* were against it, and, with very few exceptions, the theological faculties were opposed to it. On July 18, 1870, the new dogma was proclaimed. What was to be done when a bishop adopted it? In Prussia, since 1850, the clergy had no rights as opposed to the bishops; a stroke of the pen could deprive any one of them of his office and living. When men like Paul Melchers, then Archbishop of Cologne, and Konrad Martin, of Paderborn, proclaimed the new dogma, it was certain that they would act relentlessly towards the clergy who resisted. If a clergyman did not yield, if, when deposed, he did not leave his house and church, Government was asked to turn him out. Up to that time numbers of the clergy had told their parishioners that the new dogma was impossible. The Coblenz address to the laity, the press, the Pastoral Letter from Fulda, of September, 1869, had inspired the belief and hope that Infallibility would not be made into a dogma. After it had been done, the course of things depended on the action of the Church itself. The Infallibility of the Pope had never been taught to the people in Germany; they were wholly ignorant of it, as most of the bishops themselves stated at Rome. If a parish priest remained passive, or declared against the new dogma, he was sure to be backed by his congregation, or the educated part of it. He was the only organ by means of which the Church could gain over the people. Although the clergy who had been trained since 1850 were, as a result of their education, for the most part Ultramontane, the great majority of those over forty-five were not so. Had the bishops recognized the fact that they could not reckon upon these, they would not have attempted to proclaim the new

dogma, or, at any rate, to introduce it by force. But if the clergy were to stand firm, they must be assured that the bishop had no power to turn them out and deprive them of their bread. Now there was no law in Prussia by which the Government was bound, under all circumstances, to enforce every episcopal enactment; on the contrary, the co-operation of the Government in such cases was not regulated by any law. It was, of course, competent for the Government to examine into each particular case, to see whether it could comply with the application of a bishop to enforce his orders. If it did not comply, the bishop could try his cause in the law courts. In the case of Baltzer, Professor of Theology at Breslau, whom the bishop, acting on instructions from Rome, had forbidden to teach and ordered to resign his office, they had already learned that the Disciplinary Courts had acquitted him. No court would have pronounced the new dogma a ground for dismissal from office. But if a question of dismissal was brought before the courts, the Government could legally raise the question of jurisdiction, that is, declare that it was not a legal but an administrative matter. The courts for deciding these questions of jurisdiction would be sure to decide in favor of the Government, because it was very easy to prove that the bishop required from the clergyman a denial of fundamental Catholic doctrines, and that the recognized Catholic Church in Prussia knew nothing of an infallible Pope. Thus the Government had the simplest means in its power; it had only to declare by a rescript of the Minister of Worship, to the district Governments and Landraths, that the concurrence of the State for the dismissal of clergy who would not acknowledge the Infallibility and Supreme Authority of the Pope would not be given. All the clergy would thus have been secured in possession of their livings. But, instead of this, what took place? Dr. Kraetzig, director of the Catholic department of the Ministry of Worship, a Curialist to the backbone, a rigid bureaucrat, who had no higher aim than to strengthen the hierarchy, at once assured the Archbishop of Cologne of the entire support of the Government. Thus secured, he proceeded against the ecclesiastical profes-

sors at Bonn (who were known to have taken part in the Conference at Nuremberg, or, at any rate, rejected Infallibility). I then published, anonymously, the brochure "The Proceedings of the Archbishop of Cologne against the Professors at Bonn" (Bonn, 1871); the Minister von Mühler was induced by it to decline the proposal of the Archbishop to suspend the professors. But nothing further was done. They had made their calculations well at Rome. The proclamation of the dogma collapsed with the declaration of war against Prussia by Napoleon III., which was known at Rome beforehand. Although the hopes of the Curia for the victory of the French were so utterly overthrown, it had not been mistaken in the calculation that the war would fully occupy the Government, and leave it no time to concern itself about ecclesiastical affairs. The Minister of Worship could of course have done so. But he, more than any of his predecessors, had allowed the hierarchy full sway. And if he had been inclined to offer any opposition, he found an obstacle in the authorities who should have supported him, and he was not a man of much energy. Rarely has it been more strikingly shown that it is most fatal in critical times to have at the head of important ministerial departments persons who in ordinary times could have exercised its functions after the traditional pattern, but who are no statesmen. Whether an attempt was made to inform Prince Bismarck of the state of affairs when he was in France, whether it was not thought well to bring on a contest at home during the war, I cannot say. The preliminary treaty of peace of 1st March, 1871, opened the way. The Ultramontanes considered themselves masters of the situation; they demanded from the new German Diet an intervention in favor of Papal supremacy. Although this was rejected, they went on all the more recklessly. The excommunication of Döllinger, of the Bonn professors, &c., the pressure put upon the clergy in a number of dioceses, the refusal of the sacraments to those who signed addresses to Döllinger and protests against the new dogma, the establishment of new organs of the press of the purest Ultramontanism, the issue of pastoral letters by the German and

Bavarian bishops, the only bishops who, by sophisms and misrepresentations, had held up the new dogma to the people as having always been believed, the assistance of the Jesuits in the pulpit and the confessional, the influence over young people in schools, especially girls' schools,—in short, all the machinery of Ultramontanism had developed an incredible activity. The pestilential effect of the Jesuit system came very clearly to light; it annihilates true morality, conviction, character, and honor, sees no merit in anything but blind obedience, and only regards religion and the Church as means for the attainment of political ends. When a clergyman did not submit, and it was hoped to gain over his congregation to the other side, it was prepared by intrigues; when there was no hope of this, he was ignored.

Loud and ceaseless warnings were uttered in many quarters; it was shown that the passivity of the Governments must make the clergy the powerless tools of the bishops and of Rome, so soon as the masses were gained over and alienated. In my "Memorial on the Relations of the State to the Dogmas of the Papal Constitution of 18th July, 1870" (Prague, 1871), which I sent in July, 1871, to the Ministers of all the German States where there were many Catholic inhabitants, I called attention to the significance and importance of the new dogma and the Curialism which had been founded upon it. The Governments had a specimen of what it was come to from the tragic instance of Bishop Heffele, who, on 10th April, 1871, to avert the threats of the Curia, had by sophisms come to terms with Infallibility and given the lie to his recent conduct; they could not fail to perceive that the section of the clergy who were not prepared to sacrifice their understandings and consciences was being decimated day by day, and would occasion irreparable loss.

A sound party had, however, been forming among the Catholics themselves. At a meeting at Munich, at Whitsuntide, presided over by Döllinger, thirty-one of the clergy and laity, among them Lord Acton and Sir R. Blennerhasset,* joined in signing a dec-

laration which made a firm stand against the new dogma, and expressed the hope that "under higher guidance the present conflict may be the means of preparing the way for and effecting the long-desired and inevitable reform of ecclesiastical conditions, both as regards the constitution and life of the Church." This pointed out the right path to the Governments. If they had now made a stand, if they had taken the indispensable measures indicated above for the security of the clergy, and if they had at once leant an energetic support to the Old Catholic movement, it would have been still possible to avert the victory of Ultramontanism over the Catholic population. The power still possessed by the Catholic conscience, not then entirely stifled, is shown by the Old Catholic Congress at Munich (22nd and 24th September, 1871), the public meetings of which were attended by 7,000 men, and during which divine service was held in spite of interdict and ban. The Congress passed resolutions in favor of the restoration of regular pastoral care, the application for recognition by the Government as far as it was necessary, the restoration of episcopal jurisdiction on certain proper points. We shall not follow the Old Catholic movement as such further, as it is not our purpose to describe it; but it was necessary to mention it for two reasons. First, because by it the Governments, if they had acted with statesmanlike insight, had the means in their hands of weakening and putting an end to Curialism in the only possible way, *by giving their entire support to a reform movement within the Catholic Church itself, which, although it disclaimed any political object, nevertheless professed to aim at bringing Church and State into unison, and drawing the different creeds nearer together in the hope of re-union.* And, secondly, because it must be clearly seen that the "Kulturkampf" was neither called forth by the Old Catholic movement nor entered upon in order to

formulated before, was adopted as a whole, and it was resolved to append the names of all who agreed to it. No one, not even Sir R. Blennerhasset, who was present, objected. Lord Acton, who happened not to be present at the last sitting, heard at once of the resolution. I myself, who sat next him at the public dinner at the Bairischen Hof, conversed with him on the subject; he did not utter a word of protest.

* Both these have very unjustifiably disavowed their signatures. At the final sitting the declaration, the clauses of which had been

support it. The Old Catholic movement and the Vatican decrees, as such, were not in the least the causes of the present strife. Bavaria declined to recognize Bishop Reinkens as contrary to the constitution, refused the *placet* for the proclamation of the Vatican decrees, but at the same time did not molest the bishops who illegally published them, and made no attempt effectually to uphold the law. The parish priest Renfle was permitted to retain his office, Bishop Reinkens and the Old Catholics were not molested in the exercise of their official functions, the appeals of the Ultramontanes in some towns against the use of the churches by the Old Catholics were rejected, the performance of funeral rites, and tolling the bells for deceased Old Catholics, were enforced; but this was all that was done; the Government itself declared that it could not alter this, but it did not give up any church belonging to the State for joint use.

It is said that the law cannot be upheld with the Ultramontane majority of the Lower House; but in 1871 they neglected to do what would have been a statesmanlike act—to dissolve it, and elect a new one, which would certainly have resulted in a different chamber, for the whole country knew that the King shared Döllinger's views, that he adhered to him in spite of excommunication, and took every opportunity of distinguishing him. The Minister of Worship, Latz, found it more convenient to let things take their course, and only to appeal to the Imperial law of 10th December, 1871, mentioned in the exordium. Württemberg declared that it did not concern itself with the Vatican Constitution, left the bishops alone, and rejoiced in the peace which had made clergy and people Ultramontane, although at Easter, 1871, the great majority were on the other side. Oldenburg and Saxony did nothing. Baden alone was not compelled to take any action, because its population is not Ultramontane, its legislation represses Ultramontanism. By the law of June 15, 1874, it first recognized the Old Catholic communities, allowed them the enjoyment of churches and benefices, and since 1874 the budget has granted them a subsidy. In May, 1877, twenty-six communities had received churches, and fourteen benefices.

Hesse has regulated its relations with them by an act of April, 1875, and joined with Baden in 1873 in recognizing the bishop.

The action of Prussia is, of course, the most important. On July 8, 1871, it abolished the Catholic Department of Worship, its peculiar system of ruling having come to light. As the proceedings of the bishops were getting beyond bounds, the political attitude of the clerical party had become too inimical to the State. The suppression of the German elements in Posen came to be known, the bishops bid defiance to the laws, and the Pope attacked Prussia in the most hostile manner in his allocutions; it was perceived at last that it would not do to let the Ultramontanes have their own way any longer. The minister, Von Mühler, who, as we have shown, resisted the action of the Archbishop of Cologne, and protected Dr. Wollmann, teacher of religion at the gymnasium at Braunsberg, in his office, in spite of excommunication, and had allowed the Old Catholics the first use of a church for divine service at Königshütte (July, 1871), was dismissed in January, 1872. He was succeeded by Dr. Falk. His aim was directed to having a support in the law for every measure. In 1872 he got the law passed relating to school inspection and the Imperial edict against the Jesuits; between 1873 and 1876 the laws followed one after the other mentioned at the beginning of this paper. Except that on the Right of Government Inspection of the Administration of Funds in the Catholic Dioceses (June 7, 1875), those relating to the Administration of Funds in the Catholic Parishes (June 20, 1875), and on the Right of Old Catholic Communities to Church Property (July 4, 1875), were the last. Between January, 1872, and January, 1873, except the two enactments mentioned, nothing had been done, and especially no attitude had been assumed towards the Vatican decrees. This period, however, had been turned to excellent account by the Curia. In reply to a memorial from the Prussian bishops of September 7, 1871, the King had said that the contest would be put an end to by laws, but that every Prussian would be protected in his rights. At the end of October the bishops got up demonstra-

tions of all sorts in favor of the threatened Jesuits. A fresh attempt to be on good terms with Rome was frustrated. Prince Bismarck had proposed Cardinal Hohenlohe to the Pope as ambassador from the German Empire to the Curia, but had to state in the sitting of May 14, that the Pope had declined him. This shows that up to this time there was a hope of coming to terms. If Hohenlohe had been accepted, no doubt more would have been done, but the Pope demanded too much. Next came the passing of the Jesuit law in the Diet (June 19, 1872), and the Imperial assent (July 4); and on the same day a prohibition of religious societies was issued to the gymnasiums and universities by the Prussian Minister of Worship. The Ultramon-tanes had founded a "Society of German Catholics," the seat of which was at Mainz, and which extended all over Germany; on July 8 the president appealed to the people against the new law, and the hostile attitude of German policy towards the Church; in various places the result was, that popular tumults took place when, in August, the law against the Jesuits was enforced. It was now determined to propose new legislation, and a conference was held in August, to which professors of ecclesiastical law were especially invited. I was not among them, as I was still in Austria. At this conference certain principles were agreed on, which were partly adopted entirely, and partly modified in the bill passed in 1873. After the Bishop of Ermeland had refused to take part in the secular celebration of the union with Prussia at Marienburg in September, the German bishops had declared themselves, in a memorial, determined partisans of the Curia against Germany, and the Bishop of Ermeland had been deprived of his income, a bill was brought in proposing modifications in the constitution, and the use of ecclesiastical discipline and penalties. All hesitation about further delay was put an end to by the Papal allocution of December 23. This was followed by temporary leave of absence to the consul at the Curia, and the introduction of new bills on January 8, 1873. We have previously given a sketch of the substance of the laws from 1873 to 1876, and it need only now be added that it was the Curia and the episcopacy who, by

repeated fresh attacks, and an organized resistance, extending to the lowest grades of the people, as well as by glaring infringements of the law from year to year, brought about the existing state of things. Only three measures of importance have anything to do with the Old Catholic cause—(1) The entry of £2,400 in the budget since 1874 for the bishop, the administration and support of congregations, &c.; (2) the recognition, on June 7, 1873, of the election of Bishop Reinkens (September, 1873); (3) and the law of June 4, 1875.

When we look at this vigorous legislation we cannot avoid asking, How is it that opposition has not been disarmed?—that Ultramontanism, taken all together, has not lessened in extent? We answer simply by adducing the facts, after indicating the maxims by which, as it seems to us, all political action of this sort should be guided.

The system of Ultramontanism is neither merely ecclesiastical nor merely political; it is a social-ecclesiastical-political system. It is too deeply seated by means of teaching in the schools and the pulpit, by influencing the whole of life, to be put an end to by mere legislation. To combat it successfully the people must be emancipated, both politically and civilly, from the Ultramontane clergy; the inferior clergy must be secured from the arbitrary proceedings of the superior; and, above all, the possibility of satisfying religious requirements without submission to Curial oppression, implying, of course, as this has not been possible within the Romish Church since 1870 without surrender of individual liberty of conscience, the reform of the Church from within. For the two former points the State can provide by means of legislation, and can conduce to the latter by assisting it in every way in its power. Its rule of action should be to act at the right moment effectively, with firmness and consistency, and not to overshoot the mark. If these principles are kept in view, we shall have a criterion for forming a judgment of what has taken place.

The registration of births, deaths, and marriages had been in Prussia and the greater part of Germany in the hands of the clergy. In Prussia, by the Act of March, 1874, which came into force in

October, and in the rest of Germany in February, 1875, civil marriage was introduced, and civil registration. The Ultramontane clergy had had four years to make baptisms, marriages, and the funeral rites of the Church dependent on the submission of the parties concerned to the Vatican: those who did not submit exposed themselves to such wearisome disputes that ninety-nine out of a hundred preferred submission. When the Act came in force it was too late for it to produce any speedy effect. If it be said that in France and the parts of Germany where French law prevails, in spite of civil marriage, &c., Ultramontanism flourishes, that is not to the purpose. At one time, in the other districts, all those could have been secured against coercion who did not wish to "sacrifice their understandings;" then it must be remembered that on all other points which might be raised, the state of things was the same everywhere. But strengthening opposition in the other districts would have a reflex action on the Rhenish provinces. The schools in Prussia were in the hands of the clergy; an Act was passed about school inspection in 1872, but it was not in force until Government inspectors were appointed in lieu of the parochial clergy in 1874 and the following years. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Old Catholic parents, for instance, could withdraw their children from Ultramontane religious teaching in the national schools, gymnasiums, &c. Even to this day, the Old Catholic clergyman, who is appointed by the bishop to give religious instruction in schools, is not permitted to undertake the final examination and to give a certificate; the Government still employs only Roman Catholic—*i.e.*, Ultramontane—teachers of religion in the Government schools. It is only since 1874 that pupils have not been compelled to join in processions, &c.

The Protestant Church had not been in opposition to the Government, because, almost everywhere, the Sovereign is its head bishop. Nevertheless, it was included in the legislation of 1873, though limitations and special enactments had to be made, and even in 1874 special enactments also for the Romish Church. This embittered the Protestants, and gave rise to a Protestant op-

position against the laws; and when special regulations were made for the Catholics, it gave them a handle for complaints about unfair treatment. The clergy had been helpless from 1870 to 1873, and had been everywhere obliged to submit. The congregations were worked upon, the masses had long ago forgotten their former faith, for the new had been daily preached to them as the old. There were indeed during the first few years many communities in which there was a sound remnant, but nowhere in Prussia had they any real representative organ, for whatever did exist in the shape of vestries, or anything of the kind, was nothing but an instrument worked by the bishop. If the Act passed in June, 1875, had been passed in 1873, it would have been in time. By the legislation of 1873 an attempt had been made to secure the clergy in their positions; but as it was prescribed to the bishops to make the appointments to all livings irrevocable, those which were revocable, in the Rhenish dioceses over nine-tenths of them, were put into their power, and there was nothing for them to do but submit. It was not even practically open to them to become Old Catholic. For the Act of July 4, 1875, says: "If a holder of a benefice goes over to the Old Catholic community, he remains in the possession and enjoyment of his benefice." It might easily be foreseen that clergy who had consorted with the Ultramontanes for five years would not, except under very special circumstances, make up their minds to this. For it must be remembered that if they had done so it would mostly not have been possible for them to remain amongst their congregations, which had been undermined by the Ultramontane press, the organs of which had increased tenfold since 1870, by popular assemblies, societies, &c. It is not easy, and demands a character above the common run, to give up a sphere in which you have labored for years, to break with all your acquaintances, and find yourself persecuted and attacked on every hand. The length of time that had elapsed—and in critical periods one year goes for ten in ordinary times—had enabled the Ultramontane party to surround the clergy with the glory of martyrdom. When the law was passed abolishing

State aid, the clergy considered it a matter of honor not to look as if they were to be bought over. The law by which orders and fraternities were dissolved (May, 1875) came too late to be of any use to the generation whom the clergy had taken good care to work upon by these means during the five previous years. While, however, in consequence of the former state of things, during which a vast number of schools had been carried on by ecclesiastical orders, the Government were 'not in a position to carry out the law immediately, and permitted just those orders entrusted with education to remain in their offices four years longer, it laid itself open to attack. It laid itself still more open by the immediate abolition of the contemplative orders, who had no political importance whatever. No one will dispute that it is difficult to make the common people understand why a person who only reads mass and hears confession should be informed against the Government. Baptism, marriage, consecration of the grave, prayers and masses for the dead, after the notification of births, marriages, and deaths had been taken out of the hands of the clergy, and ecclesiastical marriage previous to civil marriage had been forbidden under penalties, are acts with which the State has nothing to do. The bishops, and the Ultramontane press, which had brought out everything bearing on the subject, old and new, that could be found, had succeeded in spreading the opinion among the people, that the object was to put an end to the Catholic religion. After 1871, efforts were again made in the political sphere. When the attempts of the Ultramontane faction in the Diet to get the German Empire to interfere for the temporal power of the Pope had failed, it became the centre of all tendencies inimical to the State. The party for the restoration of the Hanoverian royal family (the Guelphs, so-called), the Particularists, from Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemberg, &c., and the Poles, joined their ranks. Amongst these also were found the opposition on ecclesiastical questions in the Prussian Landtag and Reichstag. The Teutonic order was displayed. Prince Bismarck and all the organs of the Government were attacked. And when, after the fall of Thiers, it

seemed as if the Ultramontane party would get the upper hand in France, the hope was openly expressed that there would soon be a war with France which would give a death-blow to the new empire. In short, the ecclesiastical opposition became a political one, as it was before 1866.

But in order rightly to estimate all this, other points of the highest importance must be considered.

First, the universal suspicion that the Government was not really in earnest in its contest with Ultramontanism. It is a fact that this suspicion did and does exist, even in the Liberal party. It is only necessary to call to mind that at every crisis since 1872, when Prince Bismarck was about to retire, up to the last few months, there has been a panic in the Liberal press, and a reaction has been said to be at hand; every orthodox expression that has fallen from the Emperor, every disapproval of an expression of opinion by some preacher against the divinity of Christ, every deposition or censure of a Protestant clergyman, raises a storm in the papers as if it were an affair of politics. No sooner does an Ultramontane leader utter anything about a *modus vivendi*, or peace with Rome, than people put their heads together, and see harmony with Rome restored in spite of Bismarck's words: "We are not going to Canossa." People remember only too well the harmony that existed between the Ultramontanes and the Government during the struggle previous to 1866, how, at the request of the Government, the bishops ordered the clergy to abstain from voting or to vote for the Government candidates, how the Jesuits were favored, &c. This prevailing want of confidence hampered, in many ways, the efforts of the officials. To add to this, there is the notorious fact that the Ultramontanes enjoy absolute protection for their persons and aims, from circles or persons who are not under the influence of the Ministers. It would be easy to enumerate a number of cases in which Ultramontanes, or their adherents, and especially opponents of the present Church policy, have received marked distinction, while in the opposite case, neglect is shown which has an obstructive influence on carrying out the laws. The laws

do not permit, as in France, the removal of officials opposed to the dominant system; it is not so easy to get at any one who acts circumspectly. In times and circumstances like the present, everything depends on acting promptly, firmly, and consistently. The *laissez-aller* system and delay, for which it is easy to find pretexts, are as bad, and even more dangerous than open opposition. The latter can be put an end to, the former undermines the ground. And yet the Ministers, being personally but little acquainted with the situation, especially in the Catholic districts, and ignorant of the wiles of the Ultramontanes, have to depend on the good-will of the provincial officials.

In the second place, a peculiar species of Catholics has arisen. To any one of ordinary understanding, it is quite obvious that there can be no harmony between the demands of the syllabus and the results of Papal Infallibility and supremacy on the one hand, and the State on the other. It is equally obvious that he who makes no attempt to put his fundamental religious principles in practice, but regards them as nothing but theories, either does not really believe them, or looks upon his attitude towards these things as means to other ends. Now there have always been clergymen, who, in case of reconciliation, look to gain the favor of the infallible Pope as the reward for acknowledging him, and that of the Government as the reward for recognition of its rights and hope to turn both to account as a bridge to a bishopric. If nothing comes between, the calculation is well made, because the appointments to the bishoprics vacant by deposition can only take place by means of direct understanding. Besides this, there are nobles who, in consequence of their exalted position at Court, were formerly made use of as organs of all "Catholic wishes," but who perceived in 1870 that they could not well make head against the Government. Persons of both sorts were to be found among that faction, to which, in Prussia hitherto, the Ministers and the Members of Parliament, before their election legally, and afterwards practically, generally belong: it is a small majority, and is composed of dukes, princes, counts, barons, a few officials

and other persons, who, as lovers of sport, or men of wealth, feel most at home in such company. An idea was projected in this circle of getting up an address to the Emperor, in which the subscribers stated that they were good Catholics, and yet conceded to Government the right of defining the boundaries between the domains of the State and the Church. This address of 14th June, 1873, which numbered at first about 200 signatures, mostly from Silesia, was most graciously acknowledged by the Emperor, in a reply of 22nd June, which was immediately published, and it was lauded as a great achievement by the *Provincial Correspondenz*, and all official papers and organs. They deduced the "significant fact" from this incident that "it is not now a question of eliminating such elements from the bosom of the Catholic Church as do not incline to submit to the Vatican dogmas, nor of the controversy between the so-called Old Catholics and the believers in Papal Infallibility," but that "men resist the assumptions of the Ultramontane party, who, even after the Vatican decrees, professed themselves faithful members of the Catholic Church, and some of whom, up to the most recent period, are still recognized and honored at Rome as true followers of the Church, and who are resisting, not the dogmas of the Church, but only the mischievous attitude of an ecclesiastical political party." It says further: "Herewith a distinction begins to be made between views entertained within the German Catholic Church." Thus, then, all the world was told that it was highly meritorious and acceptable to recognize the Infallible Pope, and, at the same time, to say what was pleasing to the Government. The Ultramontane press called the new species of Catholics "State-Catholics," showed that they were no longer Romish, and that they were excommunicated.

When the Pope had issued his famous Encyclical of February 6, 1875, against ecclesiastical laws, ten members of the Prussian House of Representatives issued on the 27th February a still stronger declaration in favor of the Church laws. The names of those who signed it in the whole kingdom were published, but in

the course of some months the number did not reach 10,000, and the publication of them was stopped as the adherents were so few. These events had three important consequences. The number of independent men, who, in spite of all the difficulties, which it is not easy to explain to people at a distance, chicanery of all sorts, disadvantages, and losses, had joined the Old Catholic party in Prussia by the beginning of 1875, was over 6,000; yet an address which was extolled as a meritorious act, which made it easy to every one to be a good Catholic and at the same time a patriot, and thus provided an excellent method to enable the indifferent not to take up any position in relation to the Church and yet to lay claim to respect, could get in proportion so few signatures, even amongst the officials and all classes, that the Ultramontanes could say with great show of truth: Now you see, since even the official State-Catholicism has turned out a *fiasco*, that the Catholic people are Ultramontane. This gave a force to opposition which can only be mistaken by those who have no comprehension of the popular mind.

The second circumstance is of still more importance: it forthwith became the opinion in all official circles, that what was desired in high quarters was not adhesion to Old Catholicism but to State-Catholicism. Unfortunately this opinion was increased by the fact that a large number of State Catholics have received promotion in the service of the State, while up to the present time, not one Old Catholic has had any worth speaking of, nor enjoyed any special distinction. The people were likely enough to entertain the idea, of course an un-

justifiable one, that the State desired to institute an official religion.

The third consequence was the most important of all. The commercial and industrial circles, in short the main part of the population in Germany, so far as the Catholics are concerned, are wholly indifferent. When the Old Catholic bishop was recognized, and the Old Catholic law was proclaimed in February, 1875, the movement had reached a stage which enabled people to join it without having to give up joining in public worship, &c. Events such as those we have described could but have a hampering effect on it, and thus weakened the most effectual and permanent means of opposing Ultramontanism, and which had from the first avoided even the appearance of mixing up religion and politics. The good which has resulted from these events, namely, to show that the Old Catholic cause is not regarded as a political instrument by the Government, and that, as the Government has taken every opportunity of saying, all that has been done for the Old Catholics has been done from a sense of justice, may bear fruit by-and-by.

We do not follow the subject farther, for our purpose has been to show how Ultramontanism has been able to attain the power which it actually possesses in Germany, and particularly in Prussia. An English periodical is scarcely the place for making suggestions. But if a starting point shall be found for them in our representation of the state of things, and it shall be perceived therefrom what ought to be done in the interests of the State and of civilization, we shall be glad to have contributed to this end.—*Contemporary Review*.

ON MUSIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISM.

BY EDMUND GURNEY.

I.

IN the *Confessions of an Opium-eater* De Quincey has remarked with surprise how few, considering the conspicuous place which Music has held both in the ancient and the modern world, are the worthy utterances that can be adduced

on the subject. He was referring to general literature, but the work of specialists in this branch may have struck many of us in a similar way; and now that art-literature is daily increasing, there may be some advantage in probing this experience and trying to determine the *rationale* and scope of musical criti-

cism. I believe that correct views of the nature of music will lead us to the conclusion that De Quincey's observation is far more true than surprising, and that it illustrates, and is illustrated by, other experience. It will be easy in a survey of music's characteristics to interweave remarks on certain past and present views on the subject, and in so doing we shall have the advantage of being enabled to regard it in several different aspects. We shall then have material for a discussion of special musical criticism (as distinct from general views about the art) with regard more particularly to its contemporary aspects; for it is of course in connection with the present and the immediate future that truth and error most concern us.

The central idea in my argument, which will affect its bearing on every detail, is the independent and isolated position of the emotions caused by music; and this I shall try to present both as a deduction and a fact. I feel strongly the general fascination of the ideas of *appurvia* and solidarity, and the consequent force of the *à priori* objection to my view. That music should seem to lose by it in dignity is the result of what to all non-musical and many musical persons is the natural way of regarding the subject, though in the eyes of the former it is surely more likely to suffer through doctrines proceeding from the opposite quarter and scattered up and down musical reviews—as that Beethoven disentangled the confused web of human existence, and that Schumann stated the riddle (of the painful earth) and left the solution to the hearer! Nor, on the other hand, is this independence and uniqueness a thing which devotees who do not disown it can fairly appeal to *per se* as a sign of the loftiness of their art; for the high and the low, the raptures of devotion and the taste of olives, may both affect us in very unique ways. The appeal can only be to experience; when this is rightly interpreted, the incredulous will have no right to look down on impressions as sensuous or trifling, which are declared to be something else by those who show in other ways a capacity of self-analysis; nor again will musicians be reduced by jealousy for the dignity of their art to prop it up by unreal supports and con-

nections; and it is this latter tendency which I am most concerned to resist, inasmuch as music, like many other things, suffers most from its friends. Passing on in strict reliance on experience, I trust to be able to illustrate and support my view of music's nature by considerations respecting its relations to other arts and to society at large as well as to the individual.

The prime element in music is melody, *i.e.*, notes in succession. The succession has two aspects or factors, one of time and one of pitch. The presence of fixed degrees *in time* constitutes rhythm. The pleasure in this extends very far down the scale of creation, the nerve-cells which are affected being probably similar in function throughout the animal kingdom. Whatever be the physiological effect of regularity of stimulation on the nervous system, the resulting pleasure on the subjective side must be accepted as an ultimate fact; as must the converse pain produced from the baulking of expectation by irregularity in stimulations which are sufficiently nearly regular to arrest attention. The pleasure of rhythm has probably been much developed by the enjoyable associations connected with *movement*, which is of course as good a material for it as sound. Rhythm in its outline or skeleton is of a perfectly simple and unchangeable character, and only means the occurrence of sounds or movements at equal intervals of time; but it is capable in music of extreme complexity, through the interspersion between the main accented beats of subordinate sounds and groups, the time-lengths being throughout determined on a graduated scale of subdivision.

The second general principle, that of fixed degrees *in pitch*, has been proved to admit of great varieties of application at various times and places, though all systems have agreed as to the necessity of a separation in some way or other of certain degrees of tone from the range of continuous gradation. In early stages the use of intervals less than a tone has often been avoided: but tones and semi-tones have been the prevailing steps of division in more civilised systems; and the many possible arrangements of these elements in the octave have given way in Europe to the principle of *modern to-*

nality, which, by fixing the order, limits and fixes also the relations between the component degrees of the scale, and refers them to a fixed key-note. The manner of development of our major and minor scales, the feeling for which has become second nature to modern Europeans, has been exhaustively explained by Helmholtz, and their rationality has been amply proved in the works of the modern composers. Much light was thrown on the nature of the intervals by the discovery that on all satisfactory instruments each tone, though apparently simple, is a compound of many tones, a *prime* one and upper ones or *harmonics*. The various relationships between notes, connected with greater or less simplicity in the ratio of their speeds of vibration, involve also their possession of a greater or less number of identical harmonics; and it is important to grasp the startling fact, that our keen feeling of these relationships is due to the presence in the notes of sounds which to most of us never become subjects of independent consciousness. The ear is a marvel of cleverness, equally in its conscious and unconscious operations; and its faculty of appreciating harmonics may be compared to its power of distinguishing the notes of a chord, where it does unassisted what the eye can do with light only through the aid of a prism. These facts make it easier to realise how, when we advance from the rational but wholly unemotional steps of a simple scale to a melody, the effect of the proportions, depending on most subtle and various degrees of affinity, contrast, and distance, may completely baffle analysis, while still intuitively and clearly perceived. Helmholtz says that thirds and sixths are melodically and harmonically the most attractive of intervals, and gives an ingenious explanation in the fact that they lie at the very boundary of those that the ear can grasp, and thus occupy a middle position between the too obviously simple interval of the octave and the interval whose notes have the minimum of intelligible relation. But it is only when the intervals are detached that such terms can be applied. In harmony properly placed discord has an effect as exciting and exquisite as any concord, and a melodic phrase can only be judged as a whole, from which it is as impossible

to pick out special intervals and say they are more attractive than others as to pick out a certain square inch in a beautiful face and say the same of it. The interval and the square inch depend for their beauty and expressiveness on the whole to which they belong, in which every part tells on every other.

But the main reason for the infinite complexity of proportion in the simplest melody is that it is a *resultant* of two quite different proportional processes, of rhythm and of pitch, whose work is at every moment, and through every variety of swing and poise, absolutely interpenetrative: that is, each note-unit, in its place and function, stands to its neighbors in two totally heterogeneous ratios. This character is unaffected by differences in the history and nature of the two factors. The fundamental principle of rhythm, equal measurement, is, as we have seen, common to all music: while a special rhythm may be common to several melodies, the identity being clearly marked and obvious to the ear. On the other hand, the systems supplying the note-material or available pitch-intervals have been many; and confining ourselves to our modern scale-system, it could only be a mere matter of curiosity, in no way capable of striking the ear, if it were ever discovered that some particular series of notes could yield two intelligible melodies by association with two rhythms differing in the position of their main accents. Rhythm, again, when produced in monotone (as on a drum), has a character, though quite a slight and colorless one, of its own; whereas the notes of a tune taken irrespectively of rhythm will be totally meaningless. But for melodic purposes the interdependence of the two factors is entirely mutual: nor is the rhythm* in any sense a framework or mould to be separately appraised, as in some degree the metre of a stanza may be considered the mould for

* It will of course be understood that I am not confining the word 'rhythm' to the mere outline of main accents (double time, triple time, and their varieties), but am using it in its fullest application to the value in time of every note and every rest in a melody, that is, as representing exactly what a melody becomes if we neglect the pitch of the notes. Of a thousand waltzes all written on a common outline (*i.e.*, with three beats in a bar), each in this sense might have a distinct rhythm.

the meaning to be poured into. Melodic rhythm, in relation to the otherwise meaningless succession of sounds, may be better compared to light, revealing itself and objects at one instant of indivisible effect, and depending for its value on that with which it is associated. A proof how indissoluble is the union between the rhythm and the sequence of notes into which it enters may be found in connection with the very fact just noticed—that one rhythm may be common to several melodies, good and bad: for it is only from a melody which *in its total result* strikes us as good that we get the specifically and distinctively *rhythmical* pleasure, shown in an impulse to accompany it with real or imaginary movements: a tune in the same rhythm, if felt to be poor, awakes no similar impulse to march or dance or beat time to it. The perception of any melodic organism as the fixed resultant of the particular *dual* relation of each constituent note is of course a matter of common sensibility, not of analysis. That it admits of great varieties is shown by imaginary resemblances found in melodies where such coincidence as exists is confined to one of the two factors, and the two results are therefore really quite distinct, as well as by the fact that melodies in which some find a strong and enduring charm are pronounced commonplace by others, a criticism especially frequent in cases of obviously catching rhythm. Correctness and dexterity of ear with respect to the material employed in no way implies sympathetic apprehension of the evolved form: and there are expert musicians in whose views about 'transformation of themes,' identifying strains that utterly differ, and replacing simple and infallible art-perception by tortured and unnatural ingenuity, a want of keenness and completeness of melodic sensibility certainly seems to me to be implied.

The resemblances and contrasts between music and architecture are instructive. While the other arts *represent* facts and relations of life and nature, these two *present* abstract forms having no existence external to the unique artistic manifestation. And in judging of the presentation, the ear is annoyed, as with a sense of weakness and wrongness, by the defects in form of a poor and bad melody: it does not get what it wants,

and is in some way baulked, as is the eye by some top-heaviness or want of proper symmetry in an arch or a building; though melody, the resultant (as above described) of two wholly different yet wholly interdependent proportional elements, cannot be fairly compared even to the most elaborate curve, or to any kind of proportion as shown in lines; so that the precise cause of dissatisfaction, usually easily discoverable in architecture, is in music as little present to consciousness as the irregularities of vibration which give to the ear the sensation of harsh sound. Nor is it only in its infinitely greater complexity of proportion that music stands apart: a second difference from visual form lying in the fact that melodic form is presented on a ground of time, not of space, involves the mental process of following and remembering, and the excitement of expectation; and again, with movement is connected a special power of representing intensity and relaxation of effort, this last being perhaps the one element in musical effect which can be to a certain extent detached in consciousness and separately appreciated.* But neither the complexity of proportional relations, nor the interest of following and balancing, nor the elementary sense of varieties of motion, seem to carry with them the re-

* Mr. Haweis's view as to the relations of the elements of a melodic presentation to the emotional experiences of ordinary life is very far from being the happiest thing in *Music and Morals*. The comparison of mental elation and depression to up and down in the scale is wholly arbitrary, and is in fact a mere verbal juggle: does Mr. Haweis really feel elated at the points where a melody ascends, and depressed at those where it descends? Again, his comparison of the sense of velocity in music to rapidity of mental survey and recollection is also, as it seems to me, wholly unreal: for surely it is to ideas of *physical* movement that the emotions connected with musical pace are truly related. With regard to form again, to say nothing of the obvious inapplicability of the word to a casual succession of feelings in every-day life, Mr. Haweis's attempted *rapprochement* of the appreciation of a melodic organism to a train of such feelings rests on no parallelism or connection in the *rationale* of coherence for the two series, which have nothing in common except that the items of each follow one another in comprehensible order. A column of Bradshaw presents the same characteristic, and is quite as much to the purpose, as Mr. Haweis's diagram of the 'Bluebells of Scotland.'

quisite explanation of the tremendous emotional power of melody. For this we can only turn to the mighty aid of inherited association. Even in the comparatively simple pleasure of architecture this must play a considerable part : Mr. Darwin has suggested to me that the sense of sublimity excited by a grand cathedral may have some connection with the vague feelings of terror and superstition experienced by our savage ancestors when they entered a great cavern or gloomy forest. But in music, with its wonderfully deep and indescribable emotions, some far-reaching explanation of this kind seems absolutely necessary ; and I have explained elsewhere how Mr. Darwin's theory seems to me the only one yet suggested which at once accounts for the facts of music, and rests on a broad ground of evidence. He considers that vocal organs and music were developed in connection with the propagation of species, as causing an ultimate enjoyment to the other sex,* and that a pleasure which was associated with the most exciting passions would be rapidly increased and differentiated. To this may be added that in what powerfully affects the organism through a particular channel there cannot but be an ingredient of unconscious reference to other impressions received through the same channel : so that music will owe some of its effect to the other phenomena of sound, among which speech is pre-eminent. A difficulty may perhaps be found in the application of these views. Admitting that if all music moved us in the same strong and mysterious way they might seem to afford a complete explanation, and even as things are may seem to do so, for the vague and powerful impressions produced by mere successions of beautiful sound, we may fail to trace their connection with the difference between what we think a

good and what we think a bad melody, and with the fact that the one gives us extreme emotional pleasure and the other none at all. For this difference must be bound up with *form*, just like the difference between two pieces of architecture, though entailing, as I have shown, a far more complex sense of proportion and quite beyond the reach of conscious analysis ; and it is impossible to suppose that of two modern melodies, each of which involves this infinite complexity, one more than the other resembles any primitive succession of sounds : we might as well say that a beautiful person's expression reminded us more of an ascidian than a plain person's. Why then does one melody reap the benefit of primeval associations more than the other ? The answer is, that we must consider the *mental process*, not any stereotyped successions of sounds, as at the root both of the primitive associations and of their present transformed and differentiated emotional result. The melodic satisfaction of our semi-human or savage ancestors depended on some embryonic proportional and rhythmical element not extending perhaps beyond the recurrence of a sound at the moment when expected ; but I believe that in the hidden mental processes of the modern musician we have merely an infinitely elaborated and complex development of the same proportional sense ; the startling difference not being greater than some which have been indubitably worked by evolution in other mental and moral operations. And if the associations from the various passions were formed of old in connection with the *satisfactory* exercise of a rudimentary faculty, so with the developed faculty it would only be when the mind was *satisfied* by its hidden computational exercise (not where it was balked and worried, as in a bad tune, by proportional defects) that the deep emotions, distilled from these passions through ages of inherited association, would be evoked. The feeling is bound up with the kind of mental act, and finds most various materials : it may to this day be caused to an Asiatic by a succession of notes which is hideous to a European, or (to take a less marked but similar instance) to one European by a succession of notes which is trivial and unmeaning to another European. A rough

* The following observation by W. H. Hudson (in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, June 1876) may be added to the examples in *The Descent of Man* :—'Males and females of many species, in which the sexes are always faithful, sing and scream together in a jubilant manner at intervals during the day. This habit is most marked in the oven-bird (*Turdus*) ; these stand together facing each other, singing their shrill excited song, all the while beating their outspread wings in time to their notes.'

analogy may be found in the pleasure of watching the movements of an active and beautiful human form. Here, too, the ultimate love of regularity will have given for ages a rudimentary pleasure in mere symmetry of parts, so that, apart from any association, to look at a body with two arms would be pleasanter than to look at a body with one; still the pleasure we feel certainly has a great part of its roots in association which dates back to the primeval woods and the days when bodily strength and activity were prime factors in the struggle for existence. And here again we, with our infinitely developed feeling for form, find the door unlocked to the strong emotions dependent on such association only in cases where our abstract sense of symmetry and proportion is satisfied; a very slight deviation from symmetry in the human form will so annoy us as seemingly to close the channel of emotion, and we derive no æsthetic pleasure from the gambols of a strong but clumsy creature such as an elephant. I can only add, that if the above explanation does not commend itself, those who are fain to find in a beautiful melody a transcendental utterance will be glad to find that a *bond fide* crux to the evolutionist is here presented.

1. Even so brief a sketch as the above may enable us to foreshadow some of the necessary peculiarities of music, and to trace out roughly the kind of place it would be likely to occupy with regard to other ideas and emotions both in and out of the æsthetic region. If its simplest elements can be referred to the mere functions of nerve-cells, and for ages before logical processes were possible it was building up its groundwork in the organism and summoning to its aid, through association, by far the most powerful and exciting feelings of primitive times, we shall not be surprised at finding it ruling mightily in a sphere whence we seek in vain to trace back the infinitely long and subtle trains of past feeling, or at seeing its emotions swayed in apparent independence of the rest of our nature, and, if at one time harmonising with other things, at another soaring off among heights and depths which are wholly their own.* We see at once

* So complete do I hold this differentiation

the distinction between this art and others, and how completely inapplicable to it, though true of them, are Comte's *dicta* that 'Art begins at first with simple imitation, which becomes raised into idealisation,' that 'Art may be defined as an ideal representation of fact,' and that 'The contemplations of the artist begin with the simple objects of the external world.' We see that music lived ages ago, as it lives now, quite aloof from imitation, and how the germ of the æsthetic faculty, in the sense of the *association of order with emotion*, existed independently in the apprehension of its earliest and most rudimentary utterances; for while the other arts find order in, and impose order on, external facts, music finds it in her own essence. It is curious to observe how the metaphysician Wagner and the positivist Comte, who, though on different grounds, agree in placing song before speech, have missed in different ways the essentialness of form or order to the idea of art. Wagner considers that man's first utterances came nearer to the *noûmenon* or true reality; Comte that 'the first things we express are those which move our feelings most,' so that primitive utterances were more *æsthetic* than subsequent more conventional ones. The latter view is the more intelligible, but equally with the other ignores the element of order: primitive utterances are neither more nor less æsthetic than subsequent conventional ones, because neither are æsthetic at all. Whether the wailings of an infant express *noûmena*, or (as seems more probable) the infant's private feelings, they have no connection with art; and the above views have as little meaning when applied to the development of music in

to have become that transcendentalists might charitably excuse me for my account of music's phenomenal origin and growth. Surely, whatever music is, they have only to suppose certain historical conditions and processes to be as necessarily the antecedents to our apprehension of it as the formation of a sense of space to our apprehension of geometry, and that, constituted as our race is, the manifestation to it in one case of æsthetic, as in the other of abstract, truth may have been possible only through the *ôly* of various and comparatively insignificant experiences. Those who believe in the expression of spirit through matter need find no difficulty in the sublimation of a spiritual language out of unspiritual associations.

the world as when applied to the vocal efforts of a future *prima donna* at the age of three weeks.

We see also that an independent nature entails to a great extent an independent history. Poetry has flourished naturally amid stirring intellectual life; sculpture and painting, if not always among lofty beliefs and aims, at all events in an atmosphere of outward magnificence and beauty. Music is precluded from a similar direct alliance either with the mental or the external characteristics of an age: and indeed its *differentia* is markedly shown in its independence of the intellectual minorities and the social aristocracies with whom such characteristics are wont to be connected. A rich and spontaneous *popular life* may certainly tend to the quickening and diffusion of all artistic pleasure. But even strength of national sentiment, such as has often powerfully influenced poetry, can have no like bearing on an art which is already and increasingly cosmopolitan, and which, through its aloofness from views and creeds, affects equally and similarly men of all views and of all creeds. Fairly to estimate music's progress and position in the world, we must be careful to separate what may be termed the accidents of its history from its essential characteristics. As a matter of fact, its employment by civilised man was, till comparatively recently, almost entirely in connection with words. This was to be expected, until the development of the art and its instruments should have reached an advanced point. The voice—man's first and most natural instrument—is also the organ of speech, and speech arrived at high (in Greece the highest) development while music's full powers were wholly undreamed of. What wonder that the hymn should 'rule the lyre'—that speech called on the budding art to add charm and emphasis to words and held it under an imperious sway? But the fact that this phase of music lasted so long, and has only recently receded, has completely misled speculation on the subject. We are always hearing modern music, especially in its principal instrumental developments, connected with the complexities and introspectiveness of modern life and thought, as though the same causes had effected in both cases a gradual modifi-

cation: whereas I hold the synchronism to be of scarcely any real significance. The feeling for the modern elements of tonality and harmony can be awakened in an organism which has certainly not received them by inheritance: even were there not sufficient evidence in the smaller number of generations during which the modern system has prevailed, this has been abundantly proved in the case of negroes and Hottentots, and (as regards melody at all events) of parrots. It seems, therefore, quite certain that our music would in a very short time have been quite comprehensible and delightful to an ancient Athenian could he but have heard it. A Greek had perfect material for sculpture in the forms he daily saw; his music was limited by the limitations of his system of notes, which afforded material indeed for heart-stirring melody, but not (in the absence of harmony and modulation) for great variety and development. The fact that he did not discover anything like the modern system is precisely on a par with the facts that he did not discover the planet Neptune, or the steam-engine, or photography, or Cremona violins. Accident has always played a large part in the history of discovery: and a single nation in a limited time cannot do everything. The complete foundation of modern music was a very difficult thing to arrive at, and required a long experimental process, carried on by generations of writers, performers, and listeners. Once found out it is an instance of *ars celare artem*, and its beauty and convenience commend themselves to the human ear as readily as the beauty and convenience of the Gothic arch to the human eye. Having obtained at last a suitable material in the tempered scale-system with all its possibilities of harmony and modulation, music advanced naturally and rapidly to its great achievements, which, be it observed, are connected for the most part with the names of singularly simple and one-idea'd men. In speculating on this point it is beside the mark to argue from such facts as the simplicity of Greek drama and the absence from their literature of analytical works of fiction; for in accordance with our theory of music's differentiation, we constantly find persons quite incapable of appreciating and unravelling complexities in other re-

gions, to whom in music the faculty is natural. If we grant that it is doubtful whether our music would have been held equally valuable by the Greeks, it is rather because their intense feeling for *ἀρμονία* in life might have inclined them to be sceptical as to the goodness of differentiated emotions, however delightful; and it would have been extremely interesting to watch the psychological conflict which might have ensued. But it is certainly a confusion to connect modern music directly with the modern tendency to self-analysis: a beautiful tune is as objective a phenomenon to the people who care for it as a beautiful face, and probably causes in all of them equally similar emotions.

The historical relation of music to poetry has misled many in the estimation of their subsequent position. Comte,* for instance, makes a hierarchy of arts corresponding to his hierarchy of sciences, arranging them in order of decreasing generality as poetry, music, painting, sculpture, architecture. He says with plausibility that the sphere of poetry is wider than that of the other arts, 'since it embraces every side of our existence, whether individual, domestic, or social.' In this special sense it may certainly be said to be more *general* than music; but it seems a seeking for symmetry at the expense of fact to go on and say that poetry is the most *popular* of all the arts, 'both on account of its wider scope, and also because, its instruments of expression being taken from ordinary language, it is more generally intelligible than any other.' 'Prosody,' he continues, 'the only technical element, is easily acquired by a few days' practice,'—that is, a quite uneducated Roman might have acquired by a few days' study the power of appreciating, perhaps even of reproducing, the technical and metrical subtleties of Virgil! Nor does the argument about words express anything like the whole truth. To say that, because words are a universal medium of expression, poetry is generally

intelligible, is something like saying that, because eyes and light are universal, the refinements of Venetian coloring are generally intelligible. For, to say nothing of the fact that verbal coloring often depends on an element of subtle and complex literary association, it is the constant characteristic of intellectual poetry that appreciation of it requires a special faculty for perceiving deep and often difficult relations. Even had he said 'calculated to become the most popular after the regeneration of society,' it would have been but a guess, resting on a confusion between amount of sources of material and amount of appreciative acceptance. In estimating the latter we have no appeal from facts whose origin dates back to the beginning of the history of our organisms, and a change in whose nature we have no ground for prophesying. But music having been subordinated to poetry in his classification, it was natural to Comte to stereotype it in this relation; as when, in his evolution of art out of speculative and theoretic regions and his prophecy of its recombination with science and its highest development in the hands of philosophers, he applies to art in general theories which, whether sound or unsound, are only applicable to poetry. In his own words, 'art yielded to the specialising system, which, though normal for industry, is in its case abnormal;' and 'art detached itself from the theoretic system before science, because its progress was more rapid, and from its nature it was more independent,' but 'ultimately all theoretic faculties' (*i.e.*, all faculties of all sorts which are not practical) 'will be again combined even more closely than in primitive times.' Why? He supports his view by statements which ignore the facts of music, saying that 'the greatest masters, even in modern times, have shown universality of taste,' and that 'its absence in the present day is but a fresh proof that æsthetic genius does not and cannot exist in times like these' (shade of Beethoven!) 'when art has no social purpose and rests on no philosophic principles.' I will not discuss the 'philosophic principles,' nor the arbitrary identification of scientific and æsthetic faculties; but as it happens 'the greatest masters' in music have been in a singular degree specialists, and music

* Comte's views on music are in many ways noble and interesting; and in spite of his imagining it to be normal that music should draw its subjects from poetry, his appreciation of the value of Mozart's melodies seems to show that he had truly realised its independent power.

does answer even now a most useful social purpose.

Another and more practically important error, favored by the historical connection between music and poetry, is the supposition that this is the ideal condition, and will be more than ever realised in the future. The view that poetry and music should unite, each at its highest, and that the period of possible independence is the passing and less valuable stage, is often based on the idea that the two instincts started together: my view is of course the reverse, that the musical instinct existed long before coherent intellectual conceptions were possible, and that music, having passed through a long and imperfect stage of tutelage, breaks forth in the fulness of its unfettered strength, still indeed a possible ally of poetry, but insisting on its own inalienable rights. I have at times been inclined to hope that, in some instances at all events, the differences of view on the subject of 'poetical conceptions' might be chiefly verbal; and it is impossible to read anything written with so much insight and reverence as Mr. Dannreuther's recent paper on Beethoven without wishing strongly that such should be the case, though in the face of some of his remarks—as that Beethoven's later music preaches depreciation of self and negation of personality—any attempt at mutual comprehension may seem a trifle hazardous. In any case the words used by him and others would always seem to me dangerously misleading. And here I think the question of origin is of extreme importance. If the germs of musical emotions are traced back through thousands and thousands of organisms to ages far beyond the more distinctly intellectual conceptions of poetry, we shall be led to regard very differently the attempted connections and mutual interpretations of the two arts. I am not claiming greater intrinsic value for musical emotions, only a longer history; and in this respect they may be compared to the deep-sea currents, part of the same ocean as the waves above, but not in visible connection with them or a guide to their pace and direction. Not that I would ignore the immense scope of the sense of analogy in the emotional region: even in the absence

of inherent connection, the fuller vitality resulting from a powerful stirring of one part of our emotional nature seems often to quicken all the higher faculties and susceptibilities, and in this way might well give rise to associations between them. But though analogies and affinities of course exist between many deep emotions of the same being, these are very different from interpretations or translations. Words are, in a general way, so closely interlocked with ideas, that it seems a kind of necessity of thought to crystallise all impressions by their means: and poetry, being the art of words *par excellence*, is vaguely regarded as a natural mine of conceptions and metaphors suited to all emotional experiences, and able to embody all lofty reality. The very attempt to express one thing in terms of another often seems to give the kind of relief that one gets from bodily change of posture; for the dwelling on anything wholly within its own region is apt to produce a kind of mental pins-and-needles. But there is a distinct danger of mistaking this sort of mental relief for fresh knowledge, and of ignoring the point at which impressions become ultimate through a true differentiation of our faculties. A man who calls Milan Cathedral a marble poem, or conceives of his *fiancée* as a female poem, does what is quite justifiable but not instructive, for he does not really judge these objects, either as a whole or in detail, by reference to poetry: the secret of the uniformities he is dimly conscious of lies in the furthest depths of his own being, and is neither penetrated by imaginary identifications of widely varying impressions, nor relevant to the æsthetic effects distinctive of poems, cathedrals, or young ladies. Similarly there is no harm in calling a picture a symphony, as long as it is recognised that such uniformity as is felt consists in the most general attribute of harmonious beauty, the manifestation of which in the one case throws no light on that in the other, and may be fully appreciated by one who is totally blind or deaf to the other. Though one hears people talk of such and such a picture as being like music, no one, I suppose, was ever so bold as to say that a picture, or a part of a pic-

ture, was like a modulation from C into E minor;* and it is this, and things like this (not technically known but felt), which give the true artistic musical pleasure, as distinct from general and suffusive feelings of awe, aspiration, and so on. And the same will apply to the 'instrumental poems' of Beethoven, which we hear so much about. The 'poetical conceptions' have almost always to be guessed at, for to say, as Mr. Dannreuther does, that where not avowed they are implied, is simply to beg the question; but even had Beethoven always, instead of extremely seldom, hinted at their existence, I should say the same. The reference to some analogue in another region may have been occasionally an interest and a relief to Beethoven as to others; for instance, two melodic parts may seem to sustain a dialogue or a dispute, storm and struggle may yield to calm, effort to success, and so on; though the whimsical absurdities which result from attempts to press home and follow out such uniformities, even in the comparatively few cases where they seem momentarily obvious enough to be interesting, show what an unessential luxury they are. And is the world poorer if, beyond the confines of that exquisite region where music and poetry meet and mingle their expression, each art gives its separate message in its own language? Are we bound to catch the echoes of the visible world in all we hear? For it must be noticed that even such descriptive analogies as can be plausibly adduced are not in any special sense poetical, but only of some external or human significance: there is no poetry in such isolated conceptions as grief and triumph, appeal and response, storm and calm and moonlight, and the rest. And indeed the tendency I have been discussing seems to me as damaging to the idea of poetry as to that of music. It would almost seem as if those who so speak conceived of poetry only in crude streaks of 'local color,' and not in its truly artistic aspects. Poetry differs indeed from music in drawing its subjects from life,

but that does not mean that all life is poetry, any more than all sounds are music; and the greatest poetical artists, in discovering and drawing forth the latent harmonies of human and natural relations, exercise as special a faculty as the composer who manipulates his meaningless six octaves of notes.

I may make my meaning about 'poetical ideas' clearer by taking as an example a short 'analysis' of the first movement of Schubert's unfinished Symphony, which formed part of the programme of a recent Philharmonic concert. I select this analysis because it is thoroughly good and sensible, one that Schubert might have accepted, and not containing a single overstrained or fanciful comparison or a word which did not strike one in following the music as sufficiently appropriate. Disentangled from musical terms it stands as follows:—We begin with deep earnestness, out of which springs perturbation; after which almost painful anxieties are conjured up, till the dissolution draws the veil from an unexpected solace, which is soon infused with cheerfulness, to be however abruptly checked. After an instant of apprehension, we are startled by a threat of destruction to the very capability of rest, which in its turn subsides. From the terrible we pass to the joyful, and, soon to playfulness and tenderness; a placid character which is quickly reversed by a tone of anger, continued till it leads up to a repetition of all that has gone before. Then comes the unfolding of a tale of passionate aspiration and depression, which works up to a culmination; after which some more repetition of the already twice-heard perturbation and what follows it leads us to the final part, where, after being led in an unearthly way to abstract our thoughts from the present and its surroundings, we at last conclude in the strange mystery with which we set out, though just at the very end there is an effort to shut the mind against its incertitude.—Now, the work in question (as is stated in the programme) is not more remarkable for its beauty of detail than for its structure, which, as one follows it, impresses one with a cogent sense of coherence and completeness. Yet the verbal ideas seem to bear to each other the relation of the events in the time-honored tale of the

* Perhaps, however, I underestimate the possibilities of human audacity: for since writing this I have heard of a dispute between a master and pupil as to whether a particular modulation in a sonata of Mozart meant 'but' or 'if.'

'old she-bear;' and surely in seeing what an uninteresting and inconsecutive jumble this really good piece of criticism looks, in the unfair light of a statement of 'poetical conceptions,' we see how impossible it would be for a musician deliberately to work it up, and in what total independence of it Schubert must have invented and developed the music. As a figurative description of certain effects and transitions (which was doubtless what the writer intended), the remarks are quite sound; but as an interpretation or elucidation of what Schubert had in his mind, they would be meaningless; for they as little reveal or explain the essence of his utterance as a heap of loose garments on the floor reveals or explains the breathing beauty of face and form.

I should, as I say, be more inclined to hope that in the talk about Beethoven and poetical conceptions the idea intended might be of the kind above described—a strong though vague sense of unanalysable uniformities—if the persons who thus express themselves did not so often regard Wagner as the carrier-on and worker-out of the notion of connection, which in his hands is apt to become not a spiritual fusion, but a mechanical welding. But Wagner was not dependent on pilgrimages or heavenly bodies for the *Leitmotive* of *Tannhäuser* and the glorious invocation to the evening star: and with Beethoven in all his work the musical impulse came first; the melody might or might not turn out to present describable affinities, but it was first and foremost a melody, and often of superlative merit, because Beethoven was Beethoven. The characteristics of the first idea might act as the germ of characteristics in the carrying-out (for instance, an interrogative strain might suggest something of musical dialogue), but all such analogies have to follow like a shadow in the independent steps of the musical development; and as musical development (especially in Beethoven's own beloved sonata-form) has organic laws wholly of its own, the shadow is apt to become extremely shadowy before long. 'Poetical conceptions' imaginable in details do not penetrate complex musical structure. Such analysis as is usually attempted, of e.g. the first movement of the *Eroica*, may

be a slight concrete help and interest, but in no way represents any mental process in Beethoven; and to try to grasp the import of the work by such light would be to apply a wrong and totally inadequate mental organ; exactly as though one who had never seen should try to judge of the beauty of a face by passing his hand over it. The matchless structure stands out to the musical sense as unalterably right and coherent, and any one who appreciates it knows as much and can tell as little of its secret as Beethoven himself. The faculty by which we follow such music as this is as different from that by which we follow the development of a poem as from that by which we follow the steps in a proposition of Euclid; in fact the three have nothing in common beyond the mere abstract sense of *following*.

In the *Eroica* I have taken an extreme instance of complexity, and each art with gathering complexity naturally becomes more differentiated. But happily we can have our songs and operas as well as our sonatas and symphonies; and there are regions where distinct correspondence between music and words or situations is possible and common. Complex organism is not necessary to perfect beauty, nor need a melody be contrapuntally or otherwise developed to seem of infinite import. In a word music does not impose on opera the structure and development of instrumental music, that is does not employ all its resources in one of its branches. In this sense, but only in this sense, can it be said (as it often is said) to make compromises: the alliance with other forms of expression which certain music can form through the prevalence in it of definable sentiments cannot affect inalienable characteristics, the strictest recognition of which will still leave plenty of play and scope to the compound art. For it is to be noticed that besides the simple and immediate correspondence of one thing with another (as in the direct expression of the verbally-expressed sentiment of yearning in the music of Schubert's *Serenade*), there is, within limits, another kind of correspondence, that of a relation between the parts of one thing to a relation between the parts of another; and this, comprising extensive possibilities in the way of parallel ebb

and flow, crisis, and contrast, much increases the range of complexity in operatic music. It is quite possible moreover for pure association to give rise to an exquisite though perfectly inexplicable feeling of affinity between two things. Every musician will recall instances where he has known and loved music before connecting it with its words or anything else, and will remember how, when he has heard it in its place, the concomitants, though in no way essential to begin with, have gradually become part and parcel of the charm. But, to be soul-stirring, such association demands independent form and vitality in the two things: it makes concrete the connection between them only when they are alive and akin to begin with by the abstract relationship of beauty, and it would do little to galvanise such 'dead formalism' as the Wagnerian school hold music to be when left to its own resources. No amount of hearings of *Tannhäuser* would make me feel this kind of association between the words and situation of the tournament of song and the music sung by the competitors (with the exception of *Tannhäuser's* own song), simply because I see no independent beauty in the music. If I knew every bar by heart, I should simply know, as a matter of fact, that each note comes where it does with such and such a word, but the association being purely mechanical would give me no additional pleasure. In his theory and much of his practice Wagner has missed this fact, that true æsthetic correspondence is due to the subtle and harmonious blending of emotional appeals *severally expressive and beautiful in their kind*; so that not only in professing to unite the 'symphony' with the drama does he ignore the structural differences between high organic development in music and in poetry, but in detail after detail, and probably owing to an unconscious want of melodic fertility, he has cut off the very chance of a vital union. The mere garment of one art thrown over another will do little if their two essences are not interfused. Wagner, in exact opposition to Beethoven, confessedly sits down to evolve music 'out of long strings of external conceptions, with the result that his music, however brilliantly colored,

tends to sink into arbitrary symbolism.* If you paint your symbols in beautiful colors, and look long enough at them, you may, through association, get a false idea of their expressiveness, but you will not deeply affect the human race.

2. Having discussed music in its relation (or want of relation) to the mental sphere, I pass on to the moral; and my second deduction from my theory of the nature of the art is that what is partially true of all the arts is wholly true of this one—that it must be judged by us directly in relation to pleasure, and that pleasure is the criterion by which we must measure the relative worth of different specimens of it. The pleasure, from its peculiarity, its power of relieving the mind and steeping it as it were in a totally new atmosphere, its indescribable suggestions of infinity, and its freedom from any kind of deleterious after-effects, is of an extremely valuable kind; and moreover, since indirect effects may be to the full as strong and important as direct, my argument would not affect the fact, but only the grounds, of the connection of music with morality. Still my view, as here stated, is at palpable issue with the ancient view represented by Plato, who only occasionally relaxes his tone to the extent of saying that he does not mean wholly to exclude pleasure, and that 'songs may be an amusement to cities.' He considered the connection between music and social and political conditions so vital that a change in one would necessarily entail a change in the other; whereas in modern days we have seen the greatest musicians—Handel, for instance, in England, and Beethoven in Austria—flourishing amid national circumstances the very reverse of glorious. We find the reason of the difference in the extremely simple character and the completely subordinate position (already noticed) of music as conceived by Plato. In those times the true independent power of music was almost latent, and, as a mere accessory

* I am not arguing against those who admire purely *musically* the parts which I do not; I have explained elsewhere why I think this useless. But these parts, as well as many others which I do admire, are not connected with Wagner's theory, which knows nothing of any such independent meaning and beauty.

to other things, music might in various ways receive an ethical import. How elementary was Plato's view of melody, and how dependent on external associations, is shown in his weighing the merits of rhythm, not in connection with the notes of a melody, but by simple reference to the kinds of *physical movement* which accompanied them in the dances he knew. Again, in the music described by Plato, association with words and occasions would always be present, especially as he was exceedingly anxious to limit it in amount and to prevent novelties. In the dialogue of the 'Laws,' the Athenian stranger tells how in Egypt all art has remained unchanged for 10,000 years, during which time the ancient chants composed by the goddess Isis had received neither alteration nor addition; and remarks 'How wise and worthy of a great legislator!' while, on the other hand, he regrets that 'in other places novelties are always being introduced in dancing and music at the instigation of lawless pleasure.' The bard of versatile poetical and histrionic talent, who deals in variety of melodic and rhythmic transitions, is to be anointed indeed and crowned 'as a sacred, admirable, and charming personage,' but to be promptly sent away to another city. It could only have been association of music with the words of the song or the gestures of the dance, which made Plato so invariably represent music as simply representative and imitative; for while he sees no difficulty in the analogy between the copy of a human form in sculpture and the copy of virtue and vice in music, and speaks, as if everybody would comprehend him, of 'the natural rhythms of a well-regulated and manly life,' he nevertheless expressly says that 'when there are no words it is difficult to recognise the meaning of harmony or rhythm, or to see that any worthy object is imitated by them.' Some of the lengths to which he pushed his views on the ethical bearings of music are very curious. No instruments of wide compass are to be permitted; the lyre and guitar will be used in the town, the pipe in the country. Not only is the use of instruments otherwise than as accompaniment to be eschewed, as leading to every sort of irregularity and trickery—for, says he, 'we must

acknowledge that all this sort of thing, which aims only at swiftness and smoothness and a brutish noise, is exceedingly rude and coarse'—but different classes and sexes are to keep to distinct styles, and the grave and wise elders will not only be the best arbiters of music, but the best performers. 'The Muses,' he says, 'would never fall into the monstrous error of assigning to the words of men the gestures and songs of women, nor combine the melodies and gestures of freemen with the rhythms of slaves and men of the baser sort.*' Grand melodies are to be sung by men, those which incline to moderation and temperance by women. Judges of not less than fifty years of age are to make a selection from ancient musical compositions and dances, and may consult poets and musicians, but are not to allow them to indulge, except in some minor matters, their individual fancies. But the most amusing notion is that which concerns the chorus of elderly men; these, by reason of their larger experience and intelligence, have the greatest influence, and therefore are bound to sing the fairest and most useful strains; but as owing to the sourness of age they may be expected to entertain a dislike to public artistic appearances, they are to be made slightly intoxicated, in which condition they will greatly edify the public by their performance.

It is of course hard to say how far, in many respects, Plato represents the ordinary Greek views; but he fully corroborates the other evidence which we have of the extreme simplicity of the emotional element in Greek melodies. We have proof of this in the very existence of several different 'modes,' or frameworks, of which different melodies seem to have been variations, and each of which possessed a definite characteristic of its own; and though in these simplest cases such characteristics might probably

* There is one sentence in the 'Laws' which fairly puzzles me. 'Common people are ridiculous in imagining that they know what is in proper harmony and rhythm, and what is not, when they can only be made to sing and step in rhythm by sheer force.' It is not wonderful that Plato should be ignorant, as he was, of any musical perception in animals: but the above remark, at all events in respect of marching in time, seems to contradict universal experience.

be comprehensible apart from verbal and other associations, the small number of the modes would make it impossible but that such associations should always be present. The character of the music was probably emphasised by the *timbre* and pitch of the instrument with which it was associated: the effects, *e.g.* of the shrill Phrygian pipes might find a modern parallel in those of the pibroch. Only those 'modes' are approved by Plato which represent the tones of men in a courageous or in a temperate mood; plaintive melodies are to be discarded, 'for they are useless even to women that are to be virtuously given, not to say to men.' It is especially forbidden to excite the citizens or make them weep with sorrowful melodies during a sacrifice: such songs should be sung by choruses of foreign minstrels on some polluted and inauspicious day. In the age of subservience of music to poetry, as of art in general to religion, it is easy to see how one single and obvious emotion at one time, and another at another, would be definitely and deliberately appealed to. Moreover, amid a greater simplicity of outward and inward life, all emotion found much straighter channels to action, so that artistic as well as other appeals to feeling might have far more visible results than now. We can readily imagine that the Achilles who wept and lamented at an insult might be unnerved by a dolorous chant. If then music had remained in tutelage, a blighting effect might certainly have been produced on it by the greater repression of individual feelings, the increased self-consciousness and artificiality, and all the restraints of a more complex civilisation, and we might have had reason to lament both the ethical and the æsthetic loss. Luckily, however (and as argued above quite independently), the art itself has undergone still greater revolutions: and melody nowadays, if through external conditions it has little opportunity, so through internal transformation it has still less need, to act as a nucleus of associations, and can pass into popularity without owing anything to occasions or adjuncts. I would not willingly forego the advantage of Plato's authority as to the effect of music on the masses; for this has in no way ceased or decreased, nor have the endless elaborations of

modern music by any means outstripped or rendered obsolete the simpler elements whose utterance reaches at once to the comprehension and the heart. But the increase in the population and area of states, and the thousand complexities of modern life, prevent the possibility of systematically subjecting more than fragments of a population to any single train of influences and associations. The importance of music in giving zest to the harmonious movements of numbers, or in adding point and force to a sentiment from which it in turn receives the benefit of association (as even in modern days in the case of the 'Marseillaise'), has been reduced to a minimum; and owing to music's growth in extent and intricacy, to its instrumental developments, and to the cosmopolitan character consequent on its release from words in special languages—facts completely beyond Plato's power of prevision—the portions of the whole bulk which carry permanent associations or are pervaded like the ancient 'modes' by a simple definite character, plaintive, orgiastic, triumphant, or whatever it may be, have become an insignificant fraction. Ethical interpretations appear as forced and absurd as naturalistic ones, now that the time is past when music can be docketed off into a few classes, each connected with a special range of emotion. Military music seems the only branch to which it can be pretended that such a character attaches; and even here I for one feel that, if I were inspired to bravery in battle by music, it would be not because I perceived it to be martial, but because I perceived it to be beautiful—in other words, because it gave me a sense of exhilaration: there is a great deal of martial music which from its inherent dullness and ugliness would make me much more inclined to run away. Some kinds of religious music might perhaps be added: but in fact all occasional effects are now as nothing in comparison with the permanent bearing of the art on those in whose lives it forms an important element; and I run no risk of contradiction in saying that for these its value lies not in its sometimes soothing them when they want soothing, or stimulating them when they want stimulating, but in its own special and indescribable revelations.

The case of music may be compared to the instances, so common in the history of organic life, where things once useful in the struggle for existence have gradually become merely ornamental; for it must be remembered that it was chiefly as fostering warlike habits and aptitudes that Plato considered music so important a branch of education. This utilitarian stage stands, as it were, midway between the primary use of song as a gift of vital importance to the possessor, calculated like bright feathers to allure the opposite sex, and music's present lofty æsthetic employment. Nor can any but the narrowest view of life and progress conceive as a degradation of the art a transition from the region of struggle and drill and use to that of *theoria* and pure enjoyment. All beautiful things and all healthy emotions tend to dignify existence; and if such power as music has over life is not by direct suggestion and teaching, but by stimulation of the vital powers which is bound up with the pleasure it gives, this in no way interferes with the tremendous social influence which it can exercise, through sympathy, in swaying a multitude with a common awe and gratitude.

Those who are unwilling to accept this hedonistic view should notice that the acceptance of the criterion of pleasure will make little practical difference, unless it is maintained that of two musical works one may be in the sum of its effects the more moral but the less pleasurable. I think, however, that but for Plato's views it would have been more generally remarked how completely the relation of music to other things must change with its development, and the consequent cessation of the possibility of associations universally felt and known. It is surely matter of experience that in a great symphonic movement the complex process of attention and emotion raises the mind to a state of elevation wholly apart from social conditions. No amount of such analogies as Mr. Haweis has attempted between Beethoven and morality, in point of balance, restraint, reasonableness, and so on, will bridge over the gulf or turn artistic impressions into ethical promptings. Nor even where certain describable emotional states may be plausibly said to be produced by special kinds of music, as the languorous,

the triumphant, and so on, do these appear to me less external to the general character of the hearer. For while we can understand the relation of purity and humanity to the appreciation of other arts, how pictures of carnage are likely to be popular when a people are brutalised by much bloodshed, and how highly-colored literature may have a distinctly deleterious effect on the mind, it is hard to see how that which only produces, according to Mr. Haweis's description, a special emotional atmosphere, uncharged (according to his own admission) either naturally or by association with any idea applicable to life, can in any direct sense have force to mould conduct.* The emotional states where a mind receives a bias are those which depend on some working idea, and which can therefore be summoned up by recalling the idea. An atmosphere can only permanently affect our moral and mental habits when we can make it surround some more definite nucleus. However languorous music may be, its languors cease for the most part with the performance; or, if it be objected that where it haunts the memory the effect is more permanent, and that the prevalence of a particular stamp of melody, like opium or a hot

* Apart from deliberately moral or immoral suggestions in pictures, the contrast of music's position may be made clearer by a mere consideration of what is involved in the daily experiences of the eye and the ear. Innumerable phenomena are continually meeting both senses: but most of those that meet the eye, through presenting many permanent distinguishable points, are *forms*, and an immense number are the very forms which visual art uses; while those that meet the ear are *formless*, and have no relation to the definite proportions on which the melodic and harmonic presentations of acoustic art depend. Thus, from the moment when as infants we smiled at a kind face and cried at a cross one, association, entering into our experiences of human expression (real or depicted), has largely identified beauty and ugliness with a sense of right and happiness and with a sense of wrong and wretchedness respectively, human beauty being in the main incompatible with surroundings of vice and misery; while musical forms, inasmuch as they are artificial and wholly isolated exceptions among the crowds of unshaped successions of sound (including even kind tones and pleasant words) which our ears naturally receive, have an exceptionally independent and direct relation to the organism, and could only gather associations from life by conscious use, never by inherent necessities.

climate, might gradually enervate individual or national character, we not only have an obvious appeal to the absence of physical results, but it is easy to point out a clear difference, and a proof of music's independence of the movements of the practical reason, in the two facts that a person may be haunted by music in the midst of and without interruption to the busiest and most opposite avocations, and that the musical emotion may actually produce a feeling of a character the reverse of its own; for the most mournful music, if sufficiently beautiful, will make me happy.

On this question of morality it is important to avoid confusion between the effects of music when produced and the causes that bear on its production. Morality tells in the *production* of all work; and of course a naturally-gifted musician is doing what is immoral if through a failure of earnestness he shirks his responsibilities and writes down to his public, as though a school-master should bring up his pupils on fairy-tales; but the fact that his public are satisfied is the result of their being children, not the cause of their being naughty children. So again a deep moral fervor, as in the case of Beethoven, may accompany and inspire the composer in his work; and it is doubtless the greater earnestness of character, as well as the greater mental grasp of the Teutonic race, which has led to the marvellous structural development of modern instrumental music in their hands. But Mr. Haweis contends that the symphony of Beethoven stands in direct relation to the *morality* of the *listener*, while I maintain that it is in the greater *beauty* of the work, and the consequently deeper and more enduring *pleasure* of the listener, that Beethoven's patient self-criticism and general moral superiority to Rossini (as one element out of many) takes effect.

If really legitimately pressed, the moral view would mean that, if *e.g.* some Italian of strongly national musical taste received a sudden moral elevation, that is if he became to-morrow more earnest and unselfish, he would soon see the difference between Beethoven and Rossini in the light in which Mr. Haweis sees it. It seems to me that any one might safely contradict this from

his own experience. I at all events have never found a partiality for modern Italian, or modern German, or any other style of music, to be at all more an indication of moral effeminacy, or moral grandeur, or moral anything else, than a partiality for mathematics or sponge-cake. We see, as a matter of fact, all sorts of people, good, bad, and indifferent, caring about all sorts of music; the good turn this, like all other enjoyment, to good moral purpose, the bad do not; but the morality is concerned with the use that is made of the beauty, not with the stage of perceiving it. To me the hearing of a great orchestral work may seem as bracing as a walk by the sea, and the endless cadences of an Italian opera may rather suggest hours spent amid the sickly fragrance of a hothouse; but there is nothing in either one or the other to affect directly the current of my outside life, and for a modern being at all events it is quite possible to conceive noble designs in a hothouse and mean ones by the sea. And as I know that in listening to Beethoven I feel my moral inclinations and capacities enlarged and strengthened only in the indirect ways I have mentioned, from the added value and dignity given to life and from the glow of sympathy, so I conceive I have no right to accuse one who admires what seems to be feeble and effeminate music of having his moral nature enervated thereby; for I do not believe in a direct effect, and the indirect effect in the shape of a vital and sympathetic glow may be as genuine in his case as in my own. I call my music better than his simply because I believe my pleasure to be greater and more enduring than his.* Mr. Haweis is

* It may be objected that at any rate the more sensuous and passive pleasure of listening to mere successions of sentimental strains cannot be as bracing an exercise as the following of a finely built movement, which implies active grasp and memory. Certainly not; it approximates more to eating sugar-candy, which we despise not as an immoral but as a trifling pleasure, and may doubtless be pronounced *intellectually* (as distinct from morally) inferior, in a quite comprehensible sense. But as the mental act is too remote from any logical process for music ever to have been valued as sharpening the purely intellectual faculties, this inferiority may be at once expressed in terms of pleasure: the less bracing is the more cloying, *i.e.*, the more transient, and so the smaller.

very happy in his description of the spasms and languors and the want of middle-tints in modern Italian opera music ; but after three hours of them do I who dislike or another person who likes them issue forth in a languid or spasmodic frame of mind ? Such analogies are purely verbal. The view from the Gornegrat on a sunny day is utterly wanting in middle-tints, and is as violent in its contrast of black rock and dazzling snow as can well be imagined ; but would six weeks spent in pretty constant contemplation of it result in violent and unmeasured habits of mind and conduct ? or would the hearing of rapid and crashing overtures have a tendency to make people loud and fast ?

Another common source of misconception is the very natural habit of judging music in connection with words and scenes to which it has been made an adjunct ; thereby dispersing through a million channels the same faculty of association which, when concentrated as in Greece by a whole people on comparatively few and universally known forms of melody, produced the ancient ethical view discussed above. Without doubt the power of music to lend itself to the aid and adornment of the good and the bad gives it still in such connections a strong ethical bearing ; but association must be eliminated if we wish to judge whether independently it has moral significance. And while we call certain tunes vulgar in the first instance perhaps from their vulgar

concomitants, and even after abstracting them from these feel no inclination to recall the term, seeing how disagreeable they are to us and how trivial and fleeting is any pleasure they are capable of giving, we may still perceive that they often *do* give a certain pleasure to children and to adults of small musical development, who show no inclination to vulgarity in other ways. So that our condemnation of such music must rest on its vulgarising the musical taste, and so decreasing the capacity and chance of superior pleasure ; but (apart from accessories) we have no ground to consider it vulgarising to the moral character, any more than a taste for bad puns or for garlic, which are relished by numbers of most moral people.

On these points I shall hardly be accused of special pleading or a wish to undervalue the differences in music, since personally I detest much of the inferior music which Mr. Haweis in a modified way admires and approves. I am still more anxious not to seem to ignore the indirect moral and social power of music, already enormous and capable of enormous increase. I believe as firmly as any one that if in life we may promote happiness through morality, in art we may promote morality through happiness ; but this belief will gain and not lose from a recognition that moral and æsthetic truth are not Siamese twins, but 'twin sisters differently beautiful.' —*The Nineteenth Century*.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

BY MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

EVERYONE and everything are in Paris just now ; and amid the glitter and bustle of a Whit-Sunday, unparalleled perhaps even in Parisian annals for life and movement, a vast concourse are assembled at the Cirque d'Hiver to hear Père Hyacinth preach on Liberal Christianity. An hour before the doors are opened eager groups besiege the ticket office, and by the time the orator takes his place, a quarter of an hour later than that indicated, the great hall is full. It is to be noticed that though women are present in large numbers, the majority of the audience is composed of men ; and

that it is a picked audience, made up of intelligent thoughtful people, any one can see at a glance. Amid a breathless silence the preacher begins, and by virtue of his eloquence, magnificent voice, and passionate earnestness, holds the multitude spellbound to the end. Liberalism in Christianity, rather in Catholicism, means to the Père Hyacinth, that reformation in the Church, that reconciliation of the Church and progress, of the Church and the revolutionary idea, which formed the ideal of Lacordaire and Lamennais. It is not Protestantism that he wants, nor Deism, but a

purified, rationalised, ennobled Catholicism. 'I am a Catholic, a Catholic I remain,' he said. 'France has been ill-governed; do we for that reason cease to call ourselves Frenchmen? Do we turn our backs on our country? Do we forsake her? Do we deny her? No, and no more shall we turn our backs upon the Church, nor forsake, nor deny her, because she is ill-governed: we remain Catholics to the last.' This was one of the electric touches of which it is almost impossible to give any idea; and though the Père Hyacinth is, as we see at first, far from seeking effect, far from dramatic, much less rhetorical—his oratory being passionate, innate, and real—he knows how to thrill his listeners with a word. Thus when he said, 'I can understand men being Republicans,' there was a tremendous outburst of applause; and when he added in the same slow, calm tone, 'I can understand that Frenchmen should be nothing else but Republicans,' the applause was so continued that for a minute or two he could not proceed. Again, when towards the close of his magnificent discourse, which had lasted upwards of an hour and a quarter, he said, 'To you, fathers of families, I am now about to say a hard word. It is you who have brought about Ultramontanism. When you send your wives to church and to the confessional alone, when you rear your children to a religion you do not yourselves follow, it is you who aid and abet the Ultramontanes, you who make Ultramontanism what it is,' there was the loudest and longest applause of all. The words had struck home. The preacher having touched the heart and intellect of his hearers, now reached their consciences. The effect was prodigious, and after that tremendous stirring up of emotion, he wound up his discourse with a few telling phrases summarising what had gone before.

Whether, indeed, such efforts as the Père Hyacinth's to reconcile Catholicism with progress, to Protestantise Romanism, we may say, and yet leave it Romanism are practicable or mere visions, is an open question. Certain it is, that, in the words of M. de Pressensé, in the *Revue Politique*, the Père Hyacinth is one of the most ardent adherents to the cause of Church reform, and, the same

noble opponent further adds, 'if anything in the present day is grand and salutary, it is the spectacle presented by an upright conscience, holding itself inflexible in the midst of moral cowardice and outrage, reminding all that the truth ought to be followed whithersoever it may lead us. This is why generous minds belonging to the most diverse religions and philosophical creeds accord the Père Hyacinth even more respect than admiration, whatever exception they may take to his doctrine.' I was struck by hearing the same sentiment from the lips of the historian Henri Martin, a day or two after, which shows that however much the Père Hyacinth may be abused and maligned, respectful appreciation is accorded to him by the thoughtful.

If outside the rapt audience of the Cirque d'Hiver that Whit Sunday Paris presented an appearance of unusual liveliness, what was it like on the following day, the *jour de la Pentecôte*, the great workman's holiday of the year? It is quite impossible to give any idea of the life pervading its airy boulevards—the word street is no longer applicable in a city every street of which is being metamorphosed into a handsome boulevard—from early morning till midnight, in spite of uncongenial, showery weather. A few holiday makers, more or less, can make little difference amid hundreds of thousands; and to the ordinary French mind only one notion presented itself that morning, namely, the Exhibition, so that everybody followed everybody's example. What with the pleasure trains bringing in their contingents of country folks from all parts of France, the excursionists from England, and the entire population of the capital turned out to play, the prospect of our getting to the Exhibition, much less back again, seemed problematic. However, off we set, monsieur, madame, and their English guest, bent upon spending the best part of the day, namely, from twelve till five o'clock, with the crowd. Nothing could be easier. All was good humor, urbanity, and quiet enjoyment throughout the length and breadth not only of Paris, but the Champ de Mars, where nearly two hundred thousand human beings were now collected, the larger proportion belonging to the working-classes.

The scene was, indeed, just what anyone would expect—except, perhaps, the fanciful structure of the Trocadéro itself, which is surely one of the gayest, naivest, most amusing feats in architecture ever achieved. The lightness of its Byzantine dome and minarets and wide-stretching open galleries; the cheerfulness of its red walls, relieved with creamy white; the fairy-like grace and playfulness of all, are unique, perhaps desirably so. The architecture of the Trocadéro is not a style to imitate; yet, perched on its lofty height, this airy palace, overlooking Paris, which looks as if a breath of wind would blow it away, commends itself, and looks in its right place.

Beyond the domes and pinnacles and balconies of this butterfly Temple of the Muses, the Champ de Mars shows a brilliant and attractive spectacle. The chief building of the Exhibition itself is ordinary enough, viewed from a distance, a mere convenient glass-domed structure, with long transepts and nave; but the paramount charm of this Exhibition above its predecessor consists not only in its 'Street of Nations,' but in the dozens, scores, hundreds of other architectural appendages scattered all over the wide grounds of the Champ de Mars, the Seine flowing between, and Paris panoramically stretching on either side. Moorish palaces and mosques, Chinese pagodas, Swiss chalets, Japanese villages, Turkish kiosques, with an infinite variety of pavilions—so called—light, gaily decorated structures of every imaginable shape and design, all fluttering with flags, and interspersed with flower gardens, fountains, parterres, slopes, statues, make up a charming and richly colored picture. Amid and around these countless and attractive looking buildings—if, indeed, such light structures have been more than conjured together by some magician, to be dispersed as easily—circulate the two hundred thousand holiday makers this Whit Monday, as easily as the privileged visitors in our Zoological Gardens on Sunday. Thus far all was as might have been expected; but never shall I forget the spectacle presented to us when, towards the close of the afternoon, we quitted this vast recreation ground of the Champ de Mars by way

of the Trocadéro. Looking back from the raised steps of that ingratiating little palace, we saw the garden below thronged from end to end, every inch blackened with masses of moving human beings, a gigantic beehive covered with bees. It was rather an invading army—terrace, balcony, balustrade, broad walk, side paths, all taken possession of; and above all stretched the majestic panorama of Paris, the river flowing below—Notre Dame, the gilded dome of the Invalides, Val de Grâce, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Pantheon, standing out conspicuously above the rest. But it was an invasion of peace, and not of war; and in spite of the enormous multitudes, there was room both within and without the Champ de Mars for all, and getting back from the Exhibition was as easy as getting there. It was not even necessary to take a carriage, so ample was the accommodation provided in the shape of tramways, the favorite vehicle of the Parisians. No disorder, no drunkenness, no squabbling for places; and later on, the streets were quiet and orderly. The Parisian population is accused, justly, of frivolity and love of change, but at least a great public holiday is not turned into the scene of excess which too often disgraces soberer nations.

And here I must be permitted a remark which may perhaps offend English readers. Without doubt the French working people take their amusements more politely, because they take them in company of their betters. Just as the accessibility of art collections and museums in France improve the taste and educate the eye of the French working man, so does the habit of perpetually mixing with the better ranks soften his manners. Before we too rudely blame our working classes for coarseness and sensuality in their amusements, let us give them the opportunity of choosing between good and evil. Whilst museums and art galleries are closed on Sundays, we cannot wonder that public-houses are full.

The Exhibition has brought everyone and everything to Paris, and among its curious and unexpected phenomena is the active proselytism displayed by the English and French evangelical parties. Outside the Trocadéro are elegant little

kiosques and pavilions, not devoted to pleasure but to piety. The Religious Tract Society, the Bible Society, the Christian Knowledge Society, are here in full force, distributing gratuitously such an amount of New Testaments, Bibles, and tracts as were surely never found in Paris before; 25,000 tracts are distributed a day, and I was assured that were the bureaux open on Sundays, 40,000 could be easily disposed of. Large numbers of the separate Gospels, translated of course into French, are distributed also, and so zealously has the work of propagandism been carried on that, what with the Religious Tract Society on one hand and M. Gambetta on the other, the priests at Belleville will soon not have a leg to stand upon. It is in Belleville, the nest and nursing-ground of Communism, infidelity, and heaven knows what, that most stringent efforts are being made, English ladies helping the French and Swiss Evangelical organisation with great zeal. The priests are keenly alive to the spiritual dangers besetting their flocks, and preach from the pulpit on the abominable fact that they cannot now enter a dwelling in Belleville without finding a copy of the Bible! But this is not all. Besides getting up prayer meetings and Bible readings, the ladies have set on foot mothers' meetings, to which flock large numbers of the poorest female population of the district, who sew for two hours, receiving all the time spiritual exhortations or instruction, and at the end 50 centimes for their labors. As the needlework is for the benefit of the poor, the pecuniary reward is not so small as it appears to be. Furthermore there are services held twice daily in the *Salle Evangelique* close to the Exhibition, and hither, amid the picturesque and glittering crowds, Arabs in their white and crimson drapery, veiled Moorish ladies accompanied by gaily-dressed negresses, Japanese in sober blue, Italian *contadine* in full costume, Persians, Hindoos, Annamites, and holiday makers from the four quarters of the globe, assemble little congregations of all nations to sing Wesley's hymns and pray for the conversion of their neighbors.

Great credit is due to the Evangelical Societies for their cheap and excellent refreshments. Whilst inside the Exhi-

bition the charge of 1 franc 60 centimes (1s. 4d.) for a cup of tea with bread and butter, or 1 franc for a cup of tea alone, is made, in the Evangelical British tea-room the same may be had for less than half the price. People must eat and drink in the Champ de Mars, but they pay dearly for it. The prices are exorbitant, the buffets are crowded, and smoking is allowed everywhere. Many people would prefer the quiet and economy of the 'British tea-room,' even if they had to read one of the Rev. J. C. Ryle's tracts into the bargain.

One morning I happened to see the following advertisement: 'Sunday at half-past one o'clock, in the Théâtre des Gobelins, *Conférence littéraire* for the benefit of the People's Library of the 13th arrondissement, M. Gambetta in the chair. For tickets apply Rue Croulebarbe No. 3.' In order to be quite sure of a ticket there was nothing to do but set off immediately for the Avenue des Gobelins—in fact, to traverse Paris from north to south. This operation, performed by means of tramway and omnibus, took a considerable time, and the finding of the Rue Croulebarbe was difficult, but at last patience had its reward. At the back of the Boulevard lay a block of unnumbered houses entered by a small garden door. Crossing the courtyards, the one full of girl-scholars, the other of boys at play, I found the *Conseiller Municipal*, in other words the schoolmaster, deputed to give tickets. I was only just in time; so magnetic is the name of Gambetta throughout the length and breadth of Paris, that though the meeting had only been advertised the day before, and the tickets varied in price from 50 centimes to 5 francs, only half a dozen numbered seats remain. 'People have come all the way from Neuilly for tickets,' my informant said, adding, 'Ah, no wonder. C'est un grand homme.' It really seems at last as if something like unanimity in public sentiment were not only possible but existent in France.

Goethe says: 'Wenn ein Deutscher schenckt, liebt er gewiss' (when a German makes presents, he is undoubtedly in love); and when the pleasure-loving yet economic Parisians are willing to pay five francs to hear a lecture or speech, we may be sure that they are interested

and in earnest. The proceedings, according to the programme, were to begin at one o'clock; whereas, in reality, the doors only opened at that time, and the real business began an hour later. This is generally the case here, in order to prevent undue crowding; but the arrangement has its evil side, as many, warned beforehand, instead of coming much too early, come much too late, and there is often some confusion.

All was bustle and excitement round the little Théâtre des Gobelins before the opening of the doors, although every single place had been secured in advance. A truly democratic assembly was this: there were workmen in blue blouses sitting in the best places beside elegantly dressed ladies, doubtless having secured them by weeks of privation; and in the upper gallery blue blouses predominated, but all was good humor and delighted anticipation.

When at last the curtain was drawn, there were thunders of applause, mingled with cries of 'Vive Gambetta!' 'Vive le défenseur de la patrie!' Then all was hushed, and after a few introductory words from Gambetta, the lecture began, if lecture it can be called. It was rather an oration, delivered extempore and with much rhetorical effect, having for its object the development of democratic ideas, under the title of 'The History of the Book.' The speaker, M. Quentin, a well-known journalist and polemic writer, traced the warfare between despotism and freedom, intellectual, social, and political, as illustrated by the history of printing and publishing from earliest times, briefly and eloquently reviewing the annals of France with this object. It is easy to imagine the telling points brought out by a skilled and practised orator when dealing with such a theme; and the audience thrilled with horror when listening to the pathetic story of Etienne Dolet, martyred poet, printer, and publisher in the time of Francis the First. The lecturer, by the way, did not remain fixed to one spot, according to routine, but moved to and fro on the stage, now sitting down, now turning to one side, now to another.

All this time it was interesting to watch Gambetta, who leaned back languidly in an arm-chair, his portly frame in an easy attitude, his head slightly raised towards

the speaker, his expression that of repose and quiet satisfaction. It was the lion at rest; but one could conceive how terrible he must be to his enemies when fairly roused. As the lecturer proceeded, Gambetta languidly inclined his head in approval of this sentiment or that, generally some sarcasm pointed at the clerical party, the Bonapartists, or the De Broglie faction; or, if a witticism or happy allusion pleased him, he quietly clapped his hands, and immediately again resumed his lethargic attitude. He looks old for his years, and weary, his hair and beard slightly grizzled; but he was suffering from a bad cold at the time, and this may partly account for his lethargy and evident fatigue. At the end of the lecture there was a collection for the People's Library of the 13th arrondissement; then a pause, and Gambetta began to speak, not rising from his seat, without any apparent effort, without any attempt at rhetorical effect. The born and practised orator proclaimed himself at the outset, and not a word of that short yet striking discourse was lost. In concise, forcible, and choice language, the words flowing from his lips in a stream of eloquence, Gambetta laid down the principle on which popular libraries should be organised, namely, with special reference to the technical wants of different districts. 'For,' he added, 'if we bring this ardor and passion to bear upon popular education, it is certainly to give the understanding more strength, the conscience more energy and elevation, the heart more courage; but this is not all. Such culture must be an instrument of production: the working man must find in it the augmentation of his productive force; his manual capital doubled, sustained, and enlarged by his intellectual capital, must become the source of ease and wealth.'

His closing words were full of hope, confidence, and patriotism, and were received with deafening cries of 'Vive Gambetta!' 'Vive la République!'

A little later that same afternoon I happened to find myself at the Champs Elysées just as Marshal MacMahon was returning from the French Derby. The *cortège* was magnificent, six white horses drawing the President's carriage; on either side stood brilliant crowds of

spectators; all Paris, indeed, had collected there, for it was Sunday. But what a contrast to the reception accorded to Gambetta in the Théâtre des Gobelins! Not a voice was heard, not a hat was raised as the Marshal, accompanied by the Shah of Persia, slowly drove by; the vast crowds looked on, and that was all. And the next day a contrast equally striking was afforded by the reception of Victor Hugo at the final *séance* of the International Congress of Literature. The meeting was held in the Théâtre du Châtelet, and large numbers of spectators had been generously supplied with tickets by the Association des Gens de Lettres.

What the venerable poet said upon that occasion has appeared long ago in the newspapers, but the reception accorded to him must be witnessed to be realised. Thunders of applause checked his utterances every five minutes, and often interrupted a sentence. These marvellously poetic and eloquent discourses of Victor Hugo, we must add, are read, not improvised, but the audience is kept spell-bound none the less. The poet sat all the time, having on his right hand a score or two of wax lights, and close to these he held his manuscript, very frequently, however, dropping it, and speaking throughout with sustained rhetorical effect. There was majesty in the old man's attitude and magic in his voice as he turned towards the representatives of foreign literary societies, saying, 'Philosophes, poètes, hommes de science, romanciers, la France vous salue;' and when he made an end, with pathetic allusion to his exile, the cheers and vivats were prodigious.

It is delightful to find all classes participating in whatever literary, artistic, or social gratifications this great gathering affords; and with a liberality worthy of imitation, alike the civil and military authorities, as well as public companies and private employers, are doing their best to put such opportunities within reach of all. Thus the Salon has been thrown open gratuitously on the Sundays and Thursdays, also the interesting Gobelin tapestry works on certain days and various other collections. The Minister of War drafts off 200 soldiers daily to visit the Exhibition free of cost, and companies and private business houses

are showing the greatest generosity in supplying their hands with the necessary funds for a week's holiday in Paris. Every day the newspapers give fresh instances of such munificence, and every day the streets and places of public amusement testify to the fact. Wherever you go you find large numbers of working people and peasant folks from all parts of France. The remotest provinces are daily sending their contingents, and many of the holiday-makers are aged men and women whose admiring wonder is touching to witness. It is evident that these individuals have made up their minds to see everything. You find them alike in the historic galleries of the Trocadéro, in the Salon, in the galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg, in the museums, in the charming walks of the Park Monceaux, in the Botanic Gardens. The presence of all ranks is especially striking to us aristocratic English folks, who never by any chance mix with the 'people,' so called, except at Sunday-school treats. Here the blue blouse and the *coiffe* are found side by side with fashionable ladies and gentlemen everywhere. However much French people may be divided in political or religious opinions, at least in the hour of recreation they are one.

And without doubt, one of the most important aspects of this great gathering is this, the bringing together in pleasant relation of class to class, proletarian and plebeian, master and subordinate. The Exhibition will do much if, to borrow an expression of Gambetta's, it renders not only the Republic, but the *bourgeoisie* 'aimable' to the great bulk of the nation, in other words, the working-people. What the division was between *bourgeois* and workman, the close of the Franco-German war but too painfully showed us. Let us hope and trust that the Exhibition will be the means of awakening a better feeling, and that for the future we may see the French workman and the peasant, master and *bourgeois*, meeting half-way. Least of all in France has a great class antipathy a *raison d'être*, for in France, and France only, we find the principle of equality at work and a wide-spread prosperity and abundance apportioned out to all.

On one point all foreign visitors must agree, namely, that Paris is now by far

the gayest, airiest, handsomest city in the world; and when your French hosts drive you at night along the glittering Boulevards, and the new Place du Grand Opéra, made doubly resplendent by the electric lights, asking rapturously, 'Est-ce beau? Est-ce beau?' there is but one reply. Yes, Paris is the most beautiful city on the face of the earth; nevertheless the question suggests itself, Who would willingly live in it?*

In London there are quiet squares and streets still, where, if the barrel organ finds you out, at least you are far removed from the grind of perpetual wheels, railway whistles, and tramways; but in Paris it is not so. There, intersections of broad, cheerful boulevards and avenues, connected by the most complete system of communication imaginable, are only visited by two or three hours of quiet after midnight, and unless you get as far from the world as Neuilly or Passy you must expect no more. It is certainly very convenient to have a tramway passing your door every two minutes, by means of which you can get to any part of Paris you please; but the perpetual trumpet of the driver, a noise so shrill as to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the upper storeys, at last makes you curse alike invention and inventor. There can be no doubt whatever that Paris has been turned not only into the handsomest but the noisiest of all cities. In the remoter quarters you have building going on to the right and left, the perpetual sawing of stone and hammering of carpenters; and in the more central parts you have a traffic without ceasing. Again, convenient as the system of flats may be, and necessary as it is in Paris, where rents and prices generally are enormous, it has serious drawbacks. In the first place, the entrance hall is of course uncarpeted and boarded, so that you hear every footfall; in the second,

the rooms communicate one with another, so that you hear every sound in the neighboring ones; and thirdly, in order to economise space, the kitchen is in close proximity to the rest of the 'apartement,' affording perpetual odors of frying and grilling.

Quiet—that daily decreasing luxury of modern life, problematic as it seems in London—in Paris proper is unknown; and thus, while we must yield the French capital precedence in elegance, airiness, and gaiety, we must regard it as the last place in the world where any reasonable-minded person would take up his abode. Of course the Exhibition adds to the noise and bustle of the streets, but it has nothing to do with the construction of the houses and the intersection of the city in every part with public vehicles.

What a contrast to turn from the heart of Paris, where it is truly said *on ne dort pas*, from the brilliant Boulevards Italiens and de la Madeleine, from the Rue de Rivoli and Palais Royal, to the People's park of Les Buttes Chaumont! It is a very long way from all these, but not to be missed on any account by anyone wishing to realise the antipodes of Parisian life and society, the wealth of the 'English' quarter, the poverty of Belleville!

The most violent anti-Bonapartist going must pardon Napoleon the Third some small portion of his crimes for the sake of this excellent piece of work; the inimitable, fairy-like park of the Buttes Chaumont being of his creation. You drive, gradually ascending to the end of all things, that is to say, you quit by little and little the tumult, glare, and animation of the city, and find yourself on a sudden amid emerald glades, dells, and *bosquets*, with thrushes singing, cascades dancing, brooklets meandering, only a low rumbling sound of distant thunder indicating the city just left behind. The quiet, the coolness, the rusticity are delicious. There are working women darning their stockings in the shade, children at play, old men reading the newspaper, and at rare intervals one or two tourists like ourselves, that is all.

This airy height, half natural, half artificial, now a veritable paradise of verdure, commands a noble view of Paris, and is connected with one of the most tragic pages in its history. Here,

* But the plague spot, the worm in the heart of the rose, is not here. So long as employers of domestic servants consent to the present system of shutting their doors upon them as soon as the day's work is done, and compelling them to sleep at the tops of the houses—little colonies of young men and young women thus driven to immorality—Paris will not only be the noisiest but, morally, the unwholesomest city of all others. Were the garret history of one single block of houses written, what a tale of vice and misery we should have!

on May 26, 1871, the Communists made their last stand, and being driven farther into Belleville, were massacred almost to a man. Long ago every trace of that bloody encounter has disappeared, and flowers are now blooming on the scenes of fratricidal hatred and vengeance fearful to contemplate. Let us hope that such outward change may symbolise an inner revolution, and that these fairy-like glades, grottoes, and parterres, so nobly commanding the city, may henceforth be dedicated to tranquillity and enjoyment. These Buttes Chaumont offer not only an instance of the wilderness made to flower as the rose, but of a marvellous triumph of science. This was formerly the most ill-favored spot in Paris. Here all the foulness of the city used to be deposited, and low thieves and criminals loved to consort together. The metamorphosis has been quite recently accomplished.

Fêtes, fêtes, fêtes! Nothing but fêtes in Paris and round about this blazing summer-tide; for, after weeks of wet and gloom, almost a tropical heat is here instead, neither the one nor the other daunting the ardor of the pleasure-loving Parisians. The Republican *fête par excellence* took place at Versailles on the occasion of the 110th anniversary of the birthday of Hoche, and was on no account to be missed by those visiting Paris for instruction rather than amusement. On arriving we found flags flying, bands playing, the town decorated from end to end, and all the population turned out to play. The banquet was supposed to finish at eight o'clock, when ladies and others were admitted by ticket to hear the speeches, but in reality it continued with no little liveliness till long after, and when the orators' turn came, they found it extremely difficult to get a hearing. In vain the chairman rang his little bell, in vain he implored silence. The champagne had circulated generously; the company was in the best possible humor, and no one would hold his tongue. Finally, Gambetta was summoned to the rescue, and his mighty voice, so clear and penetrating when reined in, so stentorian when allowed full scope, made itself heard above the storm. The tumult was indescribable, but Gambetta, wielding a wand magical as Prospero's, could not only summon

spirits from the vasty deep, but dismiss them also. Rearing his ponderous person, and managing his wonderful voice as a musician his organ stops, he let it swell out in a vast volume of sound, drowning and subduing the thousand and odd pigmy ones clamoring so vociferously. Having secured silence for others, he secured silence for himself—always allowing for thunders of applause—and delivered one of those passionate Demosthenic speeches which have made him so famous. All was fire, fury, and glowing eloquence. When, after a splendid peroration, he raised his arms high above his head, then folded them across his breast saying, 'I will never despair of my country: shall not France, who lends splendor to the world, have all my devotion?'* he thrilled his audience with an emotion which vented itself in such cheering as human tympanums could not bear often. It was astonishing how a few hundred people could contrive to make so much noise; however, all went merry as a marriage-bell, and when Gambetta's noble speech came to an end, and military bands suddenly appeared on the scene playing the 'Marseillaise,' enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Only a limited number could be admitted to the theatre, where the banquet took place, but that day and the previous one had been given up to general festivity. Velocipede races, concerts, illuminations, waterworks, fireworks, and other entertainments entered into

* As a specimen of Gambetta's mastery over words and gift of moving his hearers, I quote the passage which was the signal for uproarious applause. After declaring his faith in the loyalty of the French army, he said:

'Et l'armée le sait bien; elle ne s'y trompe pas. Elle n'a qu'à se souvenir et à se regarder. Quant à moi, ma conviction n'a pas varié—et je le disais dans ces banquets restreints que nous faisons chez nos amis, aux mauvais jours, au lendemain du 24, au lendemain du 16 mars, je disais: Ils comptent sur l'armée! Ils ne la connaissent pas! L'armée, c'est l'honneur; l'armée, c'est le patriotisme; et ce qu'on lui demande, ce serait une souillure plus honteuse, plus vile, plus inexpiable que celle qu'imprimerait au drapeau, sinon, au front des soldats, l'homme de Brumaire, et, après lui, l'homme de Décembre. Ah! oui, j'étais sans inquiétude; oui, je n'ai pas désespéré de mon pays. Et je n'en désespérerai jamais, il fait l'éblouissement du monde! Pourquoi voulez-vous qu'il n'ait pas toute ma pitié?'

the programme, which, owing to fine weather and favorable circumstances, was carried out without a hitch.

This Hoche festival was far more brilliant than its predecessors, and doubtless the general abandonment was partly owing to the widely spread feeling of security. Even pessimists look forward hopefully now, whilst no one who carefully observes what is going on can doubt in the consolidation of the Republic. Peace, not glory, has become the watchword of the nation, and the Napoleonic legend lies vanquished under the heels of History, as the dragon under the foot of the Archangel!

There is no doubt that the Exhibition itself gives increasing satisfaction to the French mind generally, and for a time, at least, has modified habits of daily life. The invariable sea-side holiday, or long sojourn in the country, is given up by large numbers of the people, who prefer staying in town for the purpose of seeing their friends. Thus the Exhibition has become a rallying point, not only of provincials but of colonists, the remotest appanages of France sending its representatives. Never, perhaps, was hospitality more liberally exercised than now, and it is delightful to witness these family meetings, where, over the most liberal breakfasts, beginning at mid-day and, what with dessert, liqueurs, and coffee, lasting for a couple of hours, old times are talked of and old ties renewed. It is a pleasant fashion in France, for schoolfellows and fellow-students to *tutoyer* each other throughout life, and the 'Thee' and 'Thou,' from the lips of grey-haired paterfamilias now meeting, after perhaps half a lifetime's separation, has a friendly sound. These social gatherings form one of the most agreeable features of life in Paris during the Exhibition.

Birds of a feather flock together, and thus there are cafés where the Nantais, citizens of Nantes, meet; others the resort of the Gascons, Tourangeois, &c. This meeting together of French people of all ranks, creeds, and classes must be considered a significant fact, wholly irrespective of the incomparable artistic and industrial collections here exhibited for their instruction. Good fortune, not evil hap, has brought the most opposite minds in contact, and, we

can but hope, with some result. It is curious that, as a rule, we are more familiar with Algerian affairs than our French neighbors, but with daily and hourly arrivals from Algeria, Senegal, and other remote dependencies, it is only natural that light should thereby be thrown upon the colonies and life there. True Parisians live out of doors, and may almost be said to have no home—which has its good as well as evil side. The habit of dining at restaurants and *tables d'hôte* instead of at home and of chatting with your opposite neighbor, whoever he may be, is certainly advantageous just now when there is so much of interest to be heard and said on both sides. A noteworthy fact is also the great influx of Germans in the early weeks of the Exhibition. A German spoke at the International Literary Congress; we meet Germans from all parts of the vast empire everywhere. May we not hope that this intercourse will take the edge off that keen animosity which has divided France and Germany since the terrible war of 1870-71? If so, whatever other results it may have failed to achieve, the Exhibition will at least have accomplished something memorable and worthy of all honor!

The Exhibition itself is a bewildering subject to handle, whether in detail or as a whole. Every day some new collection is opened, some fresh interest added, so that any summarising of the vast treasure house is hopeless. Some features, however, may be pointed out, as illustrating the superiority of this over former Exhibitions, since not only are the industrial arts here represented, but the tremendous achievements of research in science, archæology, and art generally, may be here studied under the best possible circumstances. In fact, the Champ de Mars is encyclopædic.

Approached by a temporary bridge, somewhat apart from the general tumult, is the noteworthy *Section d'Archéologie*. The little modern building stands on famous ground—no other than that of the Vieux Cordeliers, scene of the fiery eloquence of Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and other revolutionary leaders. Here are ample materials of study for the ethnologist, statistician, or archæologist. Not only are the various families of the human race to be studied esoterically

but exoterically, from within as well as from without. The collection is unique in some respects. A Darwinite may here trace cranial development from that of the troglodyte and *sapirus* to prehistoric man, and by a gradually ascending scale to the noblest intellectual type with which we are familiar. Then turning from these almost countless rows of skulls, he may study the human form in its various phases, and not only the typical man of all races and ages, but his dwelling, his monuments, his weapons—in fact, under every aspect. On one side, you see models of tumuli and prehistoric tombs; on another, photographs of dolmens and cromlechs systematically arranged; here, flint instruments and pottery; there, primitive ornaments and jewellery. Nor have we illustrations of archaic times from all parts of the world only. We may turn to admirable little collections, antiquarian, artistic, and domestic, from comparatively unknown regions, pottery and embroidery from Hungary and Poland, all kinds of interesting objects from Bulgaria, such as carpets, jewellery, apparel. Indeed, beginning from the beginning and coming down to our own epoch, we have here every necessary help for ethnological and archaeological study, as well as that of social progress generally. In a small room adjoining, to be commended to the notice of statisticians, are arranged colored maps of France, dividing it according to 'sol, population, matrimonialité, natalité, mortalité, instruction.' By these means we can ascertain exactly the proportion of births, legitimate or illegitimate, of marriages, deaths, diseases, scale of education, quality of soil, nature of agriculture, and other statistical information, in any province, and in the easiest possible manner, each map being colored in various shades, dark denoting zero, light maximum. I mention this as one instance out of many of the extraordinary resources massed together in the Champ de Mars, and of the vast educational opportunities offered by specialities like this Exposition d'Archéologie. Here indeed is the practical teaching we want, for of books we have enough and to spare, and many were here quietly pursuing their studies apart from the animated scenes of the Trocadéro; and the Exposition Fores-

tière, and many other scientific collections equally interesting, are found scattered here and there in the gardens.

Just outside the precincts of the Exhibition, in the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye, is an unpretending little building of deepest interest to those really interested in the future well-being of France. This is the Workman's Exhibition opened with some ceremony on the 2nd of June, MM. Louis Blanc, Lockroy, Tolain, and other members of the Chamber, presiding. To my thinking, the Champ de Mars contains nothing more touching than this modest contribution by the workmen of Paris and all France. The objects exhibited are the fruits of such self-denial and patience as melt the heart to think of, being achieved after full working hours, in the teeth of all kinds of difficulties, and at the cost of sleep, recreation, and the bare necessities of existence. When we consider, for instance, such specimens of skill and industry as the magnificent carved sideboards in walnut and oak, and the inlaid book-cases, cabinets, and pianofortes, we cannot but wonder at the following inscription, appended to one: 'This piece of furniture has been entirely made by the workman Delié in addition to his day's labor, with no assistance whatever, either in design or execution.' It is a cabinet inlaid with brass, and deserves the highest praise for first-rate carpentry and good taste generally. The carved sideboards, some of which come from out-of-the-way country places, such as the Ile de Ré, Rennes, &c., are equally deserving of commendation. It is to be hoped that such admirable specimens of workmanship will meet with the notice which they so well deserve.

In this interesting little Exhibition, as yet incomplete, must be noticed the *faïence* and ornamental pottery exhibited by a Parisian working potter, also specimens of enamel, all of which evince great delicacy and skill. The useful arts are not neglected; witness admirable specimens of cloth mending, tailoring, plain needlework; and some important inventions are found here, notably the life-buoy invented by a sailor, and various methods of protection against fire, and the most compact, comfortable and economical portable bed that it is possible to conceive. For twenty-five shillings we

have here a bed, armchair, sofa, whichever we like, easy to fold or unfold, durable yet light; in fact, 'le lit-canapé Picot,' so called from its inventor, is a marvel of cheapness and comfort. Many of these folding sofas will doubtless find their way to England during the course of the summer.

Amusing enough are the scattered pagodas, pavilions, Swiss houses, &c., within the precincts of the Exhibition, and here, except in bad weather, sight-seeing is no fatigue. The quaintly built Pavillon d'Espagne, entirely decorated with bottles of Gothic chapel wine, the different colors forming a chromatic scale of color, is as characteristic as any; Monaco has a pretty building devoted to its fanciful *faïence*, whilst conspicuously above all rise the graceful towers and minarets of the Pavillon d'Algérie. No more picturesque feature in the Champ de Mars is to be found than this, which is an imitation of the beautiful Mosque of Tçlemcen, in the province of Oran. Here we have indeed a veritable glimpse of the East—Bedouins in their tents, an Arab family at work upon carpet weaving and embroidery, negroes, Arabs, Moors in their brilliant costumes; and, to crown all, a delicious Moorish interior with a fountain in the midst, tiled pavements and palms, oleanders and magnolias; last but not least, the *Eucalyptus globulus*, adopted child of Algerian soil, all so fresh and flourishing that it is difficult to believe they have been transplanted a few days only. The illusion is perfect, and for artistic effect, no less than for real interest, the Algerian Exhibition ranks high among the attractions of these pleasant gardens.

But the kernel, the cream and elixir of the Exhibition is to be found perhaps, not in the art galleries, nor in the beautiful Japanese court, nor in the wonderful display of multiform industries of all nations, but in the so-called historic galleries of the Trocadéro. It is impossible to give any notion of the priceless collection, which to archaeologists and artists generally is alone worth crossing the Channel to see. Archaic jewellery, terra cottas breathing the purest spirit of Greek art, Gallo-Roman arms and pottery, mediæval plate, furniture, and enamels, illuminated books and MSS.,

specimens of rare printing and binding—what is indeed not here? This epitome of the South Kensington and British Museums, the Louvre and Musée Cluny in one, has the merit, moreover, of being for the most part new; many of its choicest treasures being here exhibited by private liberality for the first time. French provincial museums as well as individual collectors have furnished contributions, local learned societies also, the whole forming a matchless intellectual treat for the true lover of art. No matter how well versed the archaeologist or antiquarian who visits these galleries, he will find abundant novelty and can but go away enriched and delighted. Catalogues of this astounding treasure-house are promised forthwith, but there are one or two features of it I cannot forbear dwelling upon. In the first place, are to be noted the splendid gold ornaments of the ancient Gauls, found in Hungary a short time since. We were all flocking last winter to stare at the so-called Trojan treasure exhibited at South Kensington; but Dr. Schliemann's collection pales before these magnificent objects discovered by some Hungarian peasants in an earthen pot near Szolnok, and undoubtedly a gold treasure dating from the sojourn of the Gauls on the Danube, between the third and fourth century before Christ. M. Amédée Thierry, in his delightful *Histoire des Gaulois*, gives an account of this expedition, which a thunderstorm cut short on the eve of the pillage of Delphi. Hence the Gauls, travelling by way of the coast up to the Bosphorus, crossed over to Asia Minor, and being defeated by Atalus, King of Pergamos, were settled by him in Galatia, so called after them. To the student of history, and especially French history, nothing can be more interesting than these relics of the nation, terrible even to the Romans, 'because they feared not death,' which Cæsar with all his legions took seven years to conquer, and which produced in Vercingetorix, one of the most splendid heroes of ancient times. And, indeed, almost irrespective of our interest in the people portrayed to us so poetically by Lucan and other Roman writers, these objects cannot but attract from their splendor and artistic claims. The ancient Gaul loved to adorn himself with

jewellery, and their bracelets, torques or necklets, buttons, breastplates and belts, all of pure gold, give a high idea of their taste and skill. We also have here the skeleton of a Gaulish warrior, lying as it was found in the tomb, with his armor, chariots, horse-gear, and various bronze ornaments. This was discovered in France (Marne).

Next in interest, perhaps, must be mentioned the exquisite and unique collections from Tanagra, Dodona, Cyprus, and other places, but now publicly exposed by collectors for the first time. There are some scores of terra-cottas, exquisitely lovely statuettes from Tanagra, that offer a new revelation of Greek art. Some are colored, but the greater part of them are creamy in tone; all are gems alike of design and execution. The perfect naturalness and *naïveté*, we might almost say realism, of these figures is most striking, were it not that the word implies less of ideal beauty both of form and features to be found in these draped women. There are delicious little bits of child life and the home generally; children playing with birds and toys; a baker seated before his oven putting in the loaves to bake; a female gymnast jumping through a hoop; itinerant vendors, and an infinite variety of subjects, all handled with grace and skill. Then there is a not less interesting collection of relics from Dodona; notably the tablets of bronze, on which were written the questions to the oracle, some little time being required by them before vouchsafing a reply. Many of these inscriptions are legible, and are said to be very amusing. Then there are cases of Greek weights and measures, lovely little specimens of glass and pottery, bronzes, mirrors, vases, weapons, every phase of all being here represented. From these ancient periods of art we are led by gradual stages through the various epochs of the Middle Ages. From Poland, the loan of a Polish Princess, we have a superb collection of plate, furniture, armor, jewellery, and so on. Then we come to the arts of illuminating, printing, and book-binding, all so fascinating to the book-lover, and all of which may be studied here from the earliest periods. Musicians, in their turn, will be charmed with

the unique collection of musical instruments, many being richly inlaid and exceedingly elaborate in design. Of enamels and *faïence* there is a bewildering collection; the eye is dazzled with the splendor on every side, and, indeed, in a feast of color, the divisions of the galleries are matchless. Here and there masses of gold and silver blaze amid a thousand jewelled tints.

There is a table, for instance, of solid silver, and pieces of armor, plate, and furniture in richest gold. Never surely were such piles of wealth and marvels of art brought together! And hardly have we taken breath after such surprises when a no less dazzling exhibition is opened in the western wing of the Trocadéro—namely, the historic galleries of non-European countries. Egypt, Japan, China, Cambodia, Africa, South America, Oceania, contribute largely, but it is of the Japanese collection alone I have space for a few words. Here we have Japanese art in its choicest and truly classic period, before the national taste became vitiated by an exaggerated demand for European markets, a demand, alas! too easily satisfied and supplied. A feeling of profound sadness takes possession of the mind as we here realise the full deliciousness of an art now to be feared in its decadence. We cannot even compare the brilliant and truly artistic collection of the Japanese court with these *chefs-d'œuvre* without experiencing disenchantment. Form, color, workmanship, are alike unrivalled. We seem endowed with a new faculty for color as we contemplate some of these marvels of brilliance and transparency. Nor when we come to detail and finish are we less delighted and instructed. Extreme elaborateness in every part, yet in perfect harmony with the whole, is found almost invariably. To enumerate the treasures collected in this western wing of the Trocadéro—the Oriental carpets, pottery, jewels, furniture, dress—is impossible. Irrespective of the priceless loan collections in the Japanese department, the blaze of color and wealth displayed on every side are indescribable. The naïve contributions from the Marquesas Islands, and other parts of the scattered kingdom of Oceania, also invite a visit. But the

Japanese is the pearl of the western, as the Gallo-Roman treasures are the pearl of the eastern galleries.

And now, before closing this paper with a word or two about the great national *fête* of the 30th of June, perhaps something should be said of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1878 as a whole.

The most important industrial displays are of course contributed by France and England, after which come Belgium and the smaller but no less brilliant foreign sections in the 'Street of Nations.' The French manufactures and domestic arts are conspicuous for their elegance of design, nowhere more so than in the departments devoted to bronzes, metal work, porcelain, and furniture generally. Here are clocks, candelabras, lamps, &c., that may, without exaggeration, be called *chefs d'œuvre*; and it is impossible to deny the technical superiority of French over English workmanship in such branches of industry. In furniture we find that, like ourselves, French manufacturers and decorators have gone back to former periods for inspiration. The solid carved work of recent years is replaced by the light, elegant, fanciful styles of Louis XV., Louis XVI., and even earlier epochs still. On the whole, most people will prefer perhaps our own 'art furniture,' so called, of which we have in this Exhibition enough and to spare. In *faïence*, pottery, and porcelain, we see evidence of a great revival of one of the most delightful and decorative of modern arts. France exhibits an infinite variety of wares, many of which are highly artistic and original; while England may be said to hold her own in this respect, as well as in the machinery department, which is the admiration of all beholders. Some specialities in the French section must be noticed, viz. that part devoted to education. Here are exhibited not only the achievements of pupils in the primary, secondary, and superior schools, but also the scheme of instruction, maps, school museums in miniature, model school buildings, &c. The needlework exhibited by the various girls' schools, national, conventual, and private, is interesting, and herein, as far as plain needlework goes, a great superiority is seen over anything of the kind that could be exhibited in England.

'Difficult indeed would it be to weigh the relative merits of the treasures displayed in the glittering 'Street of Nations,' where the amazed spectator is led on a voyage of artistic and industrial discovery from neighboring shores to the remotest civilised regions of the globe. Finland, as might be expected, sends a splendid assortment of furs, artistically prepared and arranged; Russia blazes with the gold and silver of Potosi and the precious stones of Siberian mines, having for a background piles of brilliant malachite and lapis-lazuli, greens and blues of the brightest and deepest; Austria dazzles the eye with her display of Bohemian glass, jewellery tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, so airy and transparent to look at that we feel as if a breath would blow it away; Italy is rich in Mosaics and marbles, Switzerland in *faïence* and carvings, and other European nations, too numerous to catalogue, send noteworthy contributions. We soon find ourselves in the midst of those Oriental countries which still revel in the splendor of King Solomon and the magic of the *Arabian Nights*. And to make the illusion more complete, these enchanted regions are peopled with the gorgeous beings familiar only to most of us in the pages of Eastern fairy tale or on the canvas of artists. Here, wandering amid piles of carpets soft as velvet, rich in color as an Algerian garden, are Orientals in their magnificent dresses, Arabs from Algeria in crimson and white burnouses, Moors from Morocco, with embroidered vests, full white trousers, and silk turbans, Egyptians in suits of blue or violet, or, farther on, you find yourself opposite a couple of Japanese in their blue garments around them, relieved by a refreshing and highly artistic background of violet and white; such an assemblage of lovely things in porcelain, bronze, and lacquer ware, as perhaps was never got together before. Far more brilliant, but less attractive, is the Chinese section, where you encounter lithe figures with long pigtailed gliding about in cool white dresses, their costume being in striking contrast with the glitter, one might say gaudiness, around them. Orange, scarlet, green, purple, with a superabundance of gilding, blaze out on every side; stuffs, embroideries, furniture, porcelain, being all as gay as

color can make them. No less remarkable is the display afforded by Siam, its silks, wares, and art products generally being of the richest description. But more novel than all these, and unique indeed as far as general experience goes, is the choice little treasure-house belonging to the kingdom of Annam. The custodians interest us hardly less than their display. Broad white trousers and white undergarments, with an over vesture of thin black gauze, must form an agreeable dress in hot weather, but their black turbans suggest anything but comfort. The inlaid work, from Annam, of dark wood, relieved by brilliant bluish mother-of-pearl, is extremely artistic, and it is not to be wondered at that so many pieces of furniture, cabinets, jewel-cases, &c., are sold. But time presses, and we hasten on, brushing as we go Persians, Greeks, Turks, Hindoos; last, but not least, American, German, and English tourists, who like ourselves have come to stare at the 'Street of Nations.'

Refreshing it is to turn from this Babel to the deliciously cool, quiet sculpture rooms, where the dainty creations in marble stand out in bold relief against a background of old tapestries. Few people we fancy will be disappointed in the International Exhibition of Sculpture, and most will be astonished at the richness of some of the collections, notably those from Italy, Russia, and Greece; last, but not least, France. But these as well as the sculpture galleries admit of no hasty notice.

The Exhibition, we are promised, is to be kept open till December, and what it will come to at last makes the brain giddy to think of! The Parisians, however, seem determined to confront the tropical heat we are now enduring for the sake of meeting their friends and watching the progress of the Exhibition generally; but foreign tourists will doubtless pack their trunks and be off to Switzerland, the Tyrol, anywhere, so long as they get out of Paris.

For as if we were not already crowded enough in Paris, the Government, generously we must admit, organised a great national *fête*—to be repeated, it seems, in September—which will bring thousands of excursionists to add to the number. Under such circumstances it is impossible to feel enthusiastic even about

the relics of Dodona or the classic period of Japanese art. A thousand things, it is true, tempt us to remain in Paris. There are superb concerts given daily in the Trocadéro, not only those of the famous *orchestre* of the Scala from Milan, but first-rate and most interesting performances of chamber music, especially French, by French *artistes*. The theatres offer tempting bills of fare; a dozen congresses, literary and scientific, are sitting; scientific lectures are given twice daily in the Trocadéro, all the museums and other places of interest are thrown open; whilst for sheer amusement we have enough and to spare in the Moorish café concerts and other lighter entertainments of the Champ de Mars; lastly, all the world is here, and we have friends from all parts of the world arriving daily. The thermometer, however, standing at eighty degrees in the shade somewhat damps our ardor, and we only waited to see Paris ablaze with electric lights and the statue of the Republic inaugurated in the Trocadéro, to be off to the country. A word or two, therefore, about the great unexampled *fête* of June 30, the *Fête de la Paix par excellence*, also the people's *fête*, in honor of peace, progress, and the Republic, not only celebrated in Paris, but throughout France. The Government signalled this national rejoicing by a well-timed piece of clemency; several hundred political prisoners of the Commune receiving official pardon or commutation of sentence to-day. If no other memorable feature of the 30th of June, 1878, remained, at least the opening of prison gates in New Caledonia, Algeria, and other places upon hundreds of misguided men and women would render it a Red-letter day. How many half-broken hearts will thereby be healed; how much suffering forgotten in a moment of joy; how many homes made homelike again!

After this fact, so agreeable to dwell upon, must be mentioned the inauguration of the statue of the Republic in the Champ de Mars; then the gift of 20,000 francs to the poor, besides distributions to 25,000 indigent families; lastly, such a series of popular rejoicings as perhaps has never before been witnessed even in democratic Paris.

The Exhibition was open on payment

of 25 centimes (2½d.) at the door; there were monster concerts, vocal and instrumental, in various parts; out-of-door balls, velocipede races, processions, fairs, salvoes, and balloon ascents; in fact, every entertainment that can possibly be thought of, and in the evening illuminations and fireworks on the most magnificent scale.

Early in the morning, even our quiet, almost suburban quarter, showed the liveliest appearance. On popping my head out of the window to see what was going on, I found that every one else's head was popping out also; flags were flying from most of the windows, sober paterfamilias in their shirt sleeves were putting the finishing strokes to their decorations, and already the entire quarter was metamorphosed. At midday, of course, we set out to see what was to be seen, and with that invincible good humor characteristic of the French, all difficulties were made light of. The only carriage to be got was one of those miniature four-post beds on wheels, put into requisition here on public holidays, and into this small vehicle we got—Monsieur, madame, their English guest (a friend) and her little Breton maid in high *coiffe*. Thus closely packed we drove along the crowded Boulevards. Paris—no longer the glittering city of yesterday relieved only by the verdure of the trees, but lightly draped from end to end in red, white, and blue—Paris, indeed, seemed like a fairy city floating in a tricolor sea! Tricolor everywhere—flags on the horses' heads, from every window, cockades in everyone's hat, bonnet, or button-hole. There were little flags of red, white, and blue stuck behind the horses' ears, attached to the driver's whip and hat; flags of much larger dimensions flying from every omnibus and tram-car; and an infinite variation of the theme. One of the most striking of these was the appearance presented by three girls, walking abreast, dressed respectively from head to foot in each of the national colors. It was an indescribably gay and animated scene, and perfect good humor and order reigned everywhere. The impromptu vehicles that had been put into requisition called forth a smile—luggage vans, brewers' carts, improvised omnibuses with women conductors, every trap to be

thought of was here, gaily decorated with flags, some wending their way to the Bois de Boulogne or the Exhibition, all, it is hardly necessary to say, crammed full. No fashionable promenade was the Bois to-day, but a rollicking recreation ground of the people; not only the well-to-do artisan and workman, but of the poorest, and the enjoyment written on every face was charming to witness. So much for the Boulevards and the Bois; but all kinds of more exciting amusements were going on elsewhere, each *arrondissement* having issued a glowing programme of the day's festivities. It is a fact to be noted that the humbler streets showed as gay an appearance as any, and that no quarter in Paris was more splendidly decorated than the faubourg St. Antoine and other so-called *quartiers ouvriers*. The working classes evidently put heart and soul into the occasion, and some quiet little streets positively blazed with color. But for the great mass of holiday-makers and sightseers, the best was yet to come, and soon after dinner—an amusing feature of which was a tricolor cake decorated with tiny flags—we again set out for the Champs Elysées to see the illuminations.

The day, which had been grey and cool after a sudden downpour the night before, seemed as if it would never end, so long and luminous the twilight; but vast crowds were already streaming into the Bois de Boulogne. Very prudently all carriages were prohibited after six o'clock in the great thoroughfares leading to the principal points of interest, so that circulation on foot was comparatively easy. Every now and then long strings of young men and boys carrying Chinese lanterns on poles, and wearing the cap of liberty, made their way through the dense masses singing the 'Marseillaise.' In some cases, women formed part of the processions, which were numberless, the air seeming to ring with the burden of their song. People made way good-naturedly, looking on with a smile. Soon the noble Arc de Triomphe showed a glittering circlet, and the Champs Elysées were garlanded with little globes of fire as if by magic. The dazzling transformation was quickly accomplished in every part, till the city blazed from end to end in light and color, the marvels of the Place de la Con-

corde and the Bois de Boulogne being no less a feat of art than the display of Chinese lanterns in the poorest little street.

But illuminations and pyrotechnic displays on a grand scale are very much alike, and after mingling a little with the crowd and then strolling along the

quieter Boulevards, we try to shut out the brilliant-spectacle with window curtains and to sleep—no easy task when at every moment some patriotic reveller goes by, singing the 'Marseillaise' and vociferating 'Vive la République!'—a sentiment with which this paper may aptly close.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

MR. BRYANT AND AMERICAN POETRY.

THE death of Mr. William Cullen Bryant does not indeed deprive America of her oldest poet—for the venerable Dana still survives—but even Mr. Dana can hardly have published verses earlier than the *Infantilia* of Mr. Bryant. He lisped in numbers which were duly printed when he was but ten years of age, and his early lines, published in 1804, show a precocity as great as that of the late Bishop of St. David's. Neither the childish verses, nor a youthful satire called the "Embargo," find a place in the English edition of Mr. Bryant's collected works (Henry S. King and Co., 1873), which lies before us. Fifty-seven years separate the date of the poet's death from that of the appearance of the volume which contained "The Ages" and "Thanatopsis." American poetry is always much engaged in the contemplation of the grave, and therefore it is less strange that the first stanza of "The Ages" and the last lines of "Thanatopsis" should read like a prophecy of the poet's own decease:—

The sweet wise death of old men honorable
Who have lived out all the length of all their
days.

It may be worth while to quote the lines which contain a precept that Mr. Bryant obeyed in his long, honorable, and probably happy life:—

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams,

Mr. Bryant's early verses remind one of the first efforts of a poet with whom he has not many points in common,

Théodore de Banville. "Thanatopsis," like *Les Cariatides*, is full of rich and various promise, never quite fulfilled in the many later attempts of either singer. It does not appear to us that there was so much strength and massiveness in the volumes of Mr. Bryant's maturity as in the book of his youth. His poem on "The Ages," for example, ends with some very vigorous lines on the superiority of America over the pale civilization and narrow bounds of European countries:—

Seas and stormy air
Are the wide barriers of thy borders.

This patriotism became the youngest singer of the youngest nation; but America has left no mark on Mr. Bryant's genius. This is an old complaint, and perhaps English critics are mistaken when they suppose that English poetry should put forth flowers of some strange fragrance and color in American soil. Certainly the quiet and refinement of Mr. Bryant's verses and of Mr. Longfellow's are more attractive than the formless experiments of that rowdy Tupper, Walt Whitman, or the Swinburnian energy of Mr. Joaquin Miller. Looking through Mr. Bryant's collected works, one finds nothing that proves him to have been more moved than Campbell was by the influences of America. He is rather interested in the Red Man, to be sure, but not more than an English poet might very well be. He begins "an Indian story" by saying that he "knows where the timid fawn abides," and where "the young May violets grow." Then he introduces Maquon, a young brave, who has promised his dark-haired maid a good red-deer from the forest shade. Now this is really, though Mr. Bryant lays no stress on it, a most interesting moment in Maquon's career. To

present a dark-haired maid with a haunch of venison is equivalent, among those children of Nature, to proposing to her. If she accepts the gift, and roasts or hashes the venison, all is well, and the brave not only knows that he is the favored wooer, but that the dark-haired maid can cook. If she does not set to work, the brave is not only rejected, but he must marry any maiden who has the presence of mind to rush in and broil a steak, or whatever it may be. These details Mr. Bryant neglects, and merely observes that when Maquon comes to his bower of the beloved he finds her absent,

And there hangs on the sassafras, broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair.

Some rival who preferred the old plan of marriage by capture has anticipated Maquon and got away with an excellent lead. Maquon, though left behind at the start, soon recovered the maid, killed the rival,

And the Indian girls that pass that way
Point out the ravisher's grave,
"And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
"Returned the maid that was borne away
From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

Mr. Bryant's verse is never more peculiarly American than in this idyl; and it must be admitted that Mr. Joaquin Miller does the thing better when Indians are concerned, and has far more dash, is more lavish of local coloring, and is more affected by the sentiment of Indian life. Indeed nothing can be more tame than the lines about "Maquon, the fond and the brave." Again, Mr. Bryant had no perception of what a French critic calls *la beauté de la vie moderne*, as manifest in the society of the United States. Very possibly there is no such peculiar beauty to perceive. On the other hand, the existence of Thoreau seems itself to have been a kind of poem impossible on this side of the water; and Mr. Lowell's only respectable verses, *The Biglow Papers*, are certainly full of a peculiar humor essentially American, and are, so far, more notable than any production of Mr. Bryant's.

To the English student of poetry (who very likely is but partially acquainted with American literature) the American genius seems just the reverse of what

might have been expected. Instead of an exuberance of life, there is present a singular delight in decay. The great intellect of Hawthorne habitually haunted "the mouldering lodges of the past," and there breathes through all his novels the dank air of a soft November day. New England verse is of the color of the leaves in the "Ode to the West Wind," "yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red." It is not love, as in the triumphant chorus in the *Antigone*, but death, "that makes himself a rosy hiding-place" in the cheek of youth. Mr. Bryant actually has an address to "Consumption," beginning with some complacency, "Aye, thou art for the grave!" His poem called "June" might more appropriately have been styled "The Sepulchre"; he at once grasps the "sexton's hand," and wanders from the lap of midsummer to the thought of "a cell within the frozen mould," and so on. This is the poem which ends with the beautiful and well-known lines about him

Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that his grave is green.

Turning from Mr. Bryant to a far greater than he, to the one American singer with a genius—an eccentric and perverted, but undeniable, genius—we find Poe infinitely more sepulchral. He is not content to stay on the green outside of the grave, but his thoughts must follow the worm and the processes of decay. The grief in his verses is not tender regret, but the insanity of a bereaved, and always rather feeble, intellect. His palaces of art crumble over abysmal tarns; his beauties have the charm of *La Morte Amoureuse*. The ruck, or the choir, of minor poets are equally lachrymose. American poetry turns naturally to the topics and the sentiments of the schoolgirl, whose effusions are always the utterances of mysterious sorrow and irremediable loss, and who forgets her woes when she "comes out." Perhaps it is natural that the verse of a young country should have the failings of the verse of young people, who never put their natural gaiety and vigor into rhyme, but harp on the theme of their morbid affectations.

American poetry is not only gloomy,

on the whole, but it is perversely and persistently moral. Mr. Bryant, for example, was the author of some very pretty lines on a "Waterfowl," possibly that cheery and beneficent creature the canvas-backed duck :—

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall
bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

This is very well, a pretty, natural picture ; but Mr. Bryant fills it up and rounds it in with a quantity of religious padding. Wordsworth was not more anxious to "drive at practice." "The Fringed Gentian," in the same way, has its religious moral, and the poet hopes that, just as the fringed gentian blossoms late "when woods are bare and birds are flown," so

Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

The fancy is pretty, and welcome here ; but the love of finding morals everywhere is shared by the American Muse with the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*. Probably this mildly didactic character of American poetry is due to the fact that hymns are almost all the imaginative literature of many of the people. Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's most diverting description of the immortal Gifted Hopkins (in *Elsie Venner*) shows us the birth and life of inspiration in the Bostonian bard. He is first stirred by hymns and hymnal music, and much later in his career he devours Byron and Tennyson. The deeper tone, however, of his lyre will always ring with moral, melancholy, and mildly religious cadences. It is not impossible that the faults of American poetry, the depressed tone, the search for didactic reflections, the absence of originality in the mere technique, the lack of the welcome strangeness of personality, are due to

the surviving influences of Puritanism. Another very obvious temptation besets the young American who cares for literature. The main current of American life sets so strongly in the direction of action, especially of commerce, that he who refuses to be a politician or a trader is not unlikely to become an indolent amateur. He is almost necessarily severed from the interests of the majority of his countrymen. Mr. Bryant was a singular example of a poet and a student versed in many literatures who did not hold aloof from politics and the stress and turmoil of democracy. It is scarcely possible, we think, to call him a great poet, even among American poets. Mr. Longfellow, of whom there has been no question in this paper, excelled him where he himself most excelled, in the composition of refined verses of placid contemplation. Mr. Longfellow possesses a range far wider, a genial gaiety, a sadness not depressing, but touched with humour, and, in addition to these good qualities, certain defects which have insured his popularity. As to Poe, there is a standing feud about his position between Bostonians and the rest of the world. It may be granted that the matter of his poetry is often an exaggerated expression of American sentiment, that he howls where others only drop the tear ; but he has poems of classical purity and perfection, like the lines "To Helen"; and he has intervals of music, as in the "Haunted Palace" and the poem of "Israfel," which are only to be matched in Shelley and Coleridge. He is often free, too, from the insatiate American love of morals ; and it would be hard to find any didactic, or perhaps any other, significance in "Ulalume." It is improbable that America will produce any poets who can be ranked with the great Englishmen, with Milton, Coleridge, Byron, or Scott, till she learns to possess her soul in a quiet which at present seems far distant.—*Saturday Review*.

ICELAND.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

STARTING the other day on a cruise to Iceland, in the steam-ship *Mastiff*, fitted out for the purpose by my friend Mr. John Burns of Glasgow, I thought it

might be well to follow out what has become an old practice with me, and write some short account of what I might hear and see upon the way. But when I got

on board I found, provided by our host for the delectation and instruction of his guests, so extensive a library of Icelandic memoirs that I was obliged to declare to myself that nothing more could be wanted. Not to mention Von Troit's letters written in the last century, there has been a constant succession of books of every description, grave and gay, philosophical, historical, and social, depicting the present and past state of Iceland, given to us during the last eighty years,—beginning with the quarto of Sir George Steuart Mackenzie, published in 1811, and continued up to Mr. Burton's *Ultima Thule* in 1875. With Sir George Mackenzie in 1810 went to Iceland our old friend Sir Henry, then Dr. Holland, who seems to have departed from us but the other day, and who renewed his acquaintance with Iceland by a second visit after a lapse of fifty years. He wrote a preliminary dissertation to Mackenzie's book, which is probably, as a short account, the most useful history we have of the state and political condition of the island up to that period.* The fullest work we have is, perhaps, Ebenezer Henderson's journal of a two years' residence in Iceland in 1814 and 1815, but this will hardly be much read now, unless by those who are in want of extensive Icelandic information. We have John Pfeiffer's journey there in 1845, and in 1856 Lord Dufferin's *High Latitudes*,—which no doubt to present English readers is more familiar than any other story of travels in the country. Who does not know Wilson, and the Latin speech, and the astonished traveller? Then there is *Burnt Njal*,—Sir George Dasent's book,—being a picture of life in Iceland in the tenth century,—an Icelandic Saga,—or novel after the life as we might call it, though it has much more of truth in it than the novels to which we are accustomed. To this is prefixed an explanation of the history and literary merits of the Sagas, which is quite as interesting as the tale itself. Mr. Murray also has published a guide

to Iceland in connection with his guide to Denmark. I cannot mention all, but I found that above twenty different books about Iceland, in the present century, had been published in the English language. I must own that my energies were depressed by this discovery, and that it was not without a little editorial encouragement that I was enabled to add these few words as to what I saw in the country during the week that I passed there.

We anchored in the harbor of the capital, Reykjavik, with the intention of riding up to the Geysers and back again. This we did, and no more. But, through the hospitality of our host, Mr. Burns, we had an opportunity of seeing something of the manners of the people; and I think that I learned something of their ways of life,—of which I certainly knew nothing before my visit.

My readers probably do know that Iceland is what we should call a Crown Colony dependent on Denmark, and that Reykjavik is its capital. I shall take the liberty of presuming that they know no more,—merely because my knowledge was confined to so much before I went thither. One matter of information I was unable to obtain even by going; and that one, which is generally considered to be of importance. I could not ascertain where Iceland is. We had two charts on board, both recent, and both authoritative, as I was assured by competent nautical authorities. One declared Iceland to extend beyond the Arctic circle, and the other says that it falls short of it. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which for all Britons is supposed to be a gospel of information,—and by no Briton more faithfully than by me,—settled the question twenty years ago by declaring Iceland to be altogether south of the Arctic circle. I can only say that the charts now in use differ as I have described. We had two British admirals on board, and their minds were left in doubt.

There can be no doubt, however, that Iceland is near enough to the pole to be very cold and to enjoy perpetual daylight in the summer months. We were there in June and July, and the daylight never waned. The name of the country is I think hardly deserved. Occasionally, but only at the interval of

* A considerable portion of this work, beyond the preliminary dissertation, was from the pen of Dr. Holland;—so much so, indeed, that the reader is surprised that the two names together should not have appeared on the title-page. Portions also are from the pens of other writers.]

many years, by certain operations of winds and floods, its northern shores become clogged and enveloped by floating ice from the northern seas. Such was the case during one of the early attempts at colonization made by the Norwegians; and such was the effect of the cold superinduced over the whole island, that the strangers departed from the inhospitable land, and gave to it its present name. But Iceland is not peculiarly a land of ice, though it is a land of snow.

There is an old myth which I would fain believe if I could, that Iceland was first discovered by Irish Christians who settled themselves and left behind them crosses and other symbols of their religion when they perished, probably during some such ice invasion as that mentioned. But the Icelandic, and even the Norwegian, accounts are at variance with each other, and the stern historian had better accept the Irish period with a doubt. Then came Norwegians, probably driven here in the first instance by storms, then induced by the beauties of the summer to remain, and then again driven away by the inclemencies of the winter. So there grew up in Norway a knowledge of Iceland; the first Norwegians coming over about the year 860. Not long afterwards, towards the end of the ninth century, there was a tyrant in Norway, one Harold Harfagra, under whom certain landed yeomen could not live in comfort, as certain English yeomen could not do under that British tyrant James I. So, as the indignant Britons went to Massachusetts in the *Mayflower*, did the Norwegians to Iceland. Such is the real history of the population of the country. For four centuries there existed a Republic, and the progress of the people during that time both in learning and social comforts seems to have been marvellous when we remember the difficulties of their position. Then, apparently with the consent of the people, the country passed under the dominion of Norway. In the dynastic changes which have since taken place among the Scandinavian realms, Iceland has ever gone with Denmark, and is now, among Denmark's external possessions, probably the most important. She has a Governor sent to her from Denmark—with whom in managing the affairs of the island is comprised a council, a lit-

tle parliament we may perhaps call it. The power exercised is probably that of an absolute Crown, but the exercise of the power is mild and beneficial.

We are apt to think in London that we are the very centre and navel of the world. Perhaps we are. But in so thinking we are led too frequently to believe that the people who are distant from us, and altogether unlike us in these circumstances, must be very much behind us indeed. There are those Icelanders, with almost perpetual night during a great portion of the year, without a tree, living in holes for protection against the snow,—almost we may say without any comfort,—a barbarous unfortunate people certainly! But when I was in Iceland, especially when I was in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, I did not think the people whom I saw to be at all unfortunate, and certainly in no degree barbarous. Everybody seemed to be comfortable. Everybody was well clothed. Everybody could read and write. I saw no poverty. I saw no case of a drunken man, though I heard of drunkenness. I found a taste for prettinesses,—notably as shown in the ornaments and dress of the women; a very general appreciation of literary pursuits; a tendency to religious worship; orderly easy comfortable manners, and a mode of life very much removed, indeed, from barbarism.

Reykjavik at present contains a population of 2,500 souls. Such at least was the information given to me on the spot. Sir George Mackenzie gives the number as having been only 446 in 1806. The total population of the island was stated to me as being 90,000. This is probably in excess of the true number. Sir George gave it as 48,063 in 1808,—stating that it had amounted in 1703 to 50,444. These numbers are, if true, very startling,—showing that the increase for a century, say for the eighteenth century, had been nil. There had been, in fact, a small decrease; whereas the increase in the existing century has been very great, the population of the whole island having nearly doubled itself, and that of the capital having more than done so.

It is, however, to be remembered that there do come in Iceland periods of great want, almost of general starvation,

as to which nothing can as yet be done in foretelling them, and but little in preventing them. The northern portion of the island becomes blocked with floating ice. A lowered temperature falls upon the entire land. Grasses die, and with the grasses the flocks and herds which feed upon them. With the flocks it is impossible but that men and women should perish also. Then too there come volcanic eruptions which are equally destructive. Mackenzie gives us a table showing that between 1783 and 1784 the numbers fell, of cattle from 21,457 to 9,986; of horses from 36,408 to 8,395, and that from 1770, the last year as to which the number of the sheep is given, to 1784 the number of sheep fell from 112,809 to 42,243. In the year 1783 there had been the great eruption of Skaptaa Yokul, a second Hekla; but bigger and higher than Hekla. I can find no statement to show what was the immediate effect on the population of this terrible misfortune; the return given by Mackenzie simply states that the population in 1801 was the same as in 1783 just before the eruption. There had indeed been a very small decrease, from 47,287 to 47,207. But the immediate effect on the cattle and sheep is stated above. The author adds, however, that the loss as given in the table appears to have been exaggerated. These misfortunes do not appear to be frequent enough to cause immediate fear. "It is true," one man said to me in answer to my enquiries; "but it is very seldom."

When on shore we soon made acquaintance with many of the inhabitants. The ladies, for we had a bevy of ladies with us, demanded to be taken to the jewellers and purveyors of knick-knacks. We bought silver ornaments, dog whips, and shoulder-bags,—every lady her silver ornament, her dog whip, and her shoulder-bag, and every man one of the two latter articles. The dog whips were for the ponies we were to ride, the bags to carry our small travelling gear, and the ornaments for our general delight. The whips and bags were made in the island, and were good as mementos. The ornaments we were told were the old decorations of bygone Icelandic beauties. They had probably reached Reykjavik from Birmingham,

via Copenhagen. They will now come back to England much raised in value by their travels.

We all called in a body, sixteen of us, upon the Governor, by whom we were received not only with courtesy,—but cordially. Afterwards we made acquaintance with his wife, a dear motherly woman, handsome withal, who delighted to make new friends and to talk about her children. I do love to find a human being, a woman by preference, who under the sanction of sudden and somewhat unusual circumstances can throw herself into sudden intimacies. The precocities of Mary and the ailments of Jack become interesting to me, and I find myself talking about them as though my whole heart was there. One's whole heart is not there; but there has been a little green spot which never becomes wholly dry or desecrated afterwards. There was the Bishop too, with a delightful daughter,—Bishop Pjetursson with his wife and his daughter Thora,—with the latter of whom we really did form an abiding friendship. There was a good deal of pleasant raillery displayed by our young men, four or five of them, at the expense of Miss Thora. The Icelandic beauty was able to receive all their shafts on her little shield, and to return an answer to each from her own quiver of wit. And she had to do this in English, as none of her opponents could touch her in her own language. One and all we lost our hearts to the Bishop's daughter.

There were four languages going, English, French, Danish, and Icelandic. Of the latter two, none among our party could speak a word, and yet there seemed to be very little lack of the means of conversation. I was astonished to find how many there were who could speak English. The intercourse between Iceland and Scotland is no doubt frequent, the regular steam-boats which come from Copenhagen every month during the summer stopping first at Leith before they make their way up to Thors-havn in the Faroe Islands, and thence to Reykjavik. But such communication between two ports does not teach us English people a foreign language. The difference, I suppose, has to be found in the fact that English is necessary to their comfort, but that Icelandic is not needed by us for ours. The Leith shopkeeper

or mariner will not trouble himself to talk to the stranger in other language than his own ;—but the Icelander must trouble himself to maintain the needed communication. In the old Roman days, the great Roman held it to be below his dignity to talk to any barbarian in other than his own language. The normal Englishman is somewhat like the great Roman. The result, however, shows itself in extended information on their part, and in intellectual aspirations which cannot but be useful.

Reykjavik is a dear little town, pervaded no doubt by a flavor of fish which is to the Icelander an article of important commerce, with two main streets, and a little square in which there is a statue of Thorwaldsen, whose father was a native of Iceland. In one corner of the square is a large well-arranged church, with galleries and an organ, very much like an ugly English church of fifty years ago. The glory of the church consists of a font given by Thorwaldsen, with bas-reliefs by the great artist on the sides of a square pedestal. The houses are of wood,—all of which has to be imported. They are comfortable and sufficiently spacious. I was inside four or five, and was surprised at finding how very much an ordinary sitting-room in Iceland is like to one in an English provincial town. No one would say the same of France,—or even of Germany generally. In Reykjavik the Governor's house and the Bishop's house and the Postmaster's house, with various little shops into which I made my way, had to my eyes hardly any air of strangeness. One morning early I rambled about a photographer's house, anxious to find the room in which he was at work, and wandered by chance into an inhabited bedroom. My speedy retreat did not enable me to see whether I had disturbed the slumbers of a lady or a gentleman ; but the occupant showed no signs of annoyance, or, as far as I could see, of surprise.

The harbor of Reykjavik is landlocked, secure, and very picturesque. As you lie there you are surrounded by islands and headlands which block out the open sea. On one of these islands we found a farm of eider-ducks who are fostered and nurtured for the sake of their feathers,—eider-down being, as we

all know, much in quest by those who love soft feathery coverings to their bed. The unfortunate maternal bird thrice strips her own bosom annually to make a nest for the preservation of her young ones. Twice are the feathers taken away. The third time she perseveres, but should she be a third time robbed, she will give up her work in despair. But the nest, when she has had her use of it, is still serviceable ;—so that three crops per annum are garnered from her prolific breast. The owner of the birds showed us his operations, and allowed us to picnic on his island. He sold a pound of his feathers to one of the ladies of our party for, I think, 12s.

I was surprised to find that a town which seemed to be so well civilized as Reykjavik should be without the ordinary resources of a bank. The trade of the island is considerable, and was of importance enough for well-arranged statistics even so far back as the period of Sir George Mackenzie's visit. He gives lists of the articles imported and exported. Of the former there are thirty-eight named, consisting chiefly of cereals, strong liquors, tobacco, coffee, tea, soap, iron, and salt. Singularly enough he does not mention timber, which of all articles brought into the island, must be the most important and the most necessary. The exports consist chiefly of fish, and the oil taken from fish, and of wool and woollen goods. To these are to be added tallow, skins, and eider-down. Since the beginning of the century the trade has very greatly increased, the people having been accustomed to luxuries of which they then knew nothing. But yet there is no bank ! When I spoke to the Governor about it, he acknowledged the want and surmised that it would come. This he said with the air of a man who did not quite like to hear his deficiency exposed. At present all payment for goods imported must be made with goods exported. When we go to the bottom of things, we learn that this must be done in truth by all importing countries. Unless a country has something to sell, it cannot go into the market and buy. But a medium for the making of purchases has been found to be essentially necessary for commerce in these latter days ;—and this medium takes the

shape of paper promises which can be negotiated only by means of bankers. In Iceland there is no banker, and paper promises are therefore useless. English money in the shape of sovereigns,—even in the shape of shillings and half-crowns, is acceptable everywhere in Iceland. But a £5 note is of no service, unless a man has such communication with England as will enable him to send it thither by post in a letter. Cheques, promissory notes, and bills of exchange are of no avail in Icelandic commerce. The man who takes thither timber or tea, must be content to take back fish or feathers. The Governor, however, was probably right. It will come. Reykjavik with its college, its education, and its comforts will not be long without its bank.

I have spoken of the necessity and the want of timber. It must be remembered that there is not a tree in all Iceland. This is the case now. There is, however, ample evidence that it was not so always, as large lumps of old timber are found imbedded in the bogs,—as is the case in Ireland. It is probable from many signs that there has been a time in which the cold was less severe or at any rate less enduring. At present there is nothing bearing the resemblance of a tree,—nothing that can be called even a shrub, except a low spreading ground birch, which creeps along over large extents of land, but which does not rise above a foot in height. There are willow plants also of the same description. All wood therefore for useful purposes must be imported; and yet the houses are generally constructed of wood. The difficulties arising from this want are, of course, infinitely enhanced by the fact that there is no means of carriage throughout Iceland otherwise than by ponies. There is no such thing as a wheeled carriage. A few miles beyond Reykjavik there is no road on which wheels can travel. A log of wood or a few planks will be fixed on lengthwise to the pony, and so the little beast will travel, trained to the work.

The length of the summer, joyous and pleasant as is the summer, does not suffice for the growth of trees, hardly for that of corn or even vegetables. There are four months which are not wintry—June, July, August, and September. September, however, though

not wintry, cannot be called warm. And then throughout the summer the nights become cold, though the light is as clear then as at midday. When travelling on horseback during the night I found the air so cold as to make it necessary that I should have a woollen comforter with me ready for use. The days were extremely hot, hot as to make riding at noon very disagreeable, whereas the nights were so cold as to feel almost like frost. The consequence is that all growth is stunted, that flour and other cereal provisions must be imported, that vegetables are rare, and that there is no such thing as a tree on the island.

In walking round Reykjavik I found the people hard at work getting in their peat for fuel,—turf as we call it in Ireland,—very much as the Irish do. There is a little lake at the back of the town, and in the soft marshes round this they were piling up the sods for drying. The importance of these operations will be borne in mind, when the length and severity of an Iceland winter is remembered, and also the fact that there is neither coal nor wood provided by nature. Coal we did find at Reykjavik, imported from England,—or more probably from Scotland,—and sold at prices not much exceeding those which we pay at home. But that was close to the seaside, whither coal can be carried cheaply by water. The conveyance of coal into the interior of the island without roads, or wheels, or water carriage is of course impossible.

There is a college at Reykjavik with learned professors, professors whom I believe to be ripe scholars as regards the classics; and, latterly, inferior schools have been established. It may I think be taken as a fact that everybody,—almost everybody,—can read and write. There are five newspapers in Iceland, two of them published in the capital, a copy of one of which is now before me. It begins with a poem in fourteen stanzas, and devotes only a part of one out of eight columns to advertisements. From this it may be argued that the Icelanders are given more to noble, and less to mean, pursuits than ourselves. Four columns are devoted to one essay or leading article. I wish I could read it, so as to make known the subject which at present dwells most in the minds of the

Icelanders. I can perceive that a notice of two lines is devoted to the Congress at Berlin, and that the arrival of our vessel and party is chronicled in nine lines. The printing is very good,—the type being excellent. On Sunday, on board ship, we sang two hymns, which had been printed for us, of course in English, on the Saturday. There is not an error in them. I have brought home with me an Icelandic translation of *Macbeth*, translated, printed, and published at Reykjavik. I presume this may be taken as evincing some appreciation of our great writer in the country.

The amount of erudition among the people is certainly remarkable, and is attributed by themselves to the necessity of passing the long evenings of winter in occupation within doors. I do not, however, believe that any amount of incarceration, from long darkness or from other causes, would produce such a result in a tropical country. The mind of the Icclander is active and does not allow him to remain ignorant. I think that this is the case more in Scotland than in England;—much more in England than in Spain; more in Spain than in Cuba, where the white Creole has no objection to any amount of ignorance. At what most northerly point this peculiarity may cease, I am not prepared even to guess. An Esquimaux is not I presume a peculiarly intellectual human being. Perhaps my surprise in Iceland was occasioned by previous misconception on my part,—by a mistaken idea that an Icclander was no better than a semi-Esquimaux. That the traveller should meet there a Tyndall or a Huxley, a Macaulay, or a Tennyson, or a Gladstone, I will hold out no hope; but that the ordinary Icclander who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow will be found to be a more agreeable companion than the English laborer by any educated traveller who can use a language in which to talk to him, I feel quite sure.

I never quite believed in that Latin speech of Lord Dufferin's. It was too super-Sheridanian to have been delivered at the spur of the moment. But it suffices to tell us that he had found it necessary to exchange ideas in the old classical language with a people who, though so far removed from the world,

had dabbled with the classics. When our party was riding out to the Geysers,—as I will tell a page or two farther on,—one of us was met by the parson, or minister, of a district in which we intended to halt for the night. "Via lapidosissima," said the parson, intending to express his pity for any sufferings we might have endured. The conversation was not I think carried farther at the moment. But that may have been the fault of the Briton rather than the Icclander.

On our ride we were accompanied by five guides, of which the chief had with him a nephew who acted as one of them. He was a young man about twenty, who told us that he had just left the university, and was mingling holiday work and business while thus assisting his uncle. He could speak English almost fluently, and I fell into conversation with him as to his past studies. I had a little Horace in my pocket, and he read to me the first ode. How far he may have gone with his Horace I could not say, but he himself led the way to Cicero, and I found him to have a much more ample knowledge of the author than is common to young Englishmen of that age who have had all the advantages of education which money can give them. He was very enthusiastic as to the Pro Archia, and knew all the details about Catiline.

Some of us attended the church service on Sunday morning. The mode of worship is Lutheran. The hymns were very long, and five different hymns were I think given. The Bishop, with whom we had previously made acquaintance, did no part of the work; nor, as I think, did he attend. He was probably preparing a charge for his clergy. The service took nearly two hours and a half, and was well attended. After service the clergyman walked away amidst the reverential feeling of his flock, conspicuous for an enormous Vandyke ruff round his neck. Whether he would have been so much regarded without his ruff I cannot say.

Mr. Burns gave a dinner party on board the *Mastiff* and ten or twelve of the principal inhabitants of Reykjavik sat at his table. The Governor and his wife were there, and then it was that I became so pleasantly acquainted with the lady who

sat next to me. There was the Rector from the College, and the Governor Prefect or Amptman, and the Treasurer, and the Judge of the Superior Court, and the Bishop, and the Sheriff, and their wives and daughters in proper Iceland costume. We drank the Queen's health;—that of course first;—and then the King of Denmark's, and then the Governor's. The Governor responded in French. Then we drank the ladies, and after that we had a dance upon the deck. Waltzes were quite common to them, but when some of our Scotch friends danced a reel, they were highly delighted.

We had time but for one inland trip, and that was to be made to the long-famed Geysers. The question would naturally be between the Geysers and Hekla to those who like ourselves could not do both. But Hekla was not in motion, and is difficult of ascent; and on the road to the Geysers, independently of the hot springs themselves, there is more of interest to be seen. The ride to the Geysers for two or three men is not much of an exploit. The distance is about seventy miles, and though the road is in parts rough enough,—via lapidosissima,—it is not difficult. It is generally performed in two days, with a night's rest at Thingvall, half-way, and thus forms a not inconvenient little excursion for four or five days. But the work is no doubt hard to ladies, especially for those not accustomed to riding;—and even for gentlemen not frequently in the saddle, the exercise is almost more than sufficient when carried on for four consecutive days without bed. Taken as a whole we were a hardy lot; but some of us at the end were tired enough, among whom I do not scruple to name myself, who was probably the oldest of the party.

We started from Reykjavik with sixty-five ponies, a cook and two servants, and with five guides whose duty consisted chiefly in looking after the ponies and the baggage. Everything necessary for eating and sleeping we had to take with us on the backs of ponies. Mattresses were carried for the ladies;—for the gentlemen a blanket apiece and whatever coats and rugs the individual tourist, thoughtful of himself, might manage to have introduced among the luggage. As to food I may say here as well as else-

where that during my visit to the country I did not eat a mouthful of anything which had not come from Scotland, except milk and curds. I saw none of their bread or meat. The Governor told me that their mutton was as good as the world produces; but it is not cheap enough,—or in other words there is not enough of it,—for common consumption. It is generally eaten salted. The people live very much on salt fish,—and very much on milk. I fancy that European travellers in this country have generally endeavored to carry with them as far as they could their own provisions. We took with us for our party over a hundredweight of cooked meat, with bread, butter, tea, coffee, and potatoes. Wine and spirits of course we took also. It is not to be supposed that there are inns on the way to the Geysers.

It was arranged that each equestrian was to have two ponies for his or her own personal use. As we began to know the ponies and their qualities, we did not stick to any rule, all of us encroaching on the others, and deserting the bad beasts very much at the cost of the good beasts. I began with a brute, doing the first half-day's journey on him, so abominable in his nature that I refused to mount him again on any consideration. I have ridden many a horse with a bad nature, but of all equine natures that I have known his was the worst. He would linger wilfully and knowingly, in opposition to all provocatives, till he was the last of the procession, and then when some turn of the path, some rock or some hill had placed all his companions out of sight, he would turn suddenly, and with dogged, resolute purpose, and a lowered head, endeavor to make his way back. Once he succeeded in getting me in this way out of sight of the world beyond, and then I had a battle with him which needed all my strength. But for the dog whip of which I have spoken, he would certainly have conquered,—and then how mean would have been my position at Reykjavik while all the others went on to the Geysers! I must own, however, that remorse for the evil done to me, and then perhaps some recognition of my equestrian capabilities, procured for me afterwards a relay of wonderful little animals who never flinched beneath my

weight, and never made it necessary that I should lag behind. The ponies generally were very good, marvellously safe, travelling with us very frequently at about eight miles an hour, and never as far as I could see giving signs of real fatigue.

Our head guide was named Zoega,—a man of European celebrity. He was contractor as well as guide, supplying everything. As far as I could learn, the ponies cost about £1 each in the expedition,—all other expenses incidental to them, such as that of the guides themselves, being included. But as our host paid for everything, refusing to move on any other terms, I am unable to speak with accurate certainty.

We took tents with us, which Zoega supplied,—as he did the boxes in which our provisions were packed. Going and coming we were to stop at Thingvalla, where the ladies, we were told, might be allowed to sleep in the church. At the Geysers we must all lie in tents. We might have been taken in at a farmhouse with willing hospitality, but the farm is too far from the Geysers to admit of a rush out to see the eruptions when they might be pleased to erupt. We agreed therefore, ladies and all, to remain upon the ground in the neighborhood of the hot springs.

After our first day's journey over rough and somewhat uninteresting ground we reached Thingvalla. "Few countries in the world," says the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "present a more forbidding aspect, than Iceland." With this opinion I can by no means agree. Nowhere is the route we had passed devoid of some charm. Nowhere is it flat, or without distant hills. Quick bright streams have to be passed frequently. A traveller in many countries will have come over many miles infinitely more tedious than that first day's journey to Thingvalla. At Thingvalla the scenery is romantic and magnificent, and continues to be so almost up to the Geysers.

The description of Thingvalla with the sudden descent into the valley which bears the name,—a descent which is made down the almost perpendicular side of a riven crag,—has been so clearly given by Lord Dufferin that I do not care to repeat it. The rider,—or walker as he

probably then becomes, allowing his pony to follow him,—makes his way down into a broad green valley, through which runs a rapid bright river to a magnificent lake, which has been seen long before, and remains in view long afterwards. Here he finds the stream and comes to a church and the minister's house close to it. Behind the church, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, is a spot to which the name of Althing is given. Here we are told was held in ancient days the Parliament of the country,—by which it should probably be understood that here was the supreme justice-seat of the nation. It is a peculiar spot, because it lies amidst the singular rifts or clefts in the rock made by volcanic eruption, and is so surrounded by these clefts that it can only be approached at one narrow entrance. It was covered with wild flowers and the greenest of grass, when we were there, and was altogether most interesting and picturesque. The field is about four hundred yards long, and on an average fifty broad.

The grasses around were very rich, showing what is the agricultural or rather pastoral capability of the island. Grass is its one great source of rural wealth, and during the summer months is extremely exuberant. The cattle and sheep are fed plentifully on the mountains during the warm weather, when hay to a very large extent is made in the villages. When the hay harvest is over, the stock is brought down, and is kept out till the heavy snow falls. Then the animals are housed and fed during the inclemency of winter. In the early spring they are again enabled to pick their own living, and in May they are sent out again to the mountains. I am told that in some places sheep remain out all the winter; but I am inclined to think that this must be very occasional and that they still must be fed with hay. Mackenzie tells us that these regulations as to bringing in and sending out the stock at fixed periods were enforced under stringent laws. The practice seems to remain nearly the same, but with less of legal obligation.

On our arrival we found that our tents had been pitched in the churchyard, and that the cook was already busy within the same precincts. The minister was soon among us with his

"*via lapidosissima*," — not by any means disposed to find fault with our intrusion or to reproach us with want of reverence. The church was altogether at our service for any use to which we might put it. One room with two beds for a lady and her husband he could lend us. One of our party, a lady, had become so fatigued that it was thought better that she should not go on. It was arranged therefore that she should remain as the guest of the minister's wife. We became very familiar with the minister's house and all his family, to whom we seemed to have come as a special Providence in the way of excitement. The house was commodious, with many rooms, each of the chief rooms taking the form of a gable. There were four gables, all looking in the same direction. The pitched roofs on the other side came down to the ground, and were all covered with growing turf. So the house on the three sides looked like a collection of large mounds rising from the ground, as might so many large green hillocks. Thus the snow lies as it would upon hillocks, and serves only to keep warm what is beneath it. On the side where are the door and the windows, — the side to the south which is the least exposed to the beating snow, — labor is of course needed to keep the egress and the ingress free. Such is the form of all the houses which we saw in the country parts of Iceland.

From Thingvalla to the Geysers the scenery is very attractive. There is a broad green valley among the hills, where all the mountain sides have been blasted by subterranean fires, but where the turf at the bottom is beautifully rich. Then we crossed a river called the Brúlará, which comes foaming and bright down a broad rocky bottom. In the middle of the channel is a vast rift, perhaps twenty feet broad, into which the waters tumble from each side, almost meeting with their crests as they fall. The traveller fords the breadth of the river, but over the rift there is a little wooden bridge, over which the ponies accustomed to the spot pass without a tremor. Around on all sides there are jagged hills, and then, close at hand luxuriant grasses. I deny altogether that the country has a forbidding aspect. But it may be that half a century ago

the taste for the wilder beauties of nature had not grown to its present strength. A hundred and fifty years ago the Alps and Pyrenees were horrid only, — not beautiful.

We were of course full of the Geysers as we rode on. During our journey we had seen Hekla on our right, about thirty miles off, — quiet as an infant. We had not expected Hekla to exhibit herself for our sakes, and were contented to know that we had seen snow on her summit. But we had expected much from the Geysers. Our party had at least expected much. I had seen the Geysers in New Zealand, and knew that those in Iceland would fall very short of my New Zealand acquaintances. We paused awhile at a farmhouse to which some of us rode so rapidly that others were more than an hour behind us, and there we feasted on curds and cream. It was very much like the minister's house at Thingvalla, but larger. There were I think six gables. We went into every room in the house including the kitchen larder and dairy, which were behind, and saw all their stores and all their comforts. Of milk and cream there was the most profuse abundance. We saw, too, meat and hams hanging, and what I may call a full larder. But bread seemed to them to be rare. A few crusts, or biscuits, which were brought in were eaten up carelessly, and then we were told that there was no more. But coffee was given to us with white lump sugar. And of cream there was no end.

A mile farther on we came upon the blighted field of the Geysers. It is a blighted field, near to a river side, with a hill rising above it, with no peculiarity of formation excepting that of the hot springs. Our tents had not yet come. A few who were first therefore took their saddles off their horses, and proceeded to walk carefully among the boiling springs. There were two ladies with us and we went very cautiously. In a quarter of an hour we had seen pretty nearly all that there was to be seen. Then came the tents and we bivouacked and dined among the Geysers.

There was no darkness or even twilight, and from this time we gave up all idea of dividing the twenty-four hours into day and night. After dinner we wandered about and saw what there was

to be seen. There is the Great Geyser. This consists of a pool of boiling water about fifty yards in circumference, two or three deep, in the midst of which there is a deep round funnel about eight feet broad, up which the boiling water is emitted. There is always a supply coming, for there is always a certain amount of hot water running out on two opposite sides of the pool. Here the visitor may amuse himself by dabbling with naked feet, scalding his toes if he goes too near the pool, warming his toes comfortably at an increased distance. Excavations suitable for bathers there are none,—as there are, so delightfully formed and so deliciously filled, at the Geysers in New Zealand. At a little distance, in a ravine, there was a hole in which some of us, one after another, endeavored to sit and wash ourselves. Had it not been in Iceland, it would have been thought to be a most uncomfortable tub. Occasionally, perhaps once in every four hours, a larger, and somewhat violent supply of hot water is thrown up the funnel, which has the effect of emptying the basin and ejecting from it the hot water rapidly. This occurs with a noise, and is no doubt the indication given of a real eruption when a real eruption is about to take place. But the indication too frequently comes without the eruption. This, when it does take place, consists of a fountain of boiling water thrown to the height of sixty, eighty,—some beholders have said two hundred feet. During the twenty-four hours that we remained at the place there was no such eruption,—no fountain,—although the noise was made and the basin was emptied four or five times.

About half a furlong off from the Great Geyser, or Geyser Primus, as we might call him, is Geyser Secundus, to which has been given the name of Strokr. This name we may perhaps write as Stroker. Stroker is an ill-conditioned but still obedient Geyser. It has no basin of boiling water, but simply a funnel such as the other, about seven feet in diameter, at the edge of which the traveller can stand and look down into a caldron boiling below. It is a muddy filthy caldron, whereas the waters of the Great Geyser are pellucid and blue. The Geyser Secundus will make eruptions when duly provoked by the

supply of a certain amount of aliment. The custom is to drag to its edge about a cart load of turf and dirt, and then to thrust it all in at one dose. Whether Stroker likes or dislikes the process of feeding is left in doubt. He bubbles about furiously with the food down in his gullet for half an hour, and then ejects it all passionately, throwing the half-digested morsels sixty feet into the air with copious torrents of boiling muddy water. As far as we could judge the height was sixty feet. We are told that in 1789 Sir John Stanley saw water thrown up from this well 132 feet. That last figure in the total will be held to be convincing by many minds.

These are the two Great Geysers. Around are an infinite number of small hot springs, so frequent and many of them so small, that it would be easy for an incautious stranger to step into them. And the ground sounds under one's feet, seeming so honeycombed and hollow, that a heavy foot might not improbably go through. Some of these little springs are as clear as crystal; in some the appearance is of thick red chocolate,—when some red earth has been drawn into the vortex of the water. Sometimes there is a little springing fountain, rising perhaps a few inches or a foot. Had there been no other Geyser, no other little lakes of boiling water known in the world, these in Iceland would be very wonderful. When they were first visited and described, such was perhaps the case. For myself, having seen and described the Geysers in the Northern Island of New Zealand, I cannot be ecstatic about the Geysers in Iceland. There is too a lake of boiling water in the Cape Colony, near to the town of Worcester, which I have also described, and which throws into the shade the little lake through which the Great Icelandic Geyser makes its eruptions. But from the South African boiling lakes there are no eruptions.

After a day among the hot springs we returned by the same road to Reykjavik, riding chiefly by night so as to escape the heat. Very pleasant were those gallops in the cool evening when some of us, more or less vainly, attempted to keep up with the adventurous young ladies who led the way. From Reykjavik there had been a fishing expedi-

tion by some of our party, and they had returned laden with an enormous booty of trout. Stirred by this success, and having heard that in a stream running out from the Lake of Thingvalla at some considerable distance from our route, there was quite a miracle of fishing to be found, they resolved, though at a great access of labor, to go to the river and fish it. It required that a day's riding, already consisting of eight hours, should be extended to sixteen. But the temptation was great. Only let them beware of—flies! They went gallantly, clothed in mosquito nets, boots, caps, gloves,—impervious we might say. They caught one fish, and then the flies expelled them. It was impossible to stand on the spot after the flies had discovered their whereabouts. Elsewhere we were not plagued. There has never been, I am assured, a mosquito in the

whole island. We certainly did not see one.

I was much amused by finding at the end of Sir George Mackenzie's book a recommendation that England should take possession of Iceland! What part of the world has it not been thought at some time expedient that we take into our own hands or under our protection! Sir George tells us that his friend Mr. Hooker had thought this to be the only way of "relieving" the inhabitants, and that he thoroughly agreed with Mr. Hooker! Happily for ourselves, happily for Iceland probably, we abstained. Unhappily at the present moment we are in a more triumphal mood. It is pleasanter for us to look back at the idea of taking Iceland without a cause, than to think that we have been made to take Cyprus with such a cause.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

WHEN the roads are heavy with mire and rut,
 In November fogs, in December snows,
 When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
 And the jasmine-stars at the lattice climb,
 And a Rosalind-face at the casement shows,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!
 When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
 When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
 When the mind (like a beard) has a 'formal cut,'—
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
 And the young year draws to the 'wanton prime,'—
 Whenever Sir Romeo courting goes,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!
 In a theme where the thoughts didactic strut,
 In a changing quarrel of 'Ayes' and 'Noes,'
 In a starched procession of 'If' and 'But,'—
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
 And the birds are glad in the pairing time,
 And the secret is told 'that no one knows,'
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY.

In the valley of life,—for its needs and woes,
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever the joy-bells clash and chime,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Belgravia Magazine.

MISS CUSHMAN.

It was in the years of 1840-41,—or probably 1841-42—that I knew Miss Cushman. The intimacy was a brief episode in our lives, but a pleasant one; and I am sure it had a strong influence on our minds. It was a chance acquaintance between two young women of kindred tastes, whose roads in life lay so broadly apart, that each had to step aside to meet the other; and when, as was natural, interferences occurred to prevent this going out of the beaten path, the intimacy ended. Our intercourse was wholly unconnected with my ordinary life, which was a quiet domestic one, occupied with the pursuits of a studious girl. When she came to me of a morning for a few hours, an invisible curtain rose: a curious existence appeared, full of fascination; of sweet old songs; perfect passages of poesy and music; voices of the eternal masters of the beautiful,—the *genii chiari*. When she left, the curtain fell: but the real was beautified by something that hung around it like a subtle perfume; the haunting of a melody; the faint memory of a dream. I had never known actors or actresses personally. They were to me as the people in fairy tales. Even during the period of our most intimate friendship, I could not divest myself of a strange feeling as if I were talking with a Miranda on an Enchanted Island. To my young girl imagination, she was an inhabitant of another planet. She did not belong to my prosaic world. And no wonder! For did she not come from that fascinating unreal place the Stage? from that poet-land, the region of Arcady; where grow the forests of Arden, the Athenian woods in which Puck played his pranks, and Hermia and Helena fell out over a lover; where are witches' heaths with moving Birnam woods and Dunsinane; and the mystic rock of Elsinore, washed by the waves of an unknown ocean?

Miss Cushman was in the habit of coming to me almost every morning, on her way home from the rehearsals at the theatre, of which she was manageress. We were each hard-working and studious; and while I knew little of her pursuits, she threw herself heart and soul into

mine, because they were akin to her own. She always asked me to read aloud her part for the evening; sometimes it was uninteresting and passed without comment; sometimes it was from a famous play, and led us to a long and pleasant reading of the whole work. We plunged into the clear wells of old English poesy with all the enthusiasm of youth. Without thinking of, or meaning to go through, a thorough and instructive course of poetical dramatic literature and criticism, we did so. Often in the evening, Miss Cushman would write me a note from the prompter's stand in lead-pencil, and send it by her brother. These notes were continuations of the morning's eager talks over the plays, and appointments for the next happy reading hours. Up to that time Miss Cushman had studied her parts simply as a professional, without sufficient leisure to enjoy the literature of her calling. While we were reading together she would often exclaim, "It is a new world!" If it was an unknown realm to her, to me her readings and conceptions opened up a vast kingdom. I had gone, moderately, to the theatre—had seen many fine actors; but I never understood, until I read with Miss Cushman, what are the peculiar exigencies of the stage; what an actor and the public require of a dramatic author; why one drama may be a perfect poem, and yet unfit for the scene, while another, much less charming, will be more effective in scenic and acting qualities.* It was at that time Lessing's 'Dramaturgie' first fell into my hands. His long, tedious, but highly useful criticisms on acting, on foreign plays, the many quotations from classic ancient writers and learned comments, were read by us with the simple faith a child gives to a gospel.

It was at this period of her life that Miss Cushman first met Macready.

* Sardou, in the discourse delivered to the French Academy this spring, gives the law that governs an acting poetical drama. A theatrical work is a condensed one. The spirit of the author makes the reflections, his heart feels the sentiments, but he must give the public only the substance. A phrase must sum up twenty pages, a word comprise twenty phrases.

Some weeks before he came to act with her, she was much excited, and expressed her anxiety as frankly as an unaffected school-girl.

"I am dreadfully afraid of him!" she would say. Every day she brought me some news of his mode of acting, his artistic peculiarities, his temper and manners. She was to act Lady Macbeth on his first night. Her repetitions of the tragedy were untiring. We read and re-read it. We consulted everything that had been written on the play and character upon which we could lay our hands. She had Macbeth acted as often as possible, in order to try various effects and get rid of her fright. One morning she came to me looking unusually serious and resolute.

"You will not see me for some days," she said. "Saturday the younger Vandenhoff acts Macbeth with me. I have just heard that Macready points all his parts before a *vis-à-vis* mirror. I mean to prepare Lady Macbeth in that way."

It was useless for me to dissuade her. What did I know about acting? I might be able to tell her something of literature, of criticism; but I knew nothing of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." And away she went. The following week, one morning I heard her sharp rap on my door. She bounded in like a gay romp of a girl, tossed her book up to the ceiling, and gave a hearty wholesome laugh, when she saw my look of alarm for fear the volume might fall against a precious vase or bust. I poured out a volley of questions about the mirror-pointing, how she succeeded, &c.

"I never acted so fiendishly bad in all my life," she said. "If I act that way when Macready comes, I'll kill myself instead of Duncan. Mirror-pointing may do for Macready, but it plays the mischief with me. I don't mean to think of Lady Macbeth until I go on the stage to act it with him. Let us read any and everything else. I must do something to get back my unconsciousness. I hate pointing and rules; they make me trip and tumble as if I were in a long gown, and feel horribly nervous."

The night she had acted with the younger Vandenhoff, I had written her a note of apology for not going to the play. In the note I had quoted the

passage from "The Two Noble Kinsmen" of Beaumont and Fletcher, beginning,

"You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love."

She had never read the play, and was anxious to know where I had found this beautiful bit. In a few minutes we were deep in the best scenes of that fine drama,—scenes which are as the disputed picture of "Modesty and Worldly Vanity" in the Sciarra Palace, Rome. "If not painted by Leonardo da Vinci," writes Viardot, "it was done by one as great as he." Thus those scenes, if not written by Shakespeare, were by one who possessed his matchless style. Nearly forty years have gone by since those happy young days; but as I write these words, my ears are full of the deep contralto voice of my friend, reading beautiful passages of that old drama,—a voice which had in it then the sweet tenderness of young womanhood; afterwards it became sombre and hard. I never shall forget the first reading of the opening of the play: the scene between the captive queens, Hippolyta and Emelia. It carried Miss Cushman out of herself. She took the parts of the queens, I the others. When I repeated,—

"No knees to me;

What woman I may stead that is distressed,
Does bind me to her,"

—the tears started to her eyes; and when she read the speech beginning,—

"Honored Hippolyta,

Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar,"

—her voice trembled with feeling. After we had read the play through, we returned and picked out the choicest parts. It was as dear a joy as the finest music, to hear Miss Cushman repeat her favorite passages, without the book, for her quick memory soon possessed the words. We revelled in the prison scene between Palamon and Arcite; and Miss Cushman's fine dramatic sense put life into parts I had always omitted—the jailor's daughter, for instance. The reading of this play led us naturally to the "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer, and much critical literature; so when Macready arrived, Miss Cushman was well prepared for the trial. She never acted "Lady Macbeth" so well as on that

night. When she first entered, Macready stood at the side scenes, and listened to every word. She was "dreadfully frightened," as she said. The hand that held the letter trembled visibly, but not the voice—that was very firm and steady; her manner was subdued, which was well, for it was apt in those days to be a little too gushing. The character, or part, was throbbing with life. It had a strange reality which I had never noticed before. The bleak far-off time became our own present moment. It was a being that might be one of ourselves—an ambitious, energetic young woman possessed with one mad selfish desire, and ready to peril all that was high and holy to attain her end. Years after, when Miss Cushman was more famous, I saw her again in "Lady Macbeth;" but it was never the same; her conception had crystallised; the spontaneity of youth was gone. She went through the whole play with equal power and self-possession. Macready stood at the wings in the sleep-walking scene, and was most favorably impressed. Altogether, it was a great triumph, and from that moment may be dated her future success on the English stage. The following morning she came to me at an unusually early hour, and repeated, with the *naïve* delight of a young girl, Macready's compliments.

"I mean to go to England as soon as I can," she said. "Macready says I ought to act on an English stage, and I will."

During our intimacy she often related to me incidents of her artistic career; and most interesting were her recitals, for she was as dramatic off the stage as on. Her stage life had begun early, and had been a hard and painful one, with much to contend against—not only poverty, but envy and ill-will; but she was a brave, vigorous woman, resolute and prompt, and these qualities gain what genius often misses. One of her most interesting recitals was how she created "Nancy Sikes." I forget the date, but it must have been some time before I knew her, as "Nancy" was then one of her leading *rôles*. Miss Cushman and her sister were stock actresses on a New York stage at the time. For some unlucky reason she had gained the ill-will of her manager. One day the casts

came from the theatre while she was out. Miss Susan Cushman opened the paper and found among other work, an order for her sister to act "Nancy Sikes" in 'Oliver Twist,' the following week. It was an unimportant character, and always given to actresses of little or no position in the company. "Charlotte will be furious," was the remark of the mother and sister; and so she was.

"But what could I do?" said Miss Cushman sadly, when she told me the story. "I was at the mercy of the man. It was midwinter; my bread had to be earned. I dared not refuse, nor even remonstrate, for I knew he wished to provoke me to break my engagement."

"Shall you act it?" asked her family. "Certainly," was the reply. Up to the night appointed for 'Oliver Twist,' she was not seen by any one except at business-hours. She took her meals in her room, and spent her time there, or out of the house—where, nobody knew. What was she doing? Studying that bare skeleton of a part; clothing it with flesh, giving it life and interest.

"I meant to get the better of my enemy," she said. "What he designed for my mortification should be my triumph."

And it was. She went down into the city slums; into Five Points, and studied the horrible life that surrounded such a wretched existence as "Nancy Sikes." In the first scene "Nancy" only crossed the stage, gave a sign to Oliver, who was in the hands of the officers, then went off. It was an entrance and exit hardly noticed, a small accessory incident in the terribly realistic drama. But after Miss Cushman created the character, this silent scene was always tremendously applauded. It was curious to see how quickly the public seized on her clever meaning. Instead of crossing the stage once, she made three passages. Before the second the whole house came down with thundering applause. Her make-up was a marvel. There was not the sign of feminine vanity about Miss Cushman. She was always ready to sacrifice her appearance at any time to the dresses required by her parts. And surely that horrible perfection of a Five Points feminine costume was a sacrifice. An old dirty bonnet and dirt-colored shawl; a shabby gown and shabbier shoes; a worn-

out basket with some rags in it, and a key in her hand! She entered swinging the key on her finger, walked stealthily on the outside of the crowd, doubling her steps; looked with sharp cunning at the boy; attracted his attention, winked one eye and thrust her tongue into her cheek. It was a tremendous success, and every succeeding scene sealed down her triumph, and the discomfiture of the manager. The play had a long run; and, as I have said, the part of "Nancy" continued to be one of Miss Cushman's most powerful and popular roles until she went to England, where she never acted it.

'Oliver Twist' is one of the rudest of realistic plays. "Nancy Sikes," as Miss Cushman made the character, stood out with rough but solemn tragic power. It was like a revolting sacrifice in some rude work of early art, when there was the strength of genius without culture and refinement. "Nancy" has little to say in the play. Miss Cushman had to gain her effects by careful and powerful acting. It was Sardou's rule, "Each sentence contained pages; each word comprised many sentences." The scene with Bill Sikes and old Fagin the Jew, when she was trying to creep out unnoticed to the bridge rendezvous, is an example. The talk is between the two men. But who ever listened to them when Miss Cushman acted "Nancy?" All sympathy was with her; every eye rested on that poor creature, who was blindly groping to perform an act of justice. After ineffectual attempts to steal off, and Bill's brutal oaths showed her it was useless, she put pages of despair in the acts of battering her ragged old hat on a nail in the wall, sitting down, rocking to and fro, and biting a bit off a stick! Then the scene on the bridge! The old Jew leaning over the parapet, listening, then moving off like some demoniac power to hasten the tragic fate of the doomed woman. Poor "Nancy!" Her vague notions of right and wrong—the dull, stunning sense of degradation in the presence of simple purity,—Miss Cushman delineated these emotions with wonderful skill. Only a few bold strokes—but they disclosed the sad awakening of the gutter-born wretch. When the young girl treats "Nancy" with kindness, and showed that she

trusted in her, Miss Cushman's exultation was fierce, and the handkerchief was snatched with hungry eagerness; and when she bowed humbly down before the memory of her foul life it was heart-breaking. The murder scene was always revolting. But how she acted it! Hunted to death, the poor wounded woman crawled in on the stage, writhing with agony, on her lips almost the odor of sanctity. "Pardon!—Bill!—kiss me—I forgive!"

Just before she left America for England, she told me she had asked the elder Booth if she ought to act "Nancy Sikes" in London.

"No!" said that clever, wise actor. "No! It is a great part, Charlotte—one of your best; and you made it; but never act it in London. It will give you a vulgar dash you will never get over."

"He is right," she said, when she repeated his words to me; "he is all right. But I know what I will do, I will act 'Meg Merrilees' as just as I do 'Nancy,' and I'll make a hit."

She did, as the future proved. "Meg," which was her most popular part—better liked than her "Lady Macbeth" or any other character—is, after all, a melodramatic "Nancy Sikes,"—just as hideous; but it lacks "the touch of nature" which in "Nancy" made "the whole world kin" to the poor wretch.

A little while before Miss Cushman went to England our intimacy ended. Chance never brought us again together in the old delightful way; but the separation did not lessen our mutual regard—we always remained friends. I heard of her professional and social successes with pleasure. When we were middle-aged women we lived in the same city—Rome—met often and cordially; but we never alluded to the fresh romantic intercourse of our youth. I sometimes thought she had forgotten those pleasant hours; and the memory of that season grew to be a sort of delightful vision, which still retains its charm after the lapse of nearly forty years. The existence of a few impulsive enthusiastic notes and letters, written by her in that far-off day, verify the memory; and as a charming episode in the lives of two young women I have written this account.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE RACES OF ASIATIC TURKEY.

BY J. C. McCOAN.

ALTHOUGH the races of Asiatic Turkey are less numerous than its religions, they are still diverse enough to greatly complicate the problem of welding these Eastern provinces into a compact national whole. The motley tale comprises nearly a dozen varieties, all differing more or less in descent, language, and social habits; and, though subject, most of them, to the same rule for nearly six hundred years, still presenting few or none of the kindred features that combine to form a national character. Thus the aggregate includes Turks, Armenians, Kurds, Greeks, Arabs, Syrians, Turcomans, Jews, Tartars, Circassians, Gipsies and other nondescripts, originally brought together by immigration and conquest, and linked by force of government into an empire, but as unfused into a nation as before the victories of Alp Arslan. The total of these ethnic groups has been variously reckoned at from 13,000,000 to 18,000,000; but little more than a mean of these extremes—or at most 16,500,000—would, I believe, approximate more nearly than either to the true number of the whole. A collation of the official and other calculations gives something like the following partition of this aggregate among its component elements:

Turks	10,000,000
Armenians	2,000,000
Kurds	1,250,000
Greeks	1,000,000
Syrians	1,000,000
Arabs	700,000
Circassians	350,000
Turcomans	90,000
Jews	60,000
Tartars, Gipsies, &c.	50,000
Total	16,500,000

The *Turks*, who thus form nearly two-thirds of the whole—comprising under this common appellation not merely the descendants of the original invaders, but the much larger element of the native races who in turn embraced the faith and assumed the name of their conquerors—preponderate chiefly in Asia Minor, which for more than six centuries has been the special home of this composite

race. Their more accurate designation, and that which they give to themselves, is Osmanlis or Ottomans,* to distinguish them from the semi-barbarous Turcomans, Tartars, and other branches of the great cognate family of nations scattered from time immemorial throughout Western Asia, and of which 'Turk' or 'Toork' is the proper generic name.† The whole were formerly considered members of the Caucasian group, but later researches have identified them with the Hiong-nu, a people who inhabited North-western China long before the Christian era, and migrated thence westward till they finally settled where their various descendants now are. The Osmanli—or Ottoman—Turks, and their brethren of Kazan, Astrakan, and the Crimea, have many physical characteristics of the Caucasian stock; but the Nogais, Kirghiz, Turcomans, and others farther east approach more nearly to the Mongolian type. The accepted theory, therefore, is, that the whole family is of Mongolian origin, and that the Caucasian features which the Ottomans now undoubtedly possess are the result of intermixture with the peoples whom they gradually invaded and subdued. Von Hammer traces the pedigree of the race out of the mist of legend and tradition into the light of history, and finds that by the dawn of this—in their case—tribe after tribe of it had already poured down from the slopes of the Altai on the rich lands and tempting wealth of the southern and western regions, in which the power of the early Caliphs and the Greek emperors had alike decayed. The Oghuzes halted for a while and became dominant in Turkestan, while another branch, the Seljuks—named after their Khan—pushed further westwards, and,

* From Othman, or Osman, the founder of their dynasty.

† The Tartar legend, recorded by D'Herbelot, is that the whole race descends and takes its name from Turk, the eldest son of Japhet, the son of Noah, who at his death bequeathed to his heir the wide stretch of territory since known as Turkestan, whence his descendants spread over the whole of Western Asia.

having embraced Islamism, early in the tenth century founded in Persia the dynasty of shepherd kings whose empire endured for nearly four hundred years, and extended from Turkestan to the Mediterranean. From Turkestan the Oghuzes—who in the ninth century had also adopted the faith of the Prophet and taken the name of Turcomans, to distinguish them from the other septa of their race who remained infidels—carried their flocks, some to the eastern shores of the Caspian, and others into Armenia, and so became divided into the 'eastern' and 'western' branches of the tribe. Of the latter a portion proceeded into Persia and attached themselves to the service of the Carizmian sultan of that country, till its conquest by Tamerlane forced their chief, Soliman, into a fresh migration, with 50,000 followers, with whom he settled for a few years in Armenia. Thence the tribe resumed its march, following the course of the Euphrates, towards Aleppo, till, in crossing the river, Soliman was drowned. With his death the history of the Ottoman Turks may be said to begin. The tribe at once dispersed, one portion of it proceeding into Syria and another into Asia Minor, where their descendants as Turcomans still wander with their flocks and herds, as the season changes, from mountain to plain; a third followed two of Soliman's four sons back into Persia, and a fourth, consisting only of four hundred families, retraced its way with two other sons, Dundar and Ertogrul, to the great plains of Erzeroum and Pasin. These last it was who grew into the sovereign race which, till last year, ruled Europe and Asia from the Adriatic and the Danube to the Persian Gulf. Only a very small minority of the 10,000,000 so-called 'Turks' in Asia can, of course, claim to be of pure Ottoman descent—the remainder representing, as above remarked, the gains from voluntary or enforced conversions amongst the subjected populations which, with the natural growth of the fused posterity of the whole, gradually swelled the census-roll of the dominant race to its present strength.

As regards the distribution of this chief element of the Asiatic population, the absence of statistics again precludes anything but an approximate statement.

It can, therefore, be only roughly said that about two-thirds of the whole are settled in Asia Minor, 1,500,000 in Armenia and Kurdistan, 750,000 in Mesopotamia and Babylonia, 500,000 in Syria and Palestine, and the remainder in the Hedjaz. These figures lay no claim to precision, but may be accepted as proximate estimates of the fact. It remains to add that the Turks in all five of these divisions live mainly in the towns, and as a rule only follow agriculture in the outlying villages in districts where they are in a large majority. Physically, they are the finest of these Asiatic populations; being nearly all above the middle height, powerfully built, and, notwithstanding all half-informed commonplaces to the contrary, as robustly healthy as long centuries of temperance and general morality can make a race.*

According to their own legendary history, the *Armenians*, who rank next in number and importance, are the descendants of Haik, a son of Togarmah, grandson of Japhet, who fled from Babylon to escape the tyranny of Belus twenty-two centuries before Christ, and settled in the country which in their language still bears their progenitor's name (Haikhasdan). The popular name of Aram, however, appears to be derived from Aram, the sixth successor of Haik and contemporary of Ninus; though Strabo derives it from Armenus, one of the Argonauts, and considers the people themselves to have migrated from Thessaly. Herodotus, on the other hand, in mentioning that a body of them served in the army of Xerxes, expresses an opinion that they were originally Phrygians; while yet another theory is that they are the de-

* I say nothing here of the Lazis, who give their name to the wild district between Trebizond and Batoum, and respecting whose claims on British sympathy so much has been lately written. Ethnically, they differ widely from the pure Turk; but being nominal Mussulmans of a very fanatical type, they fall within the crowd of nondescripts who swell the Moslem total to 10,000,000. *Non obstante* the great authority of my old friend Mr. Palgrave, I feel bound to say that my information as to their character—gleaned at Trebizond before his consulship—entirely accords with the unflattering estimate given of them by Dr. Sandwith on similar acquaintance. If driven to choose between a Laz and a Kurd, I should certainly prefer the latter.

scendants of the lost Ten Tribes, and for this there is the color of a close resemblance in feature and many points of character and condition to the Jews. Like the latter, they present the phenomenon of a race dispersed throughout the world, intermingling, but never fusing, with other peoples; immutably attached to their hereditary faith, and cherishing in secret the hope of a national restoration, for which, slight as may be the prospect of it, they are certainly more fitted than any other Rayah race. Be their precise origin, however, what it may, it is at least clear that they belong to the Indo-European family, and both Pritchard and Ritter regard them as a branch of the stock of the people of Iran, though separated from them at a very early period. The country originally formed a vast kingdom, which underwent and survived numberless convulsions of foreign conquest and internal division, till, towards the end of the tenth century, most of it had been subjugated by the Caliphs and overrun by Islamism. A portion of the nation, however, took refuge in the northern districts between Ani and Kars, and for nearly a century maintained a more or less independent existence, till this last kingdom, that bore the name of Armenia, was ravaged and seized by the Mongols. In the general dispersion that followed, some of the petty princes who escaped the sword of the conquerors fled as far as Cilicia, and there founded, at Tarsus, a small state which bravely maintained itself in the midst of the Greeks and the Moslems of Iconium and Syria till extinguished by the Sultan of Cairo near the close of the fourteenth century, when its last king, Leo VI.—not an Armenian himself, but a prince of the House of Lusignan, then reigning in Cyprus—died at Paris in exile, in 1393. Since then, the political history of the race has been lost in that of the Turks, whose language, costume, and habits they adopted, without, however, sacrificing their faith. The nation, as they still call themselves, may be divided into four classes—the clergy; the literary or professional class; the *saraffs*, or bankers; and the tradesmen and artisans. Of these the *saraffs*, from their wealth and intimate relation with the Pashas, are the most influential, and are responsible for many

of the administrative abuses which affect not merely their own community but all classes of the population. The whole race is now estimated to number about 4,000,000,* of whom half are in Asiatic Turkey, 450,000 in Constantinople and Roumelia, 1,000,000 in Russia, 400,000 in Persia, 40,000 in Continental India and the Asian Archipelago, 25,000 in Austria, Italy and Holland, and the remainder scattered elsewhere. The majority of the race in these Asiatic provinces still occupy the ancient territory of their forefathers in the sacred neighborhood of Ararat; and in the three great *vilayets* of Erzeroum, Kurdistan, and Diarbekir, they preserve a numerical superiority over both Turks and Turcomans.† Anciently brave and warlike, they have in modern times been distinguished for an exceptionally peaceful character and for submissiveness to the government of every country in which they live. They have, in fact, lost all trace of their old military spirit, and have sunk into agriculturists, traders, petty-craftsmen, and money dealers as sordid and withal as crafty as the Jews. Lamartine has well called them the Swiss of the East: 'Industrious, peaceable, and regular in their habits, they resemble them also in calculation and love of gain. They have nothing heroic in their nature; commerce is their god, and they would engage in it under any master.' The best features of the race, however, belong rather to the rural than to the urban classes; for, transplanted from the simplicity of an agricultural life to the unhealthy influences of Constantinople and the larger towns of the Levant, the

* This estimate is based on a census of the families of the nation in Turkey, multiplied by five. But as families among the rural population often include not merely the parents and children of one generation but those of two or even three, all residing under one roof, this computation is fallacious, and any return based upon it below the truth. The real total of the Armenian community in Turkey, and therefore of the nation throughout the world, must be considerably more than that stated in the text.

† How little the social life of these provinces has changed since Xenophon led his Greeks through two of them may be inferred from the still common underground villages; especially in the neighborhood of Erzeroum, in which the descendants of the tribes described in the *Anabasis* still burrow exactly as did their ancestors 2,300 years ago.

Armenian (as indeed, too, the Turk) speedily degenerates, and, along with most of his national customs, loses also much of the energy and nearly all the manly instincts of his race. But even in the cities they remain zealously faithful to the national religion, and, next after the Turks, are the most temperate and generally moral section of the population. They have long been, and still are, trusted and employed by the Porte above any other class of its non-Mussulman subjects. Within recent years, members of the nation—alone among the Rayah communities—have risen to the rank of Cabinet Ministers; and in the provincial administration on both sides of the Bosphorus they enter much more largely into the machinery of government than either Greeks or Jews. Altogether, their political solidarity with the Turk is closer than that of any other subject race of the empire, and, if their recent memorial to the Berlin Congress is to be believed, they cherish, for the present, no ambition to sever the tie that binds them to the Porte.

Unlike both the Osmanlis and the Armenians, the wild and warlike *Kurds* have no literature, and their race history is therefore still more obscure. On the strength, mainly, of their peculiar idiom, Pritchard claims them as a branch of the great Aryan family, descendants of the Parthians, who at an early period spread over Assyria and Mesopotamia. Certain it is that they are the lineal posterity of Xenophon's Carduchians, and that even in these modern days of firearms, when the matchlock or the rifle has almost everywhere replaced the javelin and the bow, many of them are still famous for the old Parthian skill in horsemanship and archery. The whole race is variously estimated at between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000, who are divided into the *kocher*, or nomad tribes, chiefly pastoral, and the *guran*, who are settled in villages and engaged in agriculture. A large proportion of the former oscillate between the Turkish and Persian sides of the frontier, and pay only a very shadowy allegiance to either Sultan or Shah. The convenience of pasture or their good or bad relations with the local authorities determine their movements, and so their Ottoman or Persian 'nationality' for the time. The consequences

of embroilment with Pasha or Khan, as the case may be, are easily evaded by a migration across the border, on either side of which they are secure against pursuit till the temporary trouble has blown by and it suits them, or not, to return. Practically, indeed, the only authority acknowledged by either *kocher* or *guran* is that of their own chiefs, who now, nearly as when the Ten Thousand fought their way through from Cunaxa, are supreme for all purposes of tribal rule. A severe blow to this old system of *Derdbeg* independence was struck by the Porte about forty years ago, when, on the occasion of the revolt of Mohammed Beg of Rowanduz, a strong expedition under Reshid Pasha overran the country on the Turkish side of the border, and imposed on the whole the forms at least of Ottoman administration. But in many districts the new governors were perforce the local chiefs, who continued their old feudal rule in the new character of *mudir* or *caimacam*; while in others, where a Turk was appointed, almost his only function was—and still is—to collect and send to Mosul or Diarbekir as much of the light taxes as he could induce his wild *administrés* to pay. In this latter case, it was neither safe nor expedient for the Stamboulee Bey or Effendi to assert any more vigorous authority. Their proper region now forms a separate *vilayet*, or province, as ostensibly ruled by its vali and his staff of subordinate functionaries as Brousa or Aidin; but over more than half of it Ottoman sway is a fiction, and the true rulers are still the old native Begs. The fiscal sovereignty of the districts bordering the desert is further shared with the great Bedoween tribe of the Shammar, whose sheikh levies from both the nomads and settled cultivators a blackmail, partly in money and partly in kind, called *khoova* (price of fraternity), as fixed as, and more regularly paid than any imposed by the Pasha of the province. With freedom of pasturage assured to them by this tribute, the nomads descend in winter to the plains, and in single clans or even families sometimes wander as far south as the Persian Gulf or westwards to Syria and Asia Minor, in both of which there are also many settled villages of the race. In summer they return to the mountains, in

the cool upper glens of which their flocks and herds find abundant grass and water till the great heat of the plains is past, when the downward migration again takes place. The manner of life of these wanderers differs but little from that of the Bedoween, with whom the *kocher* Kurd, except in that he is fiercer and more faithless, has many features of life and character in common. Like the Arab, he is hospitable, is nearly always armed and mounted, and, regarding fighting and plunder as the only occupations worthy of his nobler self, he throws the meaner work of attending to the cattle and the whole drudgery of family life both in camp and on the march upon his women—to whom, otherwise, both Arab and Kurd are kind. The settled tribes are only a shade less savage than their nomad race-fellows; nor in this respect are the Nestorian Christians of Julamerk much in advance of the nominal Musulmans of Jezeerah and Rowanduz. Travellers have, in fact, quite as much to fear from either as from the *kochers* between Mosul and Mardin. The villages of these *gurans*, built mostly on the sides of hills, are numerous but small, varying in size from fifteen to forty houses, the fashion of which has but little changed since Xenophon described their prototypes twenty odd centuries ago. They generally consist of one large room roughly constructed either with mud or the worst kind of rubble masonry, and roofed with thick logs of wood covered with several feet of earth, so as to keep out equally the great heat of summer and the severe cold of winter. Inside, this is railed off by low partitions into three or four compartments—according as the house may be comparatively large or small—one or two of which are allotted to the horses and cattle, while a third serves as a store for fodder, and the fourth as the dwelling chamber of the family. The scanty light is admitted partly through a chimney hole in the roof, and partly through two or three small windows glazed with oiled paper. As amongst the Armenians, the women of both the Christian and Musulman tribes are generally unveiled, and mix freely with the men and women of other families. Physically, the Kurds, both nomadic and settled, are a handsome race, averaging above the middle

height, with slim lithe figures, well-cut features, bright black eyes, and sparse or no beards, but long and thick mustaches. The women share the good looks of their kinsmen, and in this respect have much the advantage of the Arabs, amongst whom—out of Egypt—I have seldom seen even a pretty maid in her teens. Much has been lately heard of the raids of these reivers on their unwarlike Armenian neighbors, as if the fact, instead of being older than history, were the result of recent weakness or apathy on the part of the Turkish authorities. It is due to the Porte, however, to record that until the necessities of the late war stripped Mosul, Diarbekir, and Van of troops, such forays had for years past become nearly as rare as along our own frontier in the Punjaub. As I know of old, too, when the Armenians have the telling of their own story, they know how to make the most of it. The 'lifting' of a flock of sheep or goats not seldom reaches Constantinople and the European newspapers magnified into the sack of a village, with accompanying 'atrocities' worthy of Philippopolis and Batak. These modern Carduchi are bad enough, but they are many shades less black than their Armenian limners paint them.

From the Kurds to the *Greeks*, who stand next on the roll, the transition is abrupt and the distance great, in point equally of race and of civilization. The latter, of whom much less need be said, are the descendants of the old colonists who peopled the Archipelago and the seaboard round, at intervals, from Carmania to Trebizond. They never penetrated in any considerable numbers into the interior, and are still, with few exceptions, confined to the islands and the coast as of old. The Hellenes of Attica and the Morea call them Anatolioties, and affect to regard them as an inferior race, a pretension which there is nothing to justify except that their dialect is less pure than that of the mother-country, and has in some places been more or less superseded by Turkish. They have, too, fused largely with the other European communities of the Levant, but their blood is no whit more mixed than the Albano-Slav-Hellenic compound that now passes for the old classic fluid in Athens itself; while as regards

general intellectual activity, commercial subtlety, and most other characteristics of the parent race, they are still as Greek as any subjects of King George.* In the islands they form more than three-fourths of the whole population, for although in Crete there is a large Muselman element, ethnically almost the whole is Albanian Greek, which is there also the tongue of both creeds. A strong tinge of Italian—Genoese or Venetian—blood in most of the other insular members of the race has given them a much gentler temperament than the rough Sclavonic Sphakiotes, whom no concessions can win from chronic revolt; and as, till lately, they enjoyed a large measure of administrative autonomy, they may be regarded as perhaps still the most contented subjects of the Porte. Along the mainland littoral nearly a similar predominance of this element prevails. Smyrna is more Greek than anything else, and the same may also be said of nearly every considerable town thence north and eastwards along the Marmora and on the south Black Sea coast to beyond Trebizond. Inland of this last, many Greek (but Turkish speaking) villages extend as far as Gumush-hané, beyond which odd families of the race (here called Kroomlees) are met with even in to Erzeroum. Few of the whole engage in agriculture, trade and the mechanical handicrafts being their favorite pursuits. Greek merchants, indeed, are numerous all through Asia Minor, and are established as far south as Mosul and Baghdad; but these last are generally Hellenes or Rayahs of Constantinople, who can hardly be included in the Asiatic million proper of the race.

The modern *Syrians* are a mixed race, made up of the ancient inhabitants of the country crossed with the Arabians and other Moslems who came in with the armies of the Caliphs, and, after settling chiefly in the towns and villages, intermixed with the indigenous population. The foreign element thus introduced was, however, comparatively small, and the consequent mixture of blood affected only a minority of the native inhabitants, and even in them made little or

no visible change in the old ethnic type. This is seen at once in the striking physical similarity of the native Christians and Moslems, as contrasted with the Jews, Turks, Armenians, and others of alien race settled in the country. The whole population of Syria and Palestine is reckoned at about 2,000,000, of whom creed rather than race—as, indeed, nearly everywhere else throughout Turkey—determines the divisions. About one-half of these are indigenous; comprising some 200,000 or more Syrian Moslems, 500,000 Christians of various sects, 220,000 Ansariyehs, Metaulis, Ismailieh, and Druzes—who are neither Christians nor Mussulmans—5,000 Jews and 80,000 settled Arabs and Bedoween; while the large remainder consist of Ottoman Turks, Turcomans, Kurds, non-Syrian Arabs, Jews, Armenians, and other Christians of divers races and nationalities. These various elements are as variously distributed throughout the two sections of the country. Both in Syria and Palestine, the Moslems chiefly inhabit the towns and larger villages: Christians also abound in both, but are more numerous in the agricultural hamlets. The principal home of the Maronites, who number about 260,000, is the Lebanon, especially in the district of Kesrouan, east of Beyrou; but they are also to be found in small communities in nearly every town from Nazareth to Aleppo. The districts inhabited by them, though for the most part steep and rugged, are perhaps the best cultivated in Syria. The orthodox and Catholic 'Greeks'—Syrians by race, but so called because professing the Greek faith—number together about 230,000, and, like the Maronites, are distributed amongst the towns and country villages; as is also the smaller sect of the Jacobites, counting all told about 50,000. The 90,000 Ansariyehs, a wild and savage section of the aboriginal race, occupies the range of mountains that bears their name, extending from the banks of the Orontes to the entrance of Hamath; 30,000 Metaulis, a fanatical half Shiite sect, reside near Baalbek and in the southern part of the Lebanon, with their chief centre at Hurmûl, a village near the source of the Orontes; while the Ismailieh, some 25,000 strong (a feeble remnant of the 'Assassins' of the Cru-

* Numerically, they reckon as about 1,000,000 (out of 2,500,000 in all Turkey), against 1,400,000 in free Greece.

sades), nestle in the mountains west of Hamath, round their old stronghold of Masyâd. The Druzes, one of the strongest and most united sects in Syria, number about 90,000, for the most part inhabiting the rugged hill district south of Beyrout and the mountains of the Haurân. There is also a considerable colony of them at Safed, in Palestine proper, and a smaller one—who are, however, Druzes by religion only and not in race—near Cairo, whence their strange creed originally came. The only certainty as to the origin and ethnological affinity of this singular race is, that the great majority of them do not belong to the Semitic family. Their own traditions connect them with China; another derives their name from a Frank Count de Dreux, and makes them descend from a band of Crusaders left behind after the great struggle; while a third and more modern theory identifies them with one or other of the tribes introduced into Northern Syria by Esarhaddon, in the seventh century B.C. Be their true pedigree which it may, certain it is that the blood of the sect is now greatly mixed, and that, amongst others, a Kurdish element is undoubtedly present. The Lebanon members of the race are found as far north as Beyrout, mingled with Maronites, as far south as Sîr (Tyre), and as far east as Damascus. Their chief town, though not their most numerous settlement, is Deir-el-Kammar ('Convent of the Moon'), about fifteen miles south-east of Beyrout, in the district of Manaasif. Ammatan and Bakhlan, in the Lebanon, and Hasbeya and Rashbeya, in the Anti-Lebanon, rank as sacred cities and rallying places in time of war. The Haurânitic or Eastern Druzes adhere to their ancient customs even more pertinaciously than their Western fellows, notwithstanding their contact with successive generations of rebels and malcontents, who have long found in this remote region a favorite place of refuge. Their chief centre here is the large village of Kunawâl, the residence of the most influential of their *ockals*, or 'initiated' caste. Altogether, they form the exclusive population of more than a hundred small towns and villages, and share with Christians the occupation of nearly two hundred more. Physically they are a handsome race, of

light complexion, strong, and well made, with more pronounced English sympathies than any other race in Syria.

History and tradition agree in tracing the origin of the *Arabs* to Ham and Shem, through Cush, the son of the former, and Kaktan or Toktan, the great grandson of the latter patriarch. The Shemite branch comprises the great nomadic or pastoral section of the family, the Bedoween;* while most of the fellahs, or settled agricultural class, claim descent from Ham. Several of the original tribes of these latter are now extinct, and although recruited from time to time by accessions from the nomads, they are greatly in the minority, and are regarded by the shepherd majority as an inferior caste. This difference of occupation it is that forms the chief distinction between the two branches of the race; but besides it there is yet another amongst the nomads themselves, namely, that of the 'pure' *Arab* (*Arab-el Arabâ*) and the mixed or naturalised tribes, called *Mostarabi*, who include the posterity of Ishmael by the daughter of Mohad, king of the Hedjaz.† Of the former, the genealogical tables of Sale and Gagnier enumerate nearly sixty tribes; but these have now dwindled to less than half that number, scattered throughout the southern districts of the Peninsula. The best known of them are the Morrah, on the confines of Oman, the Tam and Kaktan, near Yemen, and the Beni-Tas, between Hareck and the Gulf. The far more numerous *Mostarabi* spread east, west, and north from Jebel-Toweik to near the slopes of the Taurus. The most important tribes of this class frequenting Turkish territory are the Anizeh, whose pasture-grounds extend from Eastern Syria southwards to the limits of Jebel-Shomer, and in whose hands are nearly two-thirds of the Arab horse trade and traffic in sheep and wool; and the Shammar, whose territory stretches from that of Anizeh, with

* Elaborate genealogical trees of both branches will be found in the Appendix to Col. Chesney's *Euphrates Expedition*, vol. i.

† In Genesis, Ishmael is married to an Egyptian woman, but Arab tradition mates him to this other spouse and derives from her his posterity. The discrepancy would be harmonized by the probable supposition of his having had two wives, polygamy being common in those days.

whom they are mostly at war, to Northern and Middle Mesopotamia down to below Mosul, over which, as already mentioned, they levy tribute from the settled fellahs, from the *kocher* Kurds, and other minor clans who pasture in these parts. Each of these great tribes, with their subdivisions, could, if united, muster nearly 30,000 spears; but their strength is much weakened by internal feuds, and it is only in defence of some common interest of the whole that anything like this force could be brought together. The secondary tribes may be reckoned by the hundred. Of those settled in or wandering through Yemen, the numerically strongest are the El-Mofid, the El-Marrah, the Beni-Aszfâr, the Beni-Wahib, the El-Habab, the Elh-Saba, the Elh-Sahar, the Ghamid, the Obeidah, and the Zahran, averaging about 40,000 families each. In the Hedjaz, Arabia Petrea, and Southern Syria, the most important are the Adwân, the Bali, the Beni-Masâd, the Harb, the Ramathin, and the Sherarat; while in Mesopotamia, the Beni-Mansûr, Beni-Hazal, the Beni-Cholan, the Fedhan, the Sabhah, Alayé-Mutchir, the Beni-Khalid, and the Soubeih rank next in strength to the Shammar. Though occupying territory which is nominally subject to the Porte, the whole of these in fact recognize only the authority of their own sheikhs; and the Pashas of Yemen, of Damascus, or of Baghdad are content if they can conciliate, without making much more than a show of controlling, even the settled tribes. As for the nomads, they pay neither taxes nor military service. Among the great tribes, the government is strictly patriarchal, with gradations of authority from the *melek*, or *sheikh-el-kebir* (great sheikh), whose power extends over all the subdivisions of a tribe, or in some cases over several tribes, down to the head of a single family. As a rule, the chief sheikship is hereditary, not necessarily in the order of primogeniture, but descending to the richest, bravest, and wisest member of the family in which it ordinarily runs. In the event of a failure in these qualities, the tribe is free to elect its best man for the post. The sheikh so inheriting or elected to the rank derives no revenue from his followers, but is at once their military leader and chief judge, or rather

arbitrator; for so democratic is tribal life, that his decisions, especially in civil matters, are not always obeyed. The poorest member of the clan is socially the equal of the richest, and unless the authority of the sheikh be based on personal qualities that command respect, his direct influence is but slight. Bedoween wealth, as may be supposed, consists in the number of the owner's flocks and herds, and especially of his camels. As nearly the whole caravan traffic of the desert is carried by these latter animals, the possession of ten raises their proprietor above poverty, while sixty or eighty represent substantial wealth. Hence their barter value for marriage dowries, blood ransoms, and other purposes for which, in settled society, money would otherwise pass. In fact, after what may be called the long episode of military power and material civilisation that began with Mohammed and ended with the Caliphates, this great race has almost everywhere lapsed into its primitive independence and simplicity of life, and as a rule the Arab—especially the Bedoween—of to-day is socially and morally little, if at all, ahead of his ancestors before Abraham. Thus, both his vices and his virtues are those of semi-barbarism, combining the paradoxes of a generous hospitality and a greedy avariciousness; of cruelty and kindness; of scrupulous fidelity to, and quite as often unscrupulous disregard of, a pledge once given; and of impatience of everything like law and religious respect for *adât* (custom). In religion, both the settled and nomad tribes are for the most part Soonee Mussulmans; but, except amongst the puritan Wahabees, the yoke both of faith and morals sits lightly on the whole, and among many tribes not a few of the old pagan superstitions still survive. Finally, enough here to add that although some taxation is levied from the settled fellahs in districts well within the power of the Ottoman authorities, neither they nor the Bedoween can be said to contribute anything to the political strength of the Porte. Neither branch of the race has any love for the Turk, nor any sense of national relationship to him; and although the tribes near Baghdad furnished the doubtful boon of a Bashi-Bazouk contingent to the late war, neither they nor the Egyp-

tians fought with the least spirit, and, so far as anything like a sentiment of loyalty or patriotic sympathy is concerned, both, I believe, would quite as readily fight against the Padishah as for him.

The *Circassians*, in both European and Asiatic Turkey, represent the immigration which has taken place, chiefly from Abasia and Daghestan, since the Crimean war, and especially since the final defeat of Schamyl. The severity with which most of the tribes were treated by the Russians after these events induced large numbers to seek refuge in the Sultan's territory, where the Government gave them free grants of land and other inducements to peaceful settlement. It was, however, another case of—

Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

The mountaineers of the Caucasus brought with them into Armenia and Asia Minor—as into Bulgaria and Thrace—the lawless and predatory habits which have so long characterised their race, and instead of industrious husbandmen and shepherds, the Porte soon found it had granted hospitality to a mere horde of brigands. In every neighborhood in which a detachment of them was planted they soon became a terror to the district, and in only a comparatively few instances in which the local authorities acted with befitting energy, were they reduced to anything like social order. It was still expected, however, that in the event of war they would make good irregular troops; but experience has falsified even this hope, and the 350,000 or more of them now distributed throughout Asia Minor and Syria, in *nuclei* strong enough to be troublesome to the authorities and dangerous to the settled inhabitants, form an element which both the Government and the country would well be rid of. On the occasion of the last great influx of them, in 1864, Sir H. Bulwer, then ambassador at the Porte, advised that they should be echeloned as a military colony along the Armenian frontier, and so utilized as a border guard against their old oppressors; but this excellent suggestion was not acted on, and they were scattered instead over the interior, to work all the mischief that has since resulted from their presence wherever they have set-

tled. Amongst their other retained habits, they continue to sell their daughters for the harems of Stamboul and Cairo—and so, with their fellows in Roumelia, form almost the only remaining source of supply whence purely white female slaves can now be procured.

The *Turcomans*, or Yuruks, descend, as already remarked, from the same or a closely cognate stock to that of the Ottomans, and with their Mongolian type of features, have retained also, for the most part, their old Scythian mode of life as pastoral robbers. In quietness and simplicity of character, however, they contrast favorably with the Kurds, whom otherwise they most resemble in their occupations, their system of tribal government, and less than half submission to the local authorities. In Northern Syria and South-western Asia Minor there are many settled villages of the race; but the majority are still nomadic, and, like the *kocher* Kurds, change their pasturage with the change of seasons. Their manner of removing from one place to another differs from that of other nomads, in the use of cows and oxen as beasts of burden, a mode of transport which renders their movements much slower than those of the Arabs and Kurds. Although general abstention from intermarriage with strangers has, in the men especially, preserved much of the old Mongol harshness of feature, their women are, perhaps, the most comely of any of these pastoral races. As amongst both Kurds and Bedoween, they bear the whole drudgery of domestic life, and, in the case of the settled villages, do also much of the field labor; horse exercise and attention to their flocks being almost the sole occupation of the men. The language spoken by the whole is a corrupt dialect of Turkish.

The large majority of the *Jews* scattered throughout Turkish Asia are foreigners, descendants mostly of the great Spanish emigration in the fifteenth century. A few only of the old native race are to be found in Palestine and about Damascus. These last and such of the others as by birth or choice have acquired Ottoman nationality, form, like the Greeks, Armenians, and other Rayah races, a distinct community, governed chiefly by its own rabbis and lay notables. They live almost exclusively in

the larger towns, engaged in trade, money dealing, and the minor handicrafts. Though despised and often ill-treated by both Mussulmans and Christians, they stand before the law on the same level with the other non-Moslem communities.

Of the comparatively few *Tartars* and *Gypsies*, a word or two will suffice. The former represent part of the successive immigrations into Turkey from the Crimea which followed, first, the conquest of the latter by the Russians in 1784; secondly, the further conquest of Bessarabia in 1812; and, lastly, the Crimean war of 1854-6. The majority of the immigrants settled in the Dobrudja and other parts of Roumelia, but some crossed into Asia Minor, where they now form one of the most orderly and industrious elements of the population. The whole are chiefly Nogais, cognates of both Turks and Turcomans, but, unlike the latter, a quiet agricultural race, who have long lost the nomadic and warlike instincts of the parent stock. The Gypsies are here the same wild mysterious race as all the world over. In Asia Minor they are known as Xebeques and Zingani, in Northern Syria as Kurpadh, and further south and east as Nowars—distinct everywhere from all other classes of the population.

In their relation to the Government, the whole of these various races resolve themselves into two distinct groups—Mussulmans and Rayahs, the former including the majority who more or less honestly profess Islam, and the latter the different Christian, Jewish, and semi-pagan *milleti* (communities) outside the pale of the national faith. To state at all fully the practical results of this distinction—which is based on Koranic law and has been observed alike by Saracens, Seljuks, and Ottoman Turks—would exceed both the scope and limits of the present paper. Enough here to say that it has been the primal cause of the disunion which has finally split up the empire in Europe, and has equally prevented its discordant elements from fusing into a compact amalgam in Asia. For eleven hundred years the line of social and legal difference between Moslem and Giaour has been nearly as broad and as marked as that which before the war of 1862 separated the Carolina white man

from the free negro. The administrative consequences have not, it is true, been as bad as uninformed popular sympathy with our 'fellow Christians' has led Western opinion to believe. For nearly all municipal purposes the Rayahs have been left free to govern themselves, they have enjoyed full religious toleration, and, barring their special *kharatch* and military exemption tax, they have suffered little, if at all, more from fiscal and other executive abuse than their poor Mussulman neighbors, on whom, in addition, the far heavier blood-tax of the conscription has exclusively fallen. But, unlike the Christian and the Jew, the latter have had no meddling foreign consuls nor credulous travellers to report and protest against their wrongs. Still, the *status* of social helotry has been more preventive of political fusion than any nowadays possible abuse of taxation or other act of oppression. It has not merely degraded the millions who have borne it, but has facilitated administrative abuses, and fostered religious jealousies and race feuds to a degree that renders peace and good government hopeless while it lasts. Essentially the first step, therefore, towards such reform as will make better government possible is to break down this barrier between Mussulman and Rayah, and to raise both to absolutely the same level before the law: the second, to reform the law itself and its administration, so as to insure even-handed justice, the same rights and obligations, to Moslem and Christian alike. Difficult though this may be, it is still possible. Social and official prejudices and traditions cannot be all at once reversed by a stroke of even the Sultan's pen; but this legal distinction between 'Mussulman' and 'Zimmi' (Rayah)—Christian and Turk—can be so abrogated if only the Porte honestly wills it.

I remember, however, far too many broken promises in this direction of much abler and honest ministers than it at present possesses, to be very hopeful that what the edict of Gulhane and *hatts* innumerable since then have idly proclaimed, will now be carried out. What Reschid and Fuad and A'ali failed to accomplish under far easier conditions, is not likely to be achieved by Safvet. If, then, the right—which would mean duty—shall devolve, in the

Porte's default, on our own Government, the obligation will form one of neither the lightest nor most easily discharged 'responsibilities' imposed on us by recent political events. To 'defend' Asiatic Turkey means to compel reform of its entire system of government; and to do this with any effect,

will involve nothing less than the practical substitution of British for Ottoman authority over the whole. Civilisation will, of course, immensely gain by the change; but it is just as well that we should frankly recognise what our new engagement means.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE MOON'S MYRIAD SMALL CRATERS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

SINCE Galileo first turned a telescope upon the moon, the lunar craters have been among the wonders and mysteries of astronomy. It is not merely or even chiefly the vast size of some of these objects which excites astonishment. Indeed, it might almost be inferred from what we know of the moon's size and general structure, that her volcanic energies would be more effective, though not greater, than those of our own earth. The really surprising characteristic of the lunar surface is the amazing number of the lunar craters. Even Galileo, though with his weak telescope he could see but a few of the craters which really exist in the moon, compared those in the south-western part of the moon's disc to the eyes in a peacock's tail. With each increase of telescopic power, more and more craters have been seen. Regions supposed to be comparatively smooth have been found, on closer scrutiny with higher powers or under more favorable conditions, to be covered with minute craters. The slopes of the larger craters, even in some cases their floors, have been found to be strewn with small crater-shaped depressions. In fine, almost the whole surface of the moon may be said to be pitted with depressions of all sizes, from mighty gulfs three or four hundred miles across, down to minute saucer-shaped shallows, such as only the most powerful telescopes will reveal.

I propose to enter here into a brief consideration of the probable cause of the smaller lunar craters. Unquestionably the feature may be regarded as marking a characteristic distinction between the moon and our own earth. It may well be that the moon is an old world, while our earth is comparatively

young; but, for my own part, I cannot consider that the earth can come during the progress even of millions of years to resemble the moon in details, however closely she may hereafter resemble the moon in general respects—in the absence of water for instance, in the tenuity of her atmosphere, and so forth.

The course I propose to follow is one which, I think, may with advantage be pursued in a great number of cases in which as yet it has been little followed. Starting with the views now generally entertained respecting the origin and structure of the solar system, I propose to inquire what might in all probability be expected to happen in the special case of our own moon; comparing the results to which we seem led, in this way of viewing the matter, with the results of actual observation. In other words, I am going to follow an *à priori* method of reasoning, testing the conclusions to which it may lead by *à posteriori* considerations.

It is now generally admitted that the various members of the solar system reached their present condition by processes of development. Few, however, among those who have studied the theory of cosmical evolutions for themselves, are disposed to accept unquestioningly Laplace's idea that the whole solar system was once a great mass of gaseous matter. It is only, indeed, by carefully closing the mental eye to the results of modern physical researches, that a theory of the kind can for a moment be entertained. I will not here consider the multitudinous objections against the so-called nebular hypothesis, regarded as the sole hypothesis of the origin of the solar system. Nor, on the other hand, will I consider here in detail the

arguments in favor of the theory that the various members of the solar system acquired no small portion of their present bulk by a process of aggregation. Let it suffice to mention that the theory of planetary and solar growth, by the gathering in, during past ages, of immense quantities of meteoric and cometic matter, is one which has this immense advantage over the nebular theory, that it assumes the former action of a process which is going on at this present time; while also, as regards the materials forming the masses of the sun and planets, this theory leads to inferences according well with known facts.

I must, however, premise that neither the aggregation theory alone nor the condensation theory alone can fully explain the observed present condition of the solar system. We must admit on the one hand that the several members of this system, including the sun, gathered in their substance in large amount from without. But we must also admit the former vaporous condition of the sun and planets, not indeed exactly in the way indicated by Laplace, for these bodies never could have had the enormous extension his theory required and yet have retained coherence; but that they were formerly far more expanded than at present, and were thus of very small density, may be regarded as to all intents and purposes certain. Indeed, the aggregation theory would be insufficient to account for the formation of even a small portion of each planet's mass, unless we remembered that in the earlier stages of their existence the several planets were vaporous, and therefore much larger than in their later solid condition. For it would only be when thus expanded that they would gather, in their orbital motion around the sun, a sufficient quantity of meteoric or cometic matter. At present, for instance, our own earth, though she gathers in some 400 millions of meteors in the course of each year, yet gathers a quantity of matter so small compared with her own substance that in the course of 400 millions of years the earth's diameter would be increased only by a single inch. When the earth had a much smaller mass than she has now, however, but that mass vaporous and of small density, she would gather in many thousand times as much matter in each

circuit round the sun, apart always from the fact that in those remote times the quantity of meteoric matter as yet not gathered in was many thousand times greater than it is at present.

Now, we have in considerations such as these the means of explaining in some degree the peculiarities of the moon's state.

In the first place, we must set the period during which the moon's globe was being fashioned by cosmic forces in a far more remote antiquity even than the corresponding period of the earth's history. How far back the last-named period should be set is not very easily guessed even in the roughest manner. According to geologists, the interval during which the earth's crust has in general respects been in the same state as at present, must lie between 400 million years and 20 million years. The preceding period, during which the crust was cooling from the heat it possessed when first formed to a temperature such that living creatures could exist upon the crust, must have lasted at least 300 millions of years. The period preceding that again, when the earth had no crust, but was almost entirely vaporous, lasted probably many hundred millions of years. It must have been during this remotest of all the periods of the earth's own history, that the moon was formed. But she must have been detached from the earth's mass, or rather left behind by the retreating vaporous mass of the earth, very early in this first stage of the earth's existence.

Whether at this time the moon (which in any case contained far less matter than she does now) existed as a single mass or as a number of small masses scattered round a ring-shaped region, is a point on which different views may be entertained. For my own part, though I cannot doubt that the substance of the moon once formed a ring around the earth, I think there is good reason for believing that when the earth's vaporous mass, receding, left the moon's mass behind, this mass must already have been gathered up into a single vaporous globe. My chief reason for thinking thus, is that I cannot on any other supposition find a sufficient explanation of one of the most singular characteristics of our satellite—her rotation on her axis in the same

mean time, exactly, as she circuits around the earth.

This peculiarity in the moon's rotation is generally treated as though it were a natural and, so to speak, an antecedently likely arrangement, instead of being one of a very remarkable and unlikely nature. It is stated, very justly, that if the moon's original rate of turning had nearly coincided with her rate of travelling round the earth, in such sort that she would very nearly keep one side directed towards the earth during a single revolution, the earth's attraction on the elongated body of the moon would so operate as to compel the moon always to keep that side earthwards. The longer axis of the moon would sway backwards and forwards on either side of a line directed towards the earth, but would not be carried altogether round so as to bring the farther side of the moon eventually into full view. And as we know that such swayings, if they really take place, are very slight (for what is called the moon's libration or balancing has nothing to do with the swaying I refer to), it follows that originally the moon's rotation must have agreed very closely indeed with her rotation. All this is correct enough; but what is commonly left unnoticed is the exceedingly improbable nature of the imagined coincidence, if the moon's rate of rotation and her rate of revolution had been independently communicated to her.

Professor Grant, in his fine work the 'History of Physical Astronomy,' speaks of this coincidence as a relation which, though difficult to explain by the doctrine of chances, becomes very interesting and suggestive when it is considered as the result of Supreme Intelligence. But that method of dealing with the difficulty is not likely to be acceptable in these times, when men regard all the facts ascertained by observation as belonging to the domain of science. There is not a single department of scientific research in which men might not be checked at the outset by an explanation of that sort. Newton asked, Why does the moon travel round the earth and the earth round the sun? and he proceeded in the scientific manner to find out. If he had been contented to answer, It pleased the Supreme Intelligence that these bodies should move precisely as

they do, he would have manifested the fulness of his faith, but he would have lost the opportunity of effecting a very noble discovery, one too which affords grander conceptions of the mechanism of the universe than the mere motions which it explains. So here, in the case of the moon's rotation, it sounds well, perhaps, to say that we accept the observed fact as evidence of the wisdom of the Supreme Intelligence, and do not seek to know how it was brought about; but this submission of the intellect to faith implies not only a certain intellectual languor, but also a doubtful, hesitating faith. I confess that for my own part I prefer the honest bluntness with which my valued friend Professor Newcomb presents this matter. 'That the adjustment,' he says, 'should be a mere matter of chance, without any physical cause to produce it, is almost infinitely improbable, while to suppose it to result from the mere arbitrary will of the Creator, is contrary to all scientific philosophy.'

Now, there is a circumstance in the condition and movements of our own earth indicating a way by which the moon might have attained that peculiar rate of rotation. The tidal wave, which, roughly speaking, may be said to sweep twice a day round the earth in a direction contrary to her rotation, exerts a certain exceedingly small effect in slowing her rotation-rate, and thus in lengthening her day. This effect is so small that many millions of years must elapse before the day would be doubled in length, and many millions of millions of years before the earth would turn at such a rate as to present always the same face towards the moon, even if the present lengthening of the day continued constantly, instead of gradually diminishing from its present exceedingly minute amount. Now, if we suppose the moon to have existed for millions of millions of years, and to have had during the greater part of that time a deep ocean in which tides would be raised by the earth's attraction, we can understand the possibility that an original rotation of the moon at something like the earth's present rate of turning might have been gradually reduced until at length the present slow rate of turning—once in 27 $\frac{1}{4}$ days—had been attained to. But we require most tremendous time-

intervals on such a theory, and moreover we require that the moon's condition should at one time and for a long time have been exceedingly unlike her present condition. The former difficulty is more serious than the latter; for it is almost impossible to set back the formation of the moon farther than a few thousands, or at the most tens of thousands, of millions of years, whereas this theory would require that she should have been the scene of tidal disturbance during millions of millions of years.

If we suppose that her own mass was wholly or partially fluid for millions of years, we to some degree escape this difficulty, for the tides which would in that case have been raised by the earth would have been far larger than mere tides in the lunar seas. Formerly this was the explanation which seemed to me the most probable. I find that Professor Newcomb regards it with some degree of favor. 'If the moon were once,' he says, 'in a partially fluid state, and rotated on her axis in a period different from her present one, then the enormous tides produced by the attraction of the earth, combined with the centrifugal force, would be accompanied by a friction which would gradually retard the rate of rotation, until it was reduced to the point of exact coincidence with the rate of revolution round the earth as we now find it. We therefore see in the present state of things a certain amount of probable evidence that the moon was once in a state of partial fluidity.'

But while I still regard this theory as the true one, I recognise in a yet earlier stage of the moon's development the most effective part of the earth's action in modifying the rate of the moon's rotation. When the moon was in great part gaseous, at which time the earth was almost entirely gaseous, and probably extended beyond the mass whence one day the moon was to be formed, this mass would be compelled to rotate very nearly in the same time as it revolved around the earth's centre. It may be compared to a mass of matter carried round by a whirlpool. Such a mass might have a slow independent rotation in the fluid; but, speaking generally, we may describe its motion as corresponding to that which it would have if the fluid were so thick and viscid as only

to allow the mass to move with it as it whirled round. If this were so in the moon's case, then when the contracting mass of the earth left the moon outside, the moon would have just such a rate of rotation as she has at present—that is, she would turn once on her axis as she circled once round the earth. And though, as the moon contracted, her rate of rotation would tend to alter, the action of the earth would be competent to overcome this tendency, compelling the moon to move always with the same face directed earthwards.

Though there are difficulties in the theory thus presented, and though indeed it is altogether unlikely that the exact correspondence described in the preceding paragraph ever really existed, I apprehend that there is no real objection to the theory that the observed peculiarity of the moon's rotation was chiefly brought about in this way—that is, while the moon's mass was in great part vaporous. In a later stage, when the moon's mass was chiefly fluid, another large share of the work would be done. Only a very small part would thus be left for the time when the moon's surface had become solid but was still swept by ocean tides. In this way we not only attain an explanation which accords with accepted views respecting the past condition of the moon, as one of the members of the solar system, but we escape the necessity of imagining periods of time so long that even the tremendous periods which science recognises as appertaining to the past of our solar system seem small by comparison. For it is certain that a globe like the moon, having oceans like those of our own earth, and rotating once in twenty-four hours, would not be compelled by the earth's attraction to rotate once a month in less than a trillion (a million million millions) of years.

It is well to notice, however, that no matter what physical interpretation of the observed peculiarity is accepted, we find in every case enormous time-intervals, during which the moon must have existed and have been subject to the earth's attraction. We are compelled to reject the idea that mere chance made the moon rotate as she does, keeping perfect time with her motion round the earth. We cannot accept the belief that,

whereas the Supreme Intelligence allowed almost all the motions in the solar system to be completed in times no way related to each other, so that, for example, no exact number of days or months measure the year or any number of years, and that no exact number of hours or days measure the common lunar month, or any other kind of month, or any number of any of these months, the Creator nevertheless saw fit in the Beginning to set the moon's turning motion in exact accordance with her motion round the earth—a relation not only utterly useless (at least, no one has ever yet been able to conceive any possible use it could have), but positively disadvantageous in more ways than one. It remains only that we should regard the relation as the result of physical processes: and so regarding it, we find that, in whatever way it was brought about, many millions or many hundreds of millions of years must have elapsed before the moon's movements received their final adjustment.

Now let us revert to the theory which I advanced originally in my book on the moon (p. 343, first edition), and which, as we have seen, Professor Newcomb considers the most probable—viz., that the moon's rotation-rate was determined when the greater part of her mass was fluid. Remembering the exceeding remoteness which must be assigned to that era of her career, let us consider the conditions under which she has existed since. It will be observed that I do not insist on her prior existence as a vaporous mass, at least as an essential point in my present reasoning. It is not that I entertain any doubt that she was for a long time a vaporous mass; but because it would be difficult to indicate any way by which any traces of what happened to her during that part of her existence could be detected. When she had become fluid, even, she would retain no trace of any of the accidents to which she would be exposed: luminous masses might fall upon her, but they would be absorbed into her fluid globe, leaving no sign of the encounter. It would not be till she began to lose her fluidity, as the fiery heat of her globe passed away, that any visible effects would result from the shocks and collisions to which she would be exposed. I

pass on at once then to this era of the moon's existence.

It is certain, in the first place, that at that time millions of millions of tons of matter, now forming part of the masses of the various members of the solar system, were travelling about as meteors. It would be utterly unreasonable to imagine that the process of meteoric indraught at present taking place on the earth is not also taking place on every member of the solar system, or that this process of growth, which all the members of the solar system are undergoing now, has not taken place during past ages, and will not take place during ages yet to come. But this is far from being all. Since we know that every meteor that falls upon this earth, or on any other planet, or on the moon, is there and then brought to the end of its existence as an independent body, we perceive that the process of meteoric indraught is one of diminishing activity. The supply of meteors is becoming slowly but steadily exhausted. Doubtless, plenty yet remain, and will remain for millions of years yet to come. They never can be all consumed, in fact, any more than the air in the receiver of an air-pump can ever be exhausted by the process of pumping. Each stroke of the pump removes a certain volume of the rarefied air left in the receiver; but as the air grows rarer and rarer the actual amount of air removed is diminished, and of course the air removed never can be the whole of the air left, since, by the very nature of the process of exhaustion, a small portion only of the contents of the receiver is removed at each stroke. So with the process of meteoric exhaustion. Every year the earth sweeps up or gathers in all the meteors encountered in its track, and each planet, in each of its circuits round the sun, does likewise; but as the meteors become rarer and rarer the number swept up in any given time becomes less and less. Nor can all ever be swept up, since each planet, in each of its circuits, clears of meteors only a very minute portion of the solar domain. The inference as to the past is obvious. Many millions of years ago the number of meteors gathered in by any planet or satellite must have been enormously greater than it is at present.

Now, the present rate of meteoric in-

draught is not altogether insignificant. It has been calculated that the earth gathers in, in the course of a year, as many as 400 million meteoric bodies, large and small, from the great masses which break their way through the air,—our shield against the meteoric artillery,—down to bodies so minute that a telescope would be required to make them visible in their rush through the air. This, be it remembered, is a result deduced from observation, and so deduced as certainly to fall short of the truth, not exceed it. In one sense the supply of meteoric matter seems enormous, while in another sense it is exceedingly small. If we assign to the meteors an average weight of only a single grain, we yet find that the earth grows a thousand tons in weight in three years, so that since the time of Abraham the earth's weight must have increased much more than a million tons. Probably one grain is too low an estimate of the average weight of these bodies. Professor Harkness, of Washington, has recently deduced from the known facts respecting meteors a result which accords closely with one which I myself enunciated in 1871 (as is natural, seeing that I used the same general evidence, and dealt with it in much the same manner). At the present rate of meteoric downfall, 400 million years or thereabouts would be required to increase the earth's diameter by a single inch.

It may seem at a first view as though this result were altogether inconsistent with the theory that any considerable portion of the earth's mass has been derived from meteoric aggregation. But in reality, when due account is taken, first of the former expansion of the earth's globe when it was in the vaporous state, secondly of the enormous length of time during which the process of indraught has probably taken place, and thirdly of the fact that the present density of meteoric distribution must be exceedingly small compared with that existing hundreds of millions of years ago, it appears that ninety-nine hundredths of the earth's whole mass might readily have been gathered in by meteoric aggregation. I do not here dwell upon the evidence showing this, because it does not belong to my subject; but it seemed necessary to mention that, so far is any difficulty from arising in the way suggested—that

is, from the poverty of meteoric material—that in reality the real difficulty is to understand how the earth remained so small when we consider how enormous must have been the quantity of meteoric matter in remote eras to account for so many millions of millions of meteors remaining still uncaptured.

Now, the moon, travelling along with the earth in the remote ages to which our present inquiry relates, must have gathered in her own share of meteoric matter. At this present time, for instance, about thirty millions of meteorites, large and small, fall each year upon the moon. She passes through the same meteoric systems as the earth, and she can no more escape meteoric downfall as she thus rushes through these systems than the earth can. We may compare her companionship with the earth to that of a child with a grown person in a shower of rain. As many drops do not fall on the child as on the adult because the child is smaller; but the child gets as thoroughly drenched as his grown companion, assuming neither to be protected by an umbrella. So the moon receives as many meteors on each square mile of her surface (on the average of many millions of years) as the earth does. Since her surface is about one-thirteenth of the earth's (more exactly two-twenty-sevenths), she receives about one-thirteenth of the number of meteors which the earth encounters, or, taking the number above-mentioned for the earth, the moon's annual indraught of meteors is at present about 30 millions.

In passing, it is worthy of special notice that the downfall on each square mile of the moon is equal to the downfall on each square mile of the earth, on the average of long periods. It follows from this that the moon's present rate of growth from meteoric aggregation is equal to the earth's. Not that the moon grows equally either in volume or in mass, for her annual growth in both respects is but about one-thirteenth of the earth's annual growth; but as her surface is only a thirteenth of the earth's, a meteoric deposit of equal thickness is received each year by the moon and by the earth. And this has been true during millions of years past. Now if two bodies, unequal in size, were to grow

equally in diameter year after year, they would become in the long run, to all intents and purposes, equal in size. Imagine a million miles added to the diameters of both the earth and moon; then the earth would have a diameter of 1,008,000 miles, and the moon a diameter of 1,002,200 miles, and these numbers are practically equal—the difference between them being very small compared with either. This is not a point of any importance as regards the future history of the earth and moon, for it is quite certain that neither will ever add half a mile to their present diameters, even though they should continue to travel as they now do for a million millions of years. But it is a point of extreme importance as respects the past of our earth and moon—a circumstance which, so far as I know, no one has hitherto noticed.

Suppose, for instance, we imagine the earth at some exceedingly remote epoch to have had only a thousandth of her present mass, so that at the same density her diameter would be only one-tenth that which she now has, and her surface one-hundredth of her present surface. Then if the moon existed at the same time, in the same state—vaporous, fluid, or solid—she would add as many miles to her diameter year by year from meteoric indraught as the earth would. And if this had continued to the present time, it would actually follow that the moon should have added to her diameter then (whatever it may have been) nine-tenths of the present diameter of the earth, or, roughly, about 7,000 miles. But the moon only has a diameter of about 2,160 miles altogether. It follows, therefore, that either the moon only had existence as a separate orb from the earth long after the earth had received the greater part of her present mass, or else the various stages of the moon's existence as a vaporous and as a fluid globe were very much shorter than the corresponding stages of the earth's existence. The latter is altogether the more probable explanation, and accords with what we should expect to happen during the cooling of the unequal masses of the earth and moon. But it is well to notice that our theoretical anticipations in this respect are thus confirmed by reasoning of another kind.

It has been calculated by Bischoff that the earth required 350 millions of years to cool from 2,000 degrees to 200 degrees centigrade, or in other words the earth must have existed as a ball of fused rocks for about that time. It may readily be shown that the moon would have remained fluid during only about a fourth of the time, say about 80 millions of years. Now, during the greatest part of this long period the surface of the moon would be viscid rather than fluid; and during the last ten or twelve millions of years of that period the moon's surface would be simply plastic. It would receive and retain any impressions which it might receive from without, much as the surface of a nearly dried pool of mud receives and retains the impressions of raindrops. Or rather as such a surface, if stones be thrown upon it, allows the stones to pass through, and shows thereafter a shallow depression where the stone had fallen, so if any large mass fell upon the moon's surface while in the plastic state, the mass would pass below the surface, and a circular saucer-shaped depression only would show where the mass had fallen.

Let us suppose that the moon's surface was in this plastic state for only about three million years, remembering that, according to all that can be inferred from the experiments made by physicists and from the theoretical researches of mathematicians, this probably falls very far short of the truth.

And next let us suppose that at the remote era to which we must refer that special stage of the moon's development, the density of meteoric distribution in the solar domain was only ten times as great as it is at present, remembering that this also is probably very far short of the truth.

Now, among the meteors which fall each year upon the earth, few are large enough to break their way through the earth's atmospheric shield, without being either vaporised in their rush through it, or else caused to burst into a number of small fragments. Possibly over the whole earth some ten or twelve may thus fall in a year, one or two only being seen, because the chances are largely in favor of a meteorite escaping detection as it falls. If we suppose that at present only four such meteorites fall on the

average each year upon the earth, and that therefore one only falls at present in the course of about three years upon the moon, we are certainly not taking an exaggerated estimate of the present rate of downfall of large meteoric masses upon our satellite. Of course a much larger number of meteoric bodies of all sizes reach the moon, for she travels on her course without the protection of an atmosphere, at least she has no atmosphere dense enough to ward off even the smallest meteors. So that, in reality, some 30 million bodies large and small must actually impinge on the moon's surface each year; and probably some ten or twenty thousand are of the kind we call fire-balls. It is, however, to be noted that almost every mass which thus strikes the moon must be vaporised by the intense heat excited as it impinges on the moon's surface; and even if this did not happen,* only one or two of the very largest which might so fall in the course of a century or so would be visible on the moon's surface observed under the most favorable conditions, with the largest telescopes made by man. Moreover, we may restrict our attention to the largest meteorites, in considering the moon's plastic era, for most probably at that time she had an atmosphere not far inferior to the earth's present atmosphere, as a shield against meteors.

Putting one very large meteorite in three years as the present rate of downfall on the moon, it would follow that, at the remote period to which our researches relate, ten such meteorites would fall in three years. Thus, in the three millions of years during which the era may be safely assumed to have lasted, ten million very large meteorites fell, according to the moderate assumptions we have made, upon the plastic surface of our satellite. These would not correspond to the very largest meteorites or aerolites known to men, either as having fallen on the earth or as seen and measured while moving athwart the sky. From time to

time bodies are seen whose diameter is estimated at several hundred yards; and though no masses of this size have been known to reach the earth within the historic period, it must be remembered that the chances are usually in favor of the explosion of such meteorites into fragments as they pass through our air. I imagine, however, that the estimate of most of these bodies has been considerably exaggerated.*

The point to be noticed here, however, is this, that a mass far too small to be discernible at the moon's distance, would produce a discernible mark if it fell on the moon's surface in the plastic era. A circular depression far larger in diameter than the falling mass would be formed at the place where it had pierced the viscous crust. So that we might fairly take into account the downfall of all the very large meteorites—that is, according to our estimate above, of some ten million masses—as competent to leave marks such as could be recognised with powerful telescopes from our earth, supposing nothing happened in later stages of the moon's history to obliterate such marks.

Among these ten million meteorites ten only in a thousand perhaps might be very large, so as to leave where they fell circular depressions from a quarter of a mile to a mile in diameter. For the diameter of the aerolites themselves, of course, would not be nearly so large as that of the circular depression left where they had fallen. In this case about a hundred million small shallow craters would be formed on the moon's surface during the plastic era.

But again, among these very large aerolites, probably some—it might be only one in a thousand—would be excessively large, from a quarter to half a mile perhaps in diameter. It is true, we know of no such mass having struck our earth within historic times, nor have any

* A certain proportion of meteoric masses reach the earth, and so, also, a certain proportion must reach the moon, with relatively small velocities. For instance, those which travel the same way, and either overtake or are overtaken with only the difference of their velocity and the velocity of the earth (or moon, as the case may be).

* Though not quite to the extent imagined by Mr. Phipson in his treatise on *Meteors, Aerolites, and Falling Stars*. He has fallen into two mistakes, rather seriously affecting his conclusions: first, in taking the average height of great meteors above the earth as their average distance from the observer; and next, in supposing that a globe 206,000 times as far away as its diameter, subtends an angle of one minute, instead of an angle of one second only (a sixtieth part of a minute, that is).

such masses been recognised in the earth's crust ; but so many instances are on record of the passage of masses apparently as large as 100 yards in diameter through our air, which but for the air would certainly have fallen with their full mass on the earth's solid surface, that we cannot but believe in the existence even to this day of many enormous meteorites, and in the probability that at long intervals they fall upon our earth's atmospheric shield. Thus during these three million years some hundred very large masses would fall upon the moon's plastic surface, leaving where they had pierced the moon's crust vast circular depressions, each far exceeding in diameter the mass whose downfall had produced it.

Before proceeding to consider the result of such meteoric downfall on the moon's surface, I must remind the reader yet once more that, strange though these considerations which I am presenting to him may seem, they are based entirely upon known facts, and probably fall even far short of the truth. The nebular hypothesis, or some modification of that hypothesis, of the formation of the solar system is received by all astronomers of repute in the present day. The enormous duration of the various periods of planetary and lunar development has been demonstrated not only by experiments on the cooling of various substances, but by the study of our earth's crust. We know that meteors of all kinds still encounter the earth, and have no choice but to believe that, since so many now remain, the number existing millions of years ago must have been enormously greater. We know certainly that the moon in her journey round the sun must have encountered her share of these meteoric bodies. And we cannot possibly doubt that any considerable meteoric mass falling on the moon's surface at any time during the long period when that surface was wholly or partially plastic, would leave a larger circular depression where it has pierced the crust.

All these points may be regarded as certain ; at least, any doubts respecting them must be doubts affecting the general theory of the evolution of the solar system, and such doubts need not here be combated.

But now the question arises whether

the marks thus left upon the moon's surface would remain during the later stages of her existence down to the present time. It is certain that the surface of our own earth must once have been in a similar way pitted with the marks of meteoric downfalls, for she, like the moon, was in her growth

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls, and the era when her surface was plastic to receive and to retain the marks of the meteoric hail-storm (before

Man and his works and all that stirred itself
Of its own motion

could live upon it) lasted many millions of those cosmical instants which men call years. Yet we know that of those impressions which the earth then received no traces now remain. Again and again has the surface of our earth been changed since then. By the denudation of continents, by the deposit of strata under seas, and by the repeated interchange of seas and continents, every trace of the primeval surface of our globe has long since been either removed or concealed.

Would this have happened with the moon ? or if we are to judge by the evidence of what is, rather than by the consideration of what would have befallen, has this happened with the moon ?

As regards the probable sequel of the state of things which, as we have seen, must have existed when first the moon's surface solidified, it is not easy to form an opinion. On the one hand, there are reasons for supposing that for many long ages the moon would resemble our earth in having an atmosphere and oceans, though probably the atmosphere would be far rarer than ours is now, and the oceans far more limited in extent. On the other hand, it is impossible to overlook the actual facts of the case, viz., that at present the moon has no atmosphere of appreciable density, and no ocean surface at all, while the theories which have been advanced to explain the removal of an atmosphere and oceans formerly existing are, to say the least, not altogether satisfactory. They might account perhaps for the disappearance of a very tenuous atmosphere, and the drying up (or rather the soaking in) of oceans of limited extent ; but scarcely for the

disappearance of all signs of an atmosphere and oceans at all resembling those of our own earth.

On the whole, I am disposed to think that those features of our moon which have been regarded as indicating the former existence of oceans—as, for instance, the darkness of the low-level regions called seas, the existence of regions looking like alluvial deposits, and so forth—may be regarded as indicating only the existence of regions which remained liquid long after the rest of the moon's surface had solidified. I would not deny the possibility, or even the probability, that in these regions there may formerly have been considerable seas. Nay, they may possibly have been entirely sea-covered. But it certainly has not yet been proved that they ever were so.

Of course when the moon's surface was partially solid or even merely plastic and partially liquid, all the liquid matter would seek the lower levels. The plastic surface only would retain the marks of meteoric downfalls: that is, the traces of the fall of those many thousands of large masses which we have seen must have struck the moon during her plastic era. Where the liquid surfaces existed, no such traces could be retained, any more than the marks of rainfall can be retained by the surface of the sea.

On the one hand, then, if we suppose the atmosphere of the moon in remote times exceedingly tenuous and the seas very limited in extent, the effects of aerial denudation would be utterly insignificant compared with those which we recognise on the earth; so that we might expect the signs of meteoric pitting to be very little disturbed during the comparatively short era of the moon's existence as a habitable world. On the other hand, we could not expect any traces of meteoric downfall to remain in the low-lying regions to which the liquid portions of the moon's surface formerly flowed. Only when this liquid matter had either solidified or been gradually withdrawn into the moon's interior, could irregularities be formed, retained, or recognised in these regions.

If these *à priori* considerations are just, it would be found—first, that the high-level regions of the moon would be

marked by multitudinous small craters of all dimensions, from the minutest which the most powerful telescope could recognise to craters a mile or two in diameter; secondly, that the low-level regions would present a different color, and, as it were, texture, being formed of different matter which, retaining its liquidity longer, had necessarily come to form the lower lunar levels; thirdly, that comparatively few craters, and those mostly small ones, would be found over these low-lying regions. To these probable features may be added, but with less antecedent likelihood, this—that in the arrangement of the smaller lunar craters, peculiarities might sometimes be recognised indicating the occasional fall of a flight or string of meteors such as we sometimes see travelling athwart our skies even in these times when the supply of meteoric matter is all but exhausted by comparison with the wealth of meteors formerly existing.

Now let us see how these anticipations accord with the facts. To avoid all possibility of prejudice I will take the account of lunar details from a work written by an official astronomer, one therefore not likely to consider even, far less to be prejudiced in favor of, speculations respecting the past history of the heavenly bodies (any more than a land surveyor or a civil engineer would be likely to dwell upon geological speculations respecting the soils or surfaces with which he has officially to deal). I must admit that Professor Newcomb, to whom I refer, differs entirely from most European official astronomers in this respect, as do others of his countrymen. In writing his treatise on astronomy he does not seem by any means to have thought it essential to eschew all consideration of the physical significance of observed facts. I would therefore have taken a description of the moon by some one else, some official astronomer of the purely surveying order; but unfortunately the descriptions of the moon in their writings are too incomplete to be of interest or value; and any thoughts as to the moon's probable conditions, either now* or in the remote past or

* Not long ago, a picture which some ingenious artist had painted to represent a lunar landscape, was sent to the Astronomical Soci-

future, would be sought in vain. Let us hear, however, how Professor Newcomb describes the features of the moon which specially concern us here.

'As the moon is now seen and mapped,' he says, 'the difference between the light and dark portions is due merely to a difference in the color of the material, much of which seems to be darker than the average of terrestrial objects.

Galileo saw that the brighter portions of the disc were [are] broken up with inequalities of the nature of mountains and craters, while the darker parts were [are] for the most part smooth and uniform. . . . It is very curious that the figures of these inequalities in the lunar surface can be closely imitated by throwing pebbles upon the surface of some smooth plastic mass, as mud or mortar. . . . There is no more real smoothness in the regions of the supposed seas than elsewhere. The inequalities are smaller and harder to see on account of the darkness of color, but that is all.'

As to peculiarities of arrangement, Webb remarks on the tendency to parallel direction among craters, and local repetitions: 'Two similar craters often lie north and south of each other, and near them is frequently a corresponding duplicate. Two large craters occasionally lie north and south, of greatly resembling character, the southern usually three-fourths of the northern in size, from eighteen to thirty-six miles apart, and connected by ridges pointing in a south-west direction. Several of these arrangements are the more remarkable, as we know of nothing similar on the earth.'

If the views above considered are just—and it seems to me very difficult to controvert them—the multitudinous small craters would be due to external action, and they would be earlier formations in the main than the larger craters

ety, for exhibition at one of the evening meetings. Many remarks were made on the probable accuracy or inaccuracy of various features of this fanciful but attractive painting. (In some respects it was decidedly inaccurate.) At last the chief official astronomer rose, and many expected that remarks of considerable interest would be addressed to the meeting respecting the lunar landscape. His actual speech was simply as follows: 'Mr. Chairman, I move that this picture be demitted to the floor.'

due to the reaction of the moon's interior upon the contracting crust. Thus we might expect to find regions covered with small craters affected by the results of contractive processes and internal resistance to such contraction, in such sort that all the small craters would be distorted and all similarly. Beer and Mädler describe a lunar feature corresponding with what we should thus expect, speaking of 'small craters entangled in general pressures, and squeezed into an oval form,' the effect being 'like that of an oblique strain upon the pattern of a loosely-woven fabric.'

It will be understood that I do not consider the larger features of the moon as necessarily or probably due to external action. I cannot see how the crust of the moon while plastic can have escaped being marked by multitudes of small craters; and I do not think it likely that the pitting thus caused would be obliterated by subsequent processes of denudation. Thus I regard the crowded small craters which exist on the higher regions of the moon's surface as most probably due to meteoric downfall. But the crust thus pitted externally would, during later stages (or possibly contemporary stages) of the moon's progress, undergo changes resembling those which have affected our earth's crust.

First, the crust contracting more rapidly than the nucleus, because parting more rapidly with its heat, would be exposed to tremendous strains, corresponding precisely with those which would result from the expansion of a nucleus within an unchanging shell. It would probably be to this stage of the moon's development that we must refer the systems of radiating streaks which form so marked a feature of the lunar globe.

Secondly, the crust having cooled with comparative rapidity (though millions of years were probably required for this process), the nucleus would in its turn begin to cool more quickly than the crust, having more heat to part with. Accordingly spaces would form between the nucleus and the crust, were it not that the action of gravity would compel the crust to follow up the contracting nucleus. From this process two things would follow: first, massive corruga-

tions would form on the surface of the moon ; in other words, mountain ranges and all orders of ridge-shaped irregularities ; secondly, the heat resulting from this mechanical process would, as in the case of our own earth even to this day, cause volcanic explosions, and result in the formation of mighty craters.

But with these stages of the moon's development I am not at present concerned. It is with the multitudinous small craters which cover all the higher regions of the moon that I have sought to deal. It appears to me that whether we consider what must have happened as the moon passed through the plastic and semi-plastic stages of her existence, or whether we consider the evidence derived from the actual condition of the moon's surface, we are alike led to the conclusion that the innumerable small craters which cover the higher lunar levels have been caused chiefly by meteoric downfall. When I first advanced this theory (in 1873) I had not yet fully recognised the evidence both *à priori* and *à posteriori* in its favor. I said then that 'I should certainly not care to *maintain* it as the true theory of the origin of the small craters,' though I pointed out that 'as yet no plausible theory has been urged

respecting this remarkable feature of the moon's surface.' I now view the subject differently. The evidence in favor of the meteoric theory of the small craters is much stronger than I at first supposed, the difficulty of forming any other plausible theory much greater. I may even go so far as to say that it would be a problem of extreme difficulty to show how a body formed like the moon, exposed to similar conditions, and for the same enormous time-intervals, could fail to show such markings as actually exist on the moon. A theory of which this can be said stands on a somewhat strong basis. But, after all, I believe no amount of abstract reasoning will do so much to indicate the probability of this explanation as a brief study of the moon's surface with a good (not necessarily a very powerful) telescope. If this essay should lead some thus to examine the moon who have never yet done so, not only will it have subserved a useful purpose, but the pleasure they will derive from the novel experience will be deemed, I am satisfied, a sufficient reward for whatever time and attention they may have given to the reading of this paper on the smaller craters of our satellite.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISCLOSURE.

AND now he was all eagerness to brave the first dragon in his way—the certain opposition of this proud old lady at Castle Dare. No doubt she would stand aghast at the mere mention of such a thing ; perhaps in her sudden indignation she might utter sharp words that would rankle afterwards in the memory. In any case he knew the struggle would be long, and bitter, and harassing ; and he had not the skill of speech to persuasively bend a woman's will. There was another way—impossible, alas !—he had thought of. If only he could have taken Gertrude White by the hand—if only he could have led her up the hall, and presented her to his

mother, and said, "Mother, this is your daughter : is she not fit to be the daughter of so proud a mother ?"—the fight would have been over. How could any one withstand the appeal of those fearless and tender clear eyes ?

Impatiently he waited for the end of dinner on the evening of his arrival ; impatiently he heard Donald, the piper lad, play the brave Salute—the wild shrill yell overcoming the low thunder of the Atlantic outside ; and he paid but little attention to the old and familiar *Cumhadh na Cloinne*. Then Hamish put the whisky and the claret on the table ; and withdrew. They were left alone.

"And now, Keith," said his cousin Janet, with the wise grey eyes grown cheerful and kind, "you will tell us about all the people you saw in London ;

and was there much gaiety going on—and did you see the Queen at all—and did you give any fine dinners?”

“How can I answer you all at once, Janet?” said he, laughing in a somewhat nervous way. “I did not see the Queen, for she was at Windsor; and I did not give any fine dinners, for it is not the time of year in London to give fine dinners; and indeed I spent enough money in that way when I was in London before. But I saw several of the friends who were very kind to me when I was in London in the summer. And do you remember, Janet, my speaking to you about the beautiful young lady—the actress—I met at the house of Colonel Ross of Duntormie?”

“Oh yes, I remember very well.”

“Because,” said he—and his fingers were rather nervous as he took out a package from his breast-pocket—“I have got some photographs of her for the mother and you to see. But it is little of any one that you can understand from photographs. You would have to hear her talk, and see her manner, before you could understand why every one speaks so well of her, and why she is a friend with every one—”

He had handed the packet to his mother, and the old lady had adjusted her eye-glasses, and was turning over the various photographs.

“She is very good-looking,” said Lady Macleod. “Oh yes, she is very good-looking. And that is her sister?”

“Yes.”

Janet was looking over them too.

“But where did you get all the photographs of her, Keith?” she said.

“They are from all sorts of places—Scarborough, Newcastle, Brighton—”

“I got them from herself,” said he.

“Oh, do you know her so well?”

“I know her very well. She was the most intimate friend of the people whose acquaintance I first made in London,” he said simply; and then he turned to his mother: “I wish photographs could speak, mother, for then you might make her acquaintance, and as she is coming to the Highlands next year—”

“We have no theatre in Mull, Keith,” Lady Macleod said, with a smile.

“But by that time she will not be an actress at all: did I not tell you that before?” he said, eagerly. “Did I

not tell you that? She is going to leave the stage—perhaps sooner or later, but certainly by that time; and when she comes to the Highlands next year with her father, she will be travelling just like any one else. And I hope, mother, you won’t let them think that we Highlanders are less hospitable than the people of London.”

He made the suggestion in an apparently careless fashion; but there was a painfully anxious look in his eyes. Janet noticed that.

“It would be strange if they were to come to so unfrequented a place as the west of Mull,” said Lady Macleod somewhat coldly, as she put the photographs aside.

“But I have told them all about the place, and what they will see; and they are eagerly looking forward to it; and you surely would not have them put up at the inn at Bunessan, mother?”

“Really, Keith, I think you have been imprudent. It was little matter our receiving a bachelor friend like Norman Ogilvie; but I don’t think we are quite in a condition to entertain strangers at Dare.”

“No one objected to me as a stranger when I went to London,” said he proudly.

“If they are anywhere in the neighborhood,” said Lady Macleod, “I should be pleased to show them all the attention in my power, as you say they were friendly with you in London; but really, Keith, I don’t think you can ask me to invite two strangers to Dare—”

“Then it is to the inn at Bunessan they must go?” he asked.

“Now, auntie,” said Janet Macleod, with her gentle voice, “you are not going to put poor Keith into a fix; I know you won’t do that. I see the whole thing; it is all because Keith was so thorough a Highlander. They were talking about Scotland; and no doubt he said there was nothing in the country to be compared with our islands, and caves, and cliffs. And then they spoke of coming; and of course he threw open the doors of the house to them. He would not have been a Highlander if he had done anything else, auntie; and I know you won’t be the one to make him break off an invitation. And if we cannot give them grand entertainments at

Dare, we can give them a Highland welcome anyway."

This appeal to the Highland pride of the mother was not to be withstood.

"Very well, Keith," said she. "We shall do what we can for your friends; though it isn't much in this old place."

"She will not look at it that way," he said eagerly. "I know that. She will be proud to meet you, mother; and to shake hands with you; and to go about with you, and do just whatever you are doing—"

Lady Macleod started.

"How long do you propose this visit should last?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said he hastily. "But you know, mother, you would not hurry your guests; for I am sure you would be as proud as any one to show them that we have things worth seeing. We should take her to the cathedral at Iona on some moonlight night; and then some day we could go out to the Dubh Artach lighthouse—and you know how the men are delighted to see a new face—"

"You would never think of that, Keith," his cousin said. "Do you think a London young lady would have the courage to be swung on to the rocks and to climb up all those steps outside?"

"She has the courage for that or for anything," said he. "And then, you know, she would be greatly interested in the clouds of puffins and the skarts behind Staffa; and we would take her to the great caves in the cliffs at Gribun; and I have no doubt she would like to go out to one of the uninhabited islands."

Lady Macleod had preserved a stern silence. When she had so far yielded as to promise to ask those two strangers to come to Castle Dare on their round of the western islands, she had taken it for granted that their visit would necessarily be of the briefest; but the projects of which Keith Macleod now spoke seemed to suggest something like a summer passed at Dare. And he went on talking in this strain, nervously delighted with the pictures that each promised excursion called up. Miss White would be charmed with this, and delighted with that. Janet would find her so pleasant a companion; the mother would be inclined to pet her at first sight.

"She is already anxious to make your acquaintance, mother," said he to the proud old dame who sat there ominously silent. "And she could think of no other message to send you than this—it belonged to her mother."

He opened the little package—of old lace, or something of that kind—and handed it to his mother; and at the same time, his impetuosity carrying him on, he said that perhaps the mother would write now and propose the visit in the summer.

At this Lady Macleod's surprise overcame her reserve.

"You must be mad, Keith! To write in the middle of winter and send an invitation for the summer! And really the whole thing is so extraordinary—a present coming to me from an absolute stranger—and that stranger an actress who is quite unknown to any one I know—"

"Mother, mother," he cried, "don't say any more. She has promised to be my wife."

Lady Macleod stared at him, as if to see whether he had really gone mad; and rose, and pushed back her chair.

"Keith," she said slowly, and with a cold dignity, "when you choose a wife, I hope I shall be the first to welcome her; and I shall be proud to see you with a wife worthy of the name that you bear; but, in the meantime, I do not think that such a subject should be made the occasion of a foolish jest."

And with that she left the apartment; and Keith Macleod turned in a bewildered sort of fashion to his cousin. Janet Macleod had risen too; she was regarding him with anxious and troubled and tender eyes.

"Janet," said he, "it is no jest at all!"

"I know that," said she in a low voice, and her face was somewhat pale. "I have known that. I knew it before you went away to England this last time."

And suddenly she went over to him, and bravely held out her hand; and there were quick tears in the beautiful grey eyes.

"Keith," said she, "there is no one will be more proud to see you happy than I; and I will do what I can for you now, if you will let me; for I see

your whole heart is set on it ; and how can I doubt that you have chosen a good wife ?”

“ Oh, Janet, if you could only see her and know her !”

She turned aside for a moment—only for a moment. When he next saw her face she was quite gay.

“ You must know, Keith,” said she, with a smile shining through the tears of the friendly eyes, “ that women-folk are very jealous ; and all of a sudden you come to auntie and me, and tell us that a stranger has taken away your heart from us and from Dare ; and you must expect us to be angry and resentful just a little bit at first.”

“ I never could expect that from you, Janet,” said he. “ I knew that was always impossible from you.”

“ As for auntie, then,” she said warmly, “ is it not natural that she should be surprised and perhaps offended—”

“ But she says she does not believe it—that I am making a joke of it—”

“ That is only her way of protesting, you know,” said the wise cousin. “ And you must expect her to be angry and obdurate ; because women have their prejudices, you know, Keith ; and this young lady—well, it is a pity she is not known to some one auntie knows.”

“ She is known to Norman Ogilvie, and to dozens of Norman Ogilvie’s friends, and Major Stewart has seen her,” said he quickly ; and then he drew back. “ But that is nothing. I do not choose to have any one to vouch for her.”

“ I know that ; I understand that, Keith,” Janet Macleod said gently. “ It is enough for me that you have chosen her to be your wife ; I know you would choose a good woman to be your wife ; and it will be enough for your mother when she comes to reflect. But you must be patient.”

“ Patient I would be, if it concerned myself alone,” said he, “ but the reflection—the insult of the doubt—”

“ Now, now, Keith,” said she, “ don’t let the hot blood of the Macleods get the better of you. You must be patient, and considerate. If you will sit down now quietly, and tell me all about the young lady, I will be your ambassador, if you like ; and I think I shall be able to persuade auntie.”

“ I wonder if there ever was any woman as kind as you are, Janet ?” said he, looking at her with a sort of wondering admiration.

“ You must not say that any more now,” she said, with a smile. “ You must consider the young lady you have chosen as perfection in all things. And this is a small matter. If auntie is difficult to persuade, and should protest and so forth, what she says will not hurt me, whereas it might hurt you very sorely. And now you will tell me all about the young lady ; for I must have my hands full of arguments when I go to your mother.”

And so this Court of Inquiry was formed ; with one witness not altogether unprejudiced in giving his evidence ; and with a judge ready to become the accomplice of the witness at any point. Somehow Macleod avoided speaking of Gertrude White’s appearance. Janet was rather a plain woman—despite those tender Celtic eyes. He spoke rather of her filial duty and her sisterly affection ; he minutely described her qualities as a house-mistress ; and he was enthusiastic about the heroism she had shown in determining to throw aside the glittering triumphs of her calling to live a simpler and wholesomer life. That passage in the career of Miss Gertrude White somewhat puzzled Janet Macleod. If it were the case that the ambitions and jealousies and simulated emotions of a life devoted to art had a demoralising and degrading effect on the character, why had not the young lady made the discovery a little earlier ? What was the reason of her very sudden conversion ? It was no doubt very noble on her part, if she really were convinced that this continual stirring up of sentiment without leading to practical issues had an unwholesome influence on her woman’s nature, to voluntarily surrender all the intoxication of success, with its praises and flatteries. But why was the change in her opinions so sudden ? According to Macleod’s own account, Miss Gertrude White, when he first went up to London, was wholly given over to the ambition of succeeding in her profession. She was then the “ white slave.” She made no protest against the repeatedly-announced theories of her father to the effect that an artist ceased to live for himself or

herself, and became merely a medium for the expression of the emotions of others. Perhaps the gentle cousin Janet would have had a clearer view of the whole case if she had known that Miss Gertrude White's awakening doubts as to the wholesomeness of simulated emotions on the human soul were strictly coincident in point of time with her conviction that at any moment she pleased she might call herself Lady Macleod.

With all the art he knew he described the beautiful small courtesies and tender ways of the little household at Rose Cottage; and he made it appear that this young lady, brought up amid the sweet observances of the south, was making an enormous sacrifice in offering to brave, for his sake, the transference to the harder and harsher ways of the north.

"And, you know, Keith, she speaks a good deal for herself," Janet Macleod said, turning over the photographs, and looking at them perhaps a little wistfully. "It is a pretty face. It must make many friends for her. If she were here herself now, I don't think auntie would hold out for a moment."

"That is what I know," said he eagerly. "That is why I am anxious she should come here. And if it were only possible to bring her now, there would be no more trouble; and I think we could get her to leave the stage—at least I would try. But how could we ask her to Dare in the winter-time? The sea and the rain would frighten her, and she would never consent to live here. And perhaps she needs time to quite make up her mind; she said she would educate herself all the winter through, and that, when I saw her again, she would be a thorough Highland woman. That shows you how willing she is to make any sacrifice, if she thinks it right."

"But if she is so convinced," said Janet doubtfully, "that she ought to leave the stage, why does she not do so at once? You say her father has enough money to support the family?"

"Oh, yes, he has," said Macleod, and then he added, with some hesitation, "Well, Janet, I did not like to press that. She has already granted so much. But I might ask her."

At this moment Lady Macleod's maid

came into the hall and said that her mistress wished to see Miss Macleod.

"Perhaps auntie thinks I am conspiring with you, Keith," she said, laughing, when the girl had gone. "Well, you will leave the whole thing in my hands; and I will do what I can. And be patient and reasonable, Keith, even if your mother won't hear of it for a day or two. We women are very prejudiced against each other, you know; and we have quick tempers, and we want a little coaxing and persuasion—that is all."

"You have always been a good friend to me, Janet," he said.

"And I hope it will all turn out for your happiness, Keith," she said gently, as she left.

But as for Lady Macleod, when Janet reached her room the haughty old dame was "neither to hold nor to bind." There was nothing she would not have done for this favorite son of hers but this one thing. Give her consent to such a marriage? The ghosts of all the Macleods of Dare would call shame on her!

"Oh, auntie," said the patient Janet, "he has been a good son to you. And you must have known he would marry some day."

"Marry?" said the old lady, and she turned a quick eye on Janet herself. "I was anxious to see him married. And when he was choosing a wife I think he might have looked nearer home, Janet."

"What a wild night it is!" said Janet Macleod quickly—and she went for a moment to the window. "The *Dunara* will be coming round the Mull of Cantire just about now. And where is the present, auntie, that the young lady sent you? You must write and thank her for that, at all events; and shall I write the letter for you in the morning?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

LADY MACLEOD remained obdurate; Janet went about the house with a sad look on her face; and Macleod, tired of the formal courtesy that governed the relations between his mother and himself, spent most of his time in snipe and duck shooting about the islands—brav-

ing the wild winds and wilder seas in a great open lug-sailed boat, the *Umpire* having long ago been sent to her winter quarters. But the harsh, rough life had its compensations. Letters came from the south—treasures to be pored over night after night with an increasing wonder and admiration. Miss Gertrude White was a charming letter-writer; and now there was no restraint at all over her frank confessions and playful humors. Her letters were a prolonged chat—bright, rambling, merry, thoughtful, just as the mood occurred. She told him of her small adventures and the incidents of her every-day life, so that he could delight himself with vivid pictures of herself and her surroundings. And again and again she hinted rather than said that she was continually thinking of the Highlands, and of the great change in store for her.

"Yesterday morning," she wrote, "I was going down the Edgeware Road, and whom should I see but two small boys, dressed as young Highlanders, staring into the window of a toy-shop. Stalwart young fellows they were, with ruddy complexions and brown legs, and their Glengarries coquettishly placed on the side of their head; and I could see at once that their plain kilt was no holiday dress. How could I help speaking to them?—I thought perhaps they had come from Mull. And so I went up to them and asked if they would let me buy a toy for each of them. 'We dot money,' says the younger, with a bold stare at my impertinence. 'But you can't refuse to accept a present from a lady?' I said. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said the elder boy, and he politely raised his cap; and the accent of his speech—well, it made my heart jump. But I was very nearly disappointed when I got them into the shop; for I asked what their name was, and they answered 'Lavender.' 'Why, surely that is not a Highland name,' I said. 'No, ma'am,' said the elder lad; 'but my mamma is from the Highlands, and we are from the Highlands, and we are going back to spend the New Year at home.' 'And where is your home?' I asked; but I have forgotten the name of the place—I understood it was somewhere away in the north. And then I asked them if they had ever been to Mull. 'We have

passed it in the *Clansman*,' said the elder boy. 'And do you know one Sir Keith Macleod there?' I asked. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said he, staring at me with his clear blue eyes as if I was a very stupid person, 'the Macleods are from Skye.' 'But surely one of them may live in Mull,' I suggested. 'The Macleods are from Skye,' he maintained, 'and my papa was at Dunvegan last year.' Then came the business of choosing the toys; and the smaller child would have a boat, though his elder brother laughed at him, and said something about a former boat of his having been blown out into Loch Rogue—which seemed to me a strange name for even a Highland loch. But the elder lad, he must needs have a sword; and when I asked him what he wanted that for, he said quite proudly, 'To kill the Frenchmen with.' 'To kill Frenchmen with!' I said—for this young fire-eater seemed to mean what he said. 'Yes, ma'am,' said he, 'for they shoot the sheep out on the Flannan Islands when no one sees them; but we will catch them some day.' I was afraid to ask him where the Flannan Islands were, for I could see he was already regarding me as a very ignorant person; so I had their toys tied up for them and packed them off home. 'And when you get home,' I said to them, 'you will give my compliments to your mamma, and say that you got the ship and the sword from a lady who has a great liking for the Highland people.' 'Yes, ma'am,' says the elder boy, touching his cap again with a proud politeness; and then they went their ways, and I saw them no more."

Then the Christmas-time came, with all its mystery, and friendly observances, and associations; and she described to him how Carry and she were engaged in decorating certain schools in which they were interested; and how a young curate had paid her a great deal of attention until some one went and told him, as a cruel joke, that Miss White was a celebrated dancer at a music-hall.

Then, on Christmas morning, behold the very first snow of the year! She got up early; she went out alone; the holiday world of London was not yet awake.

"I never in my life saw anything more beautiful," she wrote to him,

"than Regent's Park this morning, in a pale fog, with just a sprinkling of snow on the green of the grass, and one great yellow mansion shining through the mist—the sunlight on it—like some magnificent distant palace. And I said to myself, if I were a poet or a painter I would take the common things, and show people the wonder and the beauty of them; for I believe the sense of wonder is a sort of light that shines in the soul of the artist; and the least bit of the 'denying spirit'—the utterance of the word *connu*—snuffs it out at once. But then, dear Keith, I caught myself asking what I had to do with all these dreams, and these theories that papa would like to have talked about. What had I to do with art? And then I grew miserable; perhaps the loneliness of the park—with only those robust hurrying strangers crossing, blowing their fingers and pulling their cravats closer—had affected me; or perhaps it was that I suddenly found how helpless I am by myself. I want a sustaining hand, Keith; and that is now far away from me. I can do anything with myself of set purpose; but it doesn't last. If you remind me that one ought generously to overlook the faults of others, I generously overlook the faults of others—for five minutes. If you remind me that to harbor jealousy and envy is mean and contemptible, I make an effort and throw out all jealous and envious thoughts—for five minutes. And so you see I got discontented with myself; and I hated two men who were calling loud jokes at each other as they parted different ways; and I marched home through the fog, feeling rather inclined to quarrel with somebody. By the way, did you ever notice that you often can detect the relationship between people by their similar mode of walking, and that more easily than by any likeness of face? As I strolled home I could tell which of the couples of men walking before me were brothers by the similar bending of the knee and the similar gait, even when their features were quite unlike. There was one man whose fashion of walking was really very droll; his right knee gave a sort of preliminary shake as if it was uncertain which way the foot wanted to go. For the life of me I could not help imitating him; and then I wondered what his face would be

like if he were suddenly to turn round and catch me."

That still dream of Regent's Park in sunlight and snow he carried about with him as a vision—a picture—even amid these blustering westerly winds and the riven seas that sprung over the rocks, and swelled and roared away into the caves of Gribun and Bourg. There was no snow as yet up here at Dare; but wild tempests shaking the house to its foundations; and brief gleams of stormy sunlight lighting up the grey spindrift as it was whirled shorewards from the breaking seas; and then days of slow and mournful rain, with Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman become mere dull patches of blurred purple—when they were visible at all—on the leaden-hued and coldly-rushing Atlantic.

"I have passed through the gates of the Palace of Art," she wrote two days later, from the calmer and sunnier south, "and I have entered its mysterious halls; and I have breathed for a time the hushed atmosphere of wonderland. Do you remember meeting a Mr. Lemuel at any time at Mrs. Ross's?—a man with a strange, grey, tired face, and large, wan, blue eyes, and an air as if he were walking in a dream? Perhaps not; but, at all events, he is a great painter, who never exhibits to the vulgar crowd, but who is worshipped by a select circle of devotees; and his house is a temple dedicated to high art, and only profound believers are allowed to cross the threshold. Oh, dear me! I am not a believer; but how can I help that? Mr. Lemuel is a friend of papa's, however—they have mysterious talks over milk-jugs of colored stone, and small pictures with gilt skies and angels in red and blue. Well, yesterday he called on papa, and requested his permission to ask me to sit—or rather stand—for the heroine of his next great work, which is to be an allegorical one taken from the *Faery Queene*, or the *Morte d'Arthur*, or some such book. I protested; it was no use. 'Good gracious, papa,' I said, 'do you know what he will make of me? He will give me a dirty brown face; and I shall wear a dirty green dress; and no doubt I shall be standing beside a pool of dirty blue water—with a purple sky overhead, and a white moon in it. The chances are he will make my hair a dull red; and

give me gaunt cheeks like a corpse ; with a serpent under my foot, or a flaming dragon stretching his jaws behind my back.' Papa was deeply shocked at my levity. Was it for me, an artist (bless the mark !), to baulk the high aims of art ? Besides, it was vaguely hinted that, to reward me, certain afternoon-parties were to be got up ; and then, when I had come out of Merlin-land, and assured myself I was human by eating lunch, I was to meet a goodly company of distinguished folk—great poets, and one or two more mystic painters, a dilettante Duke, and the nameless crowd of worshippers who would come to sit at the feet of all these, and sigh adoringly, and shake their heads over the Philistinism of English society. I don't care for sickly mediæval maidens myself, nor for allegorical serpents, nor for bloodless men with hollow cheeks, supposed to represent soldierly valor ; if I were an artist I would rather show people the beauty of a common brick wall when the red winter sunset shines along it. But perhaps that is only my ignorance, and I may learn better before Mr. Lemuel has done with me."

When Macleod first read this passage, a dark expression came over his face. He did not like this new project.

"And so, yesterday afternoon," the letter continued, "papa and I went to Mr. Lemuel's house, which is only a short way from here ; and we entered, and found ourselves in a large circular and domed hall, pretty nearly dark, and with a number of closed doors. It was all hushed and mysterious and dim ; but there was a little more light when the man opened one of these doors and showed us into a chamber—or rather, one of a series of chambers—that seemed to me at first like a big child's toy-house, all painted and gilded with red and gold. It was bewilderingly full of objects that had no ostensible purpose—you could not tell whether any one of these rooms was dining-room, or drawing-room, or anything else ; it was all a museum of wonderful cabinets filled with different sorts of ware, and trays of uncut precious stones, and Eastern jewellery, and what not ; and then you discovered that in the panels of the cabinets were painted series of allegorical heads on a gold background ; and then perhaps you stumbled

on a painted glass window where no window should be. It was a splendid blaze of color, no doubt ; one began to dream of Byzantine emperors, and Moorish conquerors, and Constantinople gilt domes. And then—mark the dramatic effect !—away in the blaze of the further chamber appears a solemn, slim, bowed figure, dressed all in black—the black velvet coat seemed even blacker than black ; and the mournful-eyed man approached, and he gazed upon us a grave welcome from the pleading, affected, tired eyes. He had a slight cough, too, which I rather fancied was assumed for the occasion. Then we all sat down, and he talked to us in a low, sad, monotonous voice ; and there was a smell of frankincense about—no doubt a band of worshippers had lately been visiting at the shrine ; and, at papa's request, he showed me some of his trays of jewels, with a wearied air. And some drawings of Mantegna's that papa had been speaking about ; would he look at them now ? Oh, dear Keith, the wickedness of the human imagination ! As he went about in this limp and languid fashion, in the hushed room, with the old-fashioned scent in the air, I wished I was a street-boy. I wished I could get close behind him and give a sudden yell ! Would he fly into bits ? Would he be so startled into naturalness as to swear ? And all the time that papa and he talked, I dared scarcely lift my eyes ; for I could not but think of the effect of that wild 'Hi !' And what if I had burst into a fit of laughter without any apparent cause ?"

Apparently Miss White had not been much impressed by her visit to Mr. Lemuel's Palace of Art, and she made thereafter but slight mention of it, though she had been prevailed upon to let the artist borrow the expression of her face for his forthcoming picture. She had other things to think about now, when she wrote to Castle Dare.

For one day Lady Macleod went into her son's room and said to him, "Here is a letter, Keith, which I have written to Miss White. I wish you to read it."

He jumped to his feet and hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was a trifle formal, it is true ; but it was kind, and it expressed the hope that Miss White and her father would next summer visit

Castle Dare. The young man threw his arms round his mother's neck and kissed her. "That is like a good mother," said he. "Do you know how happy she will be when she receives this message from you?"

Lady Macleod left him the letter to address. He read it over carefully; and though he saw that the handwriting was the handwriting of his mother, he knew that the spirit that had prompted these words was that of the gentle cousin Janet.

This concession had almost been forced from the old lady by the patience and mild persistence of Janet Macleod; but if anything could have assured her that she had acted properly in yielding, it was the answer which Miss Gertrude White sent in return. Miss White wrote that letter several times over before sending it off, and it was a clever piece of composition: the timid expressions of gratitude; the hints of the writer's sympathy with the romance of the Highlands and the Highland character; the deference shown by youth to age; and here and there just the smallest glimpse of humor, to show that Miss White, though very humble and respectful and all that, was not a mere fool. Lady Macleod was pleased by this letter. She showed it to her son one night at dinner. "It is a pretty hand," she remarked critically.

Keith Macleod read it with a proud heart. "Can you not gather what kind of woman she is from that letter alone?" he said eagerly. "I can almost hear her talk in it. Janet, will you read it too?"

Janet Macleod took the small sheet of perfumed paper and read it calmly, and handed it back to her aunt. "It is a nice letter," said she. "We must try to make Dare as bright as may be when she comes to see us, that she will not go back to England with a bad account of the Highland people."

That was all that was said at the time about the promised visit of Miss Gertrude White to Castle Dare. It was only as a visitor that Lady Macleod had consented to receive her. There was no word mentioned on either side of anything further than that. Mr. White and his daughter were to be in the Highlands next summer; they would be in the neighbor-

hood of Castle Dare; Lady Macleod would be glad to entertain them for a time, and make the acquaintance of two of her son's friends. At all events the proud old lady would be able to see what sort of woman this was whom Keith Macleod had chosen to be his wife.

And so the winter days and nights and weeks dragged slowly by; but always, from time to time, came those merry and tender and playful letters from the south, which he listened to rather than read. It was her very voice that was speaking to him, and in imagination he went about with her. He strolled with her over the crisp grass, whitened with hoar frost, of the Regent's Park; he hurried home with her in the chill grey afternoons—the yellow gas-lamps being lit—to the little tea-table. When she visited a picture-gallery she sent him a full report of that even.

"Why is it," she asked, "that one is so delighted to look a long distance, even when the view is quite uninteresting? I wonder if that is why I greatly prefer landscape to figure subjects. The latter always seem to me to be painted from models just come from the Hampstead Road. There was scarcely a sea-piece in the exhibition that was not spoiled by figures, put in for the sake of picturesqueness, I suppose. Why, when you are by the sea you want to be alone, surely! Ah, if I could only have a look at those winter seas you speak of!"

He did not echo that wish at all. Even as he read he could hear the thunderous booming of the breakers into the giant caves. Was it for a pale rose-leaf to brave that fell wind that tore the waves into spindrift and howled through the lonely chasms of Ben-an-Sloich?

To one of these precious documents, written in the small neat hand on pink-toned and perfumed paper, a postscript was added: "If you keep my letters," she wrote, and he laughed when he saw that *if*, "I wish you would go back to the one in which I told you of papa and me calling at Mr. Lemuel's house, and I wish, dear Keith, you would burn it. I am sure it was very cruel and unjust. One often makes the mistake of thinking people affected when there is no affectation of any sort about them. And if a man has injured his health and made

an invalid of himself, through his intense and constant devotion to his work, surely that is not anything to be laughed at. Whatever Mr. Lemuel may be, he is at all events desperately in earnest. The passion that he has for his art, and his patience and concentration and self-sacrifice, seem to me to be nothing less than noble. And so, dear Keith, will you please to burn that impertinent letter?"

Macleod sought out the letter and carefully read it over. He came to the conclusion that he could see no just reason for complying with her demand. Frequently first impressions were best.

CHAPTER XXX.

A GRAVE.

IN the bygone days this eager, active, stout-limbed young fellow had met the hardest winter with a glad heart. He rejoiced in its thousand various pursuits; he set his teeth against the driving hail; he laughed at the drenching spray that sprang high over the bows of his boat; and what harm ever came to him if he took the short-cut across the upper reaches of Loch Scridain—wading waist-deep through a mile of sea-water on a bitter January day? And where was the loneliness of his life when always, wherever he went by sea or shore, he had these old friends around him—the red-beaked sea-pyots whirring along the rocks; and the startled curlews, whistling their warning note across the sea; and the shy duck, swimming far out on the smooth lochs; to say nothing of the black game that would scarcely move from their perch on the larch-trees as he approached, and the deer that were more distinctly visible on the far heights of Ben-an-Sloich when a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen?

But now all this was changed. The awfulness of the dark winter-time amid those northern seas overshadowed him. "It is like going into a grave," he had said to her. And, with all his passionate longing to see her and have speech of her once more, how could he dare to ask her to approach these dismal solitudes? Sometimes he tried to picture her coming, and to read in imagination the look on her face. See now! how she clings terrified to the side of the big open packet-boat that crosses the Firth of Lorn; and

she dares not look abroad on the howling waste of waves. The mountains of Mull rise sad and cold and distant before her; there is no bright glint of sunshine to herald her approach. This small dog-cart now—it is a frail thing with which to plunge into the wild valleys, for surely a gust of wind might whirl it into the chasm of roaring waters below? Glen-More: who that has ever seen Glen-More on a lowering January day will ever forget it—its silence, its loneliness, its vast and lifeless gloom? Her face is pale now; she sits speechless and awe-stricken; for the mountain-walls that overhang this sombre ravine seem ready to fall on her, and there is an awful darkness spreading along their summits under the heavy swathes of cloud. And then those black lakes far down in the lone hollows, more death-like and terrible than any tourist-haunted Loch Coruisk: would she not turn to him and with trembling hands implore him to take her back and away to the more familiar and bearable south? He began to see all these things with her eyes. He began to fear the awful things of the winter-time and the seas. The glad heart had gone out of him.

Even the beautiful aspects of the Highland winter had something about them—an isolation, a terrible silence—that he grew almost to dread. What was this strange thing, for example? Early in the morning he looked from the windows of his room; and he could have imagined he was not at Dare at all. All the familiar objects of sea and shore had disappeared; this was a new world—a world of fantastic shapes, all moving and unknown—a world of vague masses of grey, though here and there a gleam of lemon-color shining through the fog showed that the dawn was reflected on a glassy sea. Then he began to make out the things around him. That great range of purple mountains was Ulva—Ulva transfigured and become Alpine! Then those wan gleams of yellow light on the sea?—he went to the other window, and beheld! the heavy bands of cloud that lay across the unseen peaks of Ben-an-Sloich had parted, and there was a blaze of clear, metallic, green sky; and the clouds bordering on that gleam of light were touched with a smoky and stormy saffron-hue that flashed and

changed amid the seething and twisting shapes of the fog and the mist. And now he turns to the sea again—what phantom ship is this that appears in mid-air, and apparently moving when there is no wind? He hears the sound of oars; the huge vessel turns out to be only the boat of the Gometra men going out to the lobster traps. The yellow light on the glassy plain waxes stronger; new objects appear through the shifting fog; until at last a sudden opening shows him a wonderful thing far away—apparently at the very confines of the world—and awful in its solitary splendor. For that is the distant island of Staffa; and it has caught the colors of the dawn; and amid the cold greys of the sea it shines a pale transparent rose.

He would like to have sent her, if he had got any skill of the brush, some brief memorandum of that beautiful thing; but indeed, and in any case, that was not the sort of painting she seemed to care for just then. Mr. Lemuel, and his Palace of Art, and his mediæval saints, and what not, which had all for a time disappeared from Miss White's letters, began now to monopolize a good deal of space there; and there was no longer any impertinent playfulness in her references, but on the contrary a respect and admiration that occasionally almost touched enthusiasm. From hints more than statements Macleod gathered that Miss White had been made much of by the people frequenting Mr. Lemuel's house. She had there met one or two gentlemen who had written very fine things about her in the papers; and certain highly distinguished people had been good enough to send her cards of invitation; and she had once or twice been persuaded to read some piece of dramatic poetry at Mr. Lemuel's afternoon parties; and she even suggested that Mr. Lemuel had almost as much as said that he would like to paint her portrait. Mr. Lemuel had also offered her—but she had refused to accept—a small but marvellous study by Pinturicchio, which most people considered the gem of his collection.

Macleod, reading and re-reading these letters many a time in the solitudes of western Mull, came to the opinion that there must be a good deal of amusement going on in London. And was it not

natural that a young girl should like to be petted, and flattered, and made much of? Why should he complain when she wrote to say how she enjoyed this, and was charmed by that? Could he ask her to exchange that gay and pleasant life for this hybernation in Mull? Sometimes for days together the inhabitants of Castle Dare literally lived in the clouds. Dense bands of white mist lay all along the cliffs; and they lived in a semi-darkness, with the mournful dripping of the rain on the wet garden, and the mournful wash of the sea all around the shores. He was glad, then, that Gertrude White was not at Castle Dare.

But sometimes, when he could not forbear opening his heart to her, and pressing her for some more definite assurance as to the future, the ordinary playful banter in which she generally evaded his urgency gave place to a tone of coldness that astonished and alarmed him. Why should she so cruelly resent this piteous longing of his? Was she no longer, then, so anxious to escape from the thralldom that had seemed so hateful to her?

"Hamish," said Macleod abruptly, after reading one of these letters, "come now, we will go and overhaul the *Umpire*, for you know she is to be made very smart this summer; for we have people coming all the way from London to Dare, and they must not think we do not know in Mull how to keep a yacht in ship-shape."

"Ay, sir," said Hamish; "and if we do not know that in Mull, where will they be likely to know that?"

"And you will get the cushions in the saloon covered again; and we will have a new mirror for the ladies' cabin, and Miss Macleod, if you ask her, will put a piece of lace round the top of that, to make it look like a lady's room. And then, you know, Hamish, you can show the little boy Johnny Wickes how to polish the brass; and he will polish the brass in the ladies' cabin until it is as white as silver. Because, you know, Hamish, they have very fine yachts in the south. They are like hotels on the water. We must try to be as smart as we can."

"I do not know about the hotels," said Hamish scornfully. "And perhaps it is a fine thing to hef a hotel; and

Mr. M'Arthur they say he is a ferry rich man, and he has ferry fine pictures too ; but I was thinking that if I will be off the Barra Head on a bad night—between the Sgriobh Bhan and the Barra Head on a bad night—it is not any hotel I will be wishing that I was in, but a good boat. And the *Umpire* she is a good boat ; and I hef no fear of going anywhere in the world with her—to London or to Inverary, ay, or the Queen's own castle on the island—and she will go there safe, and she will come back safe ; and if she is not a hotel, well, perhaps she will not be a hotel, but she is a fine good boat, and she has swinging-lamps whatever."

But even the presence of the swinging-lamps which Hamish regarded as the highest conceivable point of luxury, did little to lessen the dolorousness of the appearance of the poor old *Umpire*. As Macleod, seated in the stern of the gig, approached her, she looked like some dingy old hulk relegated to the duty of keeping stores. Her topmast and bowsprit removed ; not a stitch of cord on her ; only the black iron shrouds remaining of all her rigging ; her skylights and companion-hatch covered with waterproof—it was a sorry spectacle. And then when they went below, even the swinging-lamps were blue-moulded and stiff. There was an odor of damp straw throughout. All the cushions and carpets had been removed ; there was nothing but the bare wood of the floor and the couches and the table ; with a matchbox saturated with wet ; an empty wine bottle ; a newspaper five months old ; a rusty corkscrew ; a patch of dirty water—the leakage from the skylight overhead.

That was what Hamish saw.

What Macleod saw—as he stood there absently staring at the bare wood—was very different. It was a beautiful, comfortable saloon that he saw, all brightly furnished and gilded, and there was a dish of flowers—heather and rowan-berries intermixed—on the soft red cover of the table. And who is this that is sitting there—clad in sailor-like blue and white—and laughing as she talks in her soft English speech ? He is telling her that ; if she means to be a sailor's bride, she must give up the wearing of gloves on board ship, although, to be

sure, those gloved small hands look pretty enough as they rest on the table and play with a bit of bell-heather. How bright her smile is ; she is in a mood for teasing people ; the laughing face—but for the gentleness of the eyes—would be audacious. They say that the width between those long-lashed eyes is a common peculiarity of the artist's face ; but she is no longer an artist ; she is only the brave young yachtswoman who lives at Castle Dare. The shepherds know her, and answer her in the Gaelic when she speaks to them in passing ; the sailors know her, and would adventure their lives to gratify her slightest wish ; and the bearded fellows who live their solitary life far out at Dubh-Artach light-house, when she goes out to them with a new parcel of books and magazines, do not know how to show their gladness at the very sight of her bonnie face. There was once an actress of the same name ; but this is quite a different woman. And to-morrow—do you know what she is going to do to-morrow ?—to-morrow she is going away in this very yacht to a loch in the distant island of Lewis ; and she is going to bring back with her some friends of hers who live there ; and there will be high holiday at Castle Dare. An actress ? Her cheeks are too sun-browned for the cheeks of any actress.

"Well, sir ?" Hamish said at length ; and Macleod started.

"Very well, then," he said impatiently, "why don't you go on deck, and find out where the leakage of the skylight is ?"

Hamish was not used to being addressed in this fashion ; and he walked away with a proud and hurt air. As he ascended the companion-way, he was muttering to himself in his native tongue—

"Yes, I am going on deck to find out where the leakage is, but perhaps it would be easier to find out below where the leakage is. If there is something the matter with the keel, is it the cross-trees you will go to to look for it ? But I do not know what has come to the young master of late."

When Keith Macleod was alone, he sate down on the wooden bench, and took out a letter, and tried to find there some assurance that this beautiful vision

of his would some day be realized. He read it, and re-read it; but his anxious scrutiny only left him the more disheartened. He went up on deck. He talked to Hamish in a perfunctory manner about the smartening up of the *Umpire*. He appeared to have lost interest in that already.

And then again he would seek relief in hard work, and try to forget altogether this hated time of enforced absence. One night word was brought by some one that the typhoid fever had broken out in the ill-drained cottages of Iona; and he said at once that next morning he would go round to Bunessan and ask the sanitary inspector there to be so kind as to inquire into this matter, and see whether something could not be done to improve these hovels.

"I am sure the Duke does not know of it, Keith," his cousin Janet said, "or he would have a great alteration made."

"It is easy to make alterations," said he, "but it is not easy to make the poor people take advantage of them. They have such good health from the sea air that they will not pay attention to ordinary cleanliness. But now that two or three of the young girls and children are ill, perhaps it is a good time to have something done."

Next morning, when he rose before it was daybreak, there was every promise of a fine day. The full moon was setting behind the western seas, lighting up the clouds there with a dusky yellow; in the east there was a wilder glare of steely blue high up over the intense blackness on the peaks of Ben-an-Sloich; and the morning was still, for he heard, suddenly piercing the silence, the whistle of a curlew, and that became more and more remote as the unseen bird winged its flight far over the sea. He lit the candles, and made the necessary preparations for his journey; for he had some message to leave at Kinloch at the head of Loch Scridain, and he was going to ride round that way. By-and-by the morning light had increased so much that he blew out the candles.

No sooner had he done this than his eye caught sight of something outside that startled him. It seemed as though great clouds of golden-white, all ablaze in sunshine, rested on the dark bosom

of the deep. Instantly he went to the window; and then he saw that these clouds were not clouds at all, but the islands around glittering in the "white wonder of the snow" and catching here and there the shafts of the early sunlight that now streamed through the valleys of Mull. The sudden marvel of it! There was Ulva, shining beautiful as in a sparkling bridal veil; and Gometra a paler blue-white in shadow; and Colonsay and Erisgeir also a cold white; and Staffa a pale grey—and then the sea that the gleaming islands rested on was a mirror of pale green and rose-purple hues reflected from the morning sky. It was all dream-like, it was so still, and beautiful, and silent. But he now saw that that fine morning would not last. Behind the house, clouds of a suffused yellow began to blot out the sparkling peaks of Ben-an-Sloich. The opal colors of the sea were troubled with gusts of wind until they disappeared altogether. The sky in the north grew an ominous black; until the snow-clad shores of Loch Tua were dazzling white against that bank of angry cloud. But to Bunessan he would go.

Janet Macleod was not much afraid of the weather at any time, but she said to him at breakfast, in a laughing way—

"And if you are lost in a snow-drift in Glen Finichen, Keith, what are we to do for you?"

"What are you to do for me?—why, Donald will make a fine Lament; and what more than that?"

"Cannot you send one of the Camerons with a message, Keith?" his mother said.

"Well, mother," said he, "I think I will go on to Fhion Fort and cross over to Iona myself, if Mr. Mackinnon will go with me. For it is very bad the cottages are there, I know; and if I must write to the Duke, it is better that I should have made the inquiries myself."

And indeed, when Macleod set out on his stout young cob, paying but little heed to the cold driftings of sleet that the sharp east wind was sending across, it seemed as though he were destined to perform several charitable deeds all on the one errand. For, firstly, about a mile from the house, he met Duncan the policeman, who was making his weekly

round in the interests of morality and law and order; and who had to have his book signed by the heritor of Castle Dare as sure witness that his peregrinations had extended so far. And Duncan was not at all sorry to be saved that trudge of a mile in the face of those bitter blasts of sleet; and he was greatly obliged to Sir Keith Macleod for stopping his cob, and getting out his pencil with his benumbed fingers, and putting his initials to the sheet. And then, again, Macleod had got into Glen Finichen, and he was talking to the cob and saying—"Well, Jack, I don't wonder you want to stop, for the way this sleet gets down one's throat is rather choking; or are you afraid of the sheep loosening the rocks away up there, and sending two or three hundredweight on our head?"—when he happened to look up the steep sides of the great ravine, and there, quite brown against the snow, he saw a sheep that had toppled over some rock, and was now lying with her legs in the air. He jumped off his pony, and left Jack standing in the middle of the road. It was a stiff climb up that steep precipice, with the loose stones slippery with the sleet and snow; but at last he got a good grip of the sheep by the back of her neck, and hauled her out of the hole into which she had fallen, and put her, somewhat dazed but apparently unhurt, on her legs again. Then he half slid and half ran down the slope again; and got into the saddle.

But what was this now? The sky in the east had grown quite black; and suddenly this blackness began to fall as if torn down by invisible hands. It came nearer and nearer, until it resembled the dishevelled hair of a woman. And then there was a rattle and roar of wind and snow and hail combined; so that the cob was nearly thrown from its feet, and Macleod was so blinded that at first he knew not what to do. Then he saw some rocks ahead; and he urged the bewildered and staggering beast forward through the darkness of the storm. Night seemed to have returned. There was a flash of lightning overhead; and a crackle of thunder rolled down the valley, heard louder than all the howling of the hurricane across the mountain sides. And then, when they had reached this place of shelter, Mac-

leod dismounted, and crept as close as he could into the lee of the rocks.

He was startled by a voice—it was only that of old John Macintyre the postman, who was glad enough to get into this place of refuge too.

"It's a bad day for you to be out this day, Sir Keith," said he, in the Gaelic, "and you have no cause to be out; and why will you not go back to Castle Dare?"

"Have you any letter for me, John?" said he eagerly.

Oh, yes, there was a letter; and the old man was astonished to see how quickly Sir Keith Macleod took that letter, and how anxiously he read it, as though the awfulness of the storm had no concern for him at all. And what was it all about—this wet sheet that he had to hold tight between his hands, or the gusts that swept round the rock would have whirled it up and away over the giant ramparts of Bourg? It was a very pretty letter; and rather merry; for it was all about a fancy-dress ball which was to take place at Mr. Lemuel's house; and the people were to wear a Spanish costume of the time of Philip IV.; and there were to be very grand doings indeed. And as Keith Macleod had nothing to do in the dull winter-time but devote himself to books, would he be so kind as to read up about that period, and advise her as to which historical character she ought to assume?

Macleod burst out laughing—in a strange sort of way; and put the wet letter in his pocket; and led Jack out into the road again.

"Sir Keith, Sir Keith," cried the old man, "you will not go on now!"—and as he spoke another blast of snow tore across the glen, and there was a rumble of thunder among the hills.

"Why, John," Macleod called back again, from the grey gloom of the whirling snow and sleet, "would you have me go home and read books too? Do you know what a fancy-dress ball is, John? And do you know what they think of us in the south, John—that we have nothing to do here in the winter-time—nothing to do here but read books?"—

The old man heard him laughing to himself, in that odd way, as he rode off and disappeared into the driving snow;

and his heart was heavy within him, and his mind filled with strange forebodings. It was a dark and an awful glen—this great ravine that led down to the solitary shores of Loch Scridain.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OVER THE SEAS.

BUT no harm at all came of that reckless ride through the storm; and in a day or two's time Macleod had almost argued himself into the belief that it was but natural for a young girl to be fascinated by those new friends. And how could he protest against a fancy-dress ball when he himself had gone to one on his brief visit to London? And it was a proof of her confidence in him that she wished to take his advice about her costume.

Then he turned to other matters; for, as the slow weeks went by, one eagerly disposed to look for the signs of the coming spring might occasionally detect a new freshness in the morning air, or even find a little bit of the whitlow-grass in flower among the moss of an old wall. And Major Stewart had come over to Dare once or twice; and had privately given Lady Macleod and her niece such enthusiastic accounts of Miss Gertrude White that the references to her forthcoming visit ceased to be formal and became friendly and matter-of-course. It was rarely, however, that Keith Macleod mentioned her name. He did not seem to wish for any confidant. Perhaps her letters were enough.

But on one occasion Janet Macleod said to him with a shy smile—

"I think you must be a very patient lover, Keith, to spend all the winter here. Another young man would have wished to go to London."

"And I would go to London too!" he said suddenly, and then he stopped. He was somewhat embarrassed. "Well, I will tell you, Janet. I do not wish to see her any more as an actress; and she says it is better that I do not go to London; and—and, you know, she will soon cease to be an actress."

"But why not now," said Janet Macleod, with some wonder, "if she has such a great dislike for it?"

"That I do not know," said he somewhat gloomily.

But he wrote to Gertrude White, and pressed the point once more—with great respect, it is true, but still with an earnestness of pleading that showed how near the matter lay to his heart. It was a letter that would have touched most women; and even Miss Gertrude White was pleased to see how anxiously interested he was in her.

"But you know, my dear Keith," she wrote back, "when people are going to take a great plunge into the sea, they are warned to wet their head first. And don't you think I should accustom myself to the change you have in store for me by degrees? In any case, my leaving the stage at the present moment could make no difference to us—you in the Highlands, I in London. And do you know, sir, that your request is particularly ill-timed; for as it happens I am about to enter into a new dramatic project of which I should probably never have heard but for you. Does that astonish you? Well, here is the story. It appears that you told the Duchess of Wexford that I would give her a performance for the new training-ship she is getting up; and, being challenged, could I break a promise made by you? And only fancy what these clever people have arranged—to flatter their own vanity in the name of charity. They have taken St. George's Hall; and the distinguished amateurs have chosen the play; and the play—don't laugh, dear Keith—is *Romeo and Juliet*! And I am to play *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of the Honble. Captain Brierley, who is a very good-looking man, but who is so solemn and stiff a *Romeo* that I know I shall burst out laughing on the dreaded night. He is as nervous now at a morning rehearsal as if it were his *début* at Drury Lane; and he never even takes my hand without an air of apology, as if he were saying, 'Really, Miss White, you must pardon me; I am compelled by my part to take your hand; otherwise I would die rather than be guilty of such a liberty.' And when he addresses me in the balcony scene, he *will not* look at me; he makes his protestations of love to the flies; and when I make my fine speeches to him, he blushes if his eyes should by chance meet mine, just as if he had been guilty of some awful indiscretion. I know,

dear Keith, you don't like to see me act ; but you might come up for this occasion only. Friar Lawrence is the funniest thing I have seen for ages. The nurse, however—Lady Bletherin—is not at all bad. I hear there is to be a grand supper afterwards somewhere ; and I have no doubt I shall be presented to a number of ladies who will speak for the first time to an actress and be possessed with a wild fear ; only, if they have daughters, I suppose they will keep the fluttering-hearted young things out of the way, lest I should suddenly break out into blue flame, and then disappear through the floor. I am quite convinced that Captain Brierley considers me a bold person because I look at him when I have to say—

"O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!"

Macleod crushed this letter together, and thrust it into his pocket. He strode out of the room and called for Hamish.

"Send Donald down to the quay," said he, "and tell them to get the boat ready. And he will take down my gun too."

Old Hamish, noticing the expression of his master's eyes, went off quickly enough, and soon got hold of Donald the piper-lad.

"Donald," said he, in the Gaelic, "you will run down to the quay as fast as your legs can carry you, and you will tell them to get the boat ready, and not to lose any time in getting the boat ready, and to have the seats dry, and let there be no talking when Sir Keith gets on board. And here is the gun, too ; and the bag ; and you will tell them to have no talking among themselves this day."

When Macleod got down to the small stone pier, the two men were in the boat. Johnny Wickes was standing at the door of the store-house.

"Would you like to go for a sail, Johnny?" Macleod said abruptly—but there was no longer that dangerous light in his eyes.

"Oh yes, sir," said the boy eagerly ; for he had long ago lost his dread of the sea.

"Get in, then, and get up to the bow."

So Johnny Wickes went cautiously down the few slippery stone steps, half

tumbled into the bottom of the great open boat, and then scrambled up to the bow.

"Where will you be for going, sir?" said one of the men, when Macleod had jumped into the stern and taken the tiller.

"Anywhere—right out!" he answered carelessly.

But it was all very well to say "right out!" when there was a stiff breeze blowing right in. Scarcely had the boat put her nose out beyond the pier—and while as yet there was but little way on her—when a big sea caught her, springing high over her bows and coming rattling down on her with a noise as of pistol-shots. The chief victim of this deluge was the luckless Johnny Wickes, who tumbled down into the bottom of the boat, vehemently blowing the salt water out of his mouth, and rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. Macleod burst out laughing.

"What's the good of you as a lookout?" he cried. "Didn't you see the water coming?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, ruefully laughing too. But he would not be beaten ; he scrambled up again to his post and clung there, despite the fierce wind and the clouds of spray.

"Keep her close up, sir," said the man who had the sheet of the huge lug-sail in both his hands, as he cast a glance out at the darkening sea.

But this great boat, rude and rough and dirty as she appeared, was a splendid specimen of her class ; and they know how to build such boats up about that part of the world. No matter with how staggering a plunge she went down into the yawning green gulf—the white foam hissing away from her sides—before the next wave, high, awful, threatening, had come down on her with a crash as of mountains falling, she had glided buoyantly upwards, and the heavy blow only made her bows spring the higher, as though she would shake herself free, like a bird, from the wet. But it was a wild day to be out. So heavy and black was the sky in the west that the surface of the sea, out to the horizon, seemed to be a moving mass of white foam with only streaks of green and purple in it. The various islands changed every minute as the wild clouds

whirled past. Already the great cliffs about Dare had grown distant and faint as seen through the spray; and here were the rocks of Colonsay black as jet as they reappeared through the successive deluges of white foam; and far over there, a still gloomier mass against the gloomy sky told where the huge Atlantic breakers were rolling in their awful thunder into the Staffa caves.

"I would keep her away a bit," said the sailor next Macleod. He did not like the look of the heavy breakers that were crashing on to the Colonsay rocks.

Macleod, with his teeth set hard against the wind, was not thinking of the Colonsay rocks more than was necessary to give them a respectful berth.

"Were you ever in a theatre, Duncan?" he said—or rather bawled—to the brown-visaged and black-haired young fellow who had now got the sheet of the lug-sail under his foot as well as in the firm grip of his hands.

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said he, as he shook the salt water away from his short beard. "It was at Greenock I will be at the theatre; and more than three times or two times."

"How would you like to have a parcel of actors and actresses with us now?" he said, with a laugh.

"Deed, I would not like it at all," said Duncan seriously; and he twisted the sheet of the sail twice round his right wrist, so that his relieved left hand could convey a bit of wet tobacco to his mouth. "The women they would chump apout, and then you do not know what will happen at all."

"A little bit away yet, sir!" cried out the other sailor, who was looking out to windward, with his head close to the gunwale. "There is a bad rock off the point."

"Why, it is half a mile north of our course as we are going now!" Macleod said.

"Oh yes, half a mile!" the man said to himself; "but I do not like half miles, and half miles, and half miles on a day like this!"

And so they went plunging and staggering and bounding onwards, with the roar of the water all around them, and the foam at her bows, as it sprung high into the air, showing quite white against

the black sky ahead. The younger lad Duncan was clearly of opinion that his master was running too near the shores of Colonsay; but he would say no more, for he knew that Macleod had a better knowledge of the currents and rocks of this wild coast than any man on the mainland of Mull. John Cameron, forward, kept his head down to the gunwale, his eyes looking far over that howling waste of sea; Duncan, his younger brother, had his gaze fixed mostly on the brown breadth of the sail, hammered at by the gusts of wind; while as for the boy at the bow, that enterprising youth had got a rope's end, and was endeavoring to strike at the crest of each huge wave as it came ploughing along in its resistless strength.

But at one moment the boat gave a heavier lurch than usual, and the succeeding wave struck her badly. In the great rush of water that then ran by her side, Macleod's startled eye seemed to catch a glimpse of something red—something blazing and burning red in the waste of green, and almost the same glance showed him there was no boy at the bow! Instantly, with just one cry to arrest the attention of the men, he had slipped over the side of the boat, just as an otter slips off a rock. The two men were bewildered but for a second. One sprang to the halyards, and down came the great lug-sail; the other got out one of the long oars, and the mighty blade of it fell into the bulk of the next wave as if he would with one sweep tear her head round. Like two madmen the men pulled; and the wind was with them, and the tide also; but, nevertheless, when they caught sight—just for a moment—of some object behind them, that was a terrible way away. Yet there was no time, they thought, or seemed to think, to hoist the sail again; and the small dingy attached to the boat would have been swamped in a second; and so there was nothing for it but the deadly struggle with those immense blades against the heavy resisting mass of the boat. John Cameron looked round again; then, with an oath, he pulled his oar across the boat.

"Up with the sail, lad!" he shouted; and again he sprang to the halyards.

The seconds, few as they were, that were necessary for this operation, seemed

ages ; but no sooner had the wind got a purchase on the breadth of the sail than the boat flew through the water, for she was now running free.

"He has got him ! I can see the two !" shouted the elder Cameron.

And as for the younger ? At this mad speed the boat would be close to Macleod in another second or two ; but in that brief space of time the younger Cameron had flung his clothes off, and stood there stark-naked in the cutting March wind.

"That is foolishness !" his brother shouted in the Gaelic. "You will have to take an oar !"

"I will not take an oar !" the other cried, with both hands ready to let go the halyards. "And if it is foolishness, this is the foolishness of it : I will not let you or any man say that Sir Keith Macleod was in the water and Duncan Cameron went home with a dry skin !"

And Duncan Cameron was as good as his word ; for as the boat went plunging forward to the neighborhood in which they occasionally saw the head of Macleod appear on the side of a wave and then disappear again as soon as the wave broke—and as soon as the lug-sail had been rattled down—he sprang clear from the side of the boat. For a second or two, John Cameron, left by himself in the boat, could not see any one of the three ; but at last he saw the black head of his brother, and then some few yards beyond, just as a wave happened to roll by, he saw his master and the boy. The boat had almost enough way on her to carry her the length ; he had but to pull at the huge oar to bring her head round a bit. And he pulled, madly and blindly, until he was startled by a cry close by. He sprang to the side of the boat. There was his brother drifting by, holding the boy with one arm. John Cameron rushed to the stern to fling a rope ; but Duncan Cameron had been drifting by with a purpose ; for, as soon as he got clear of the bigger boat, he struck for the rope of the dingy, and got hold of that, and was safe. And here was the master too, clinging to the side of the dingy, so as to recover his breath ; but not attempting to board the cockleshell in these plunging waters. There were tears running down John Cameron's

rugged face as he drew the three up and over the side of the big boat.

"And if you wass drowned, Sir Keith, it wass not me would have carried the story to Castle Dare. I would just as soon have been drowned too."

"Have you any whisky, John ?" Macleod said, pushing his hair out of his eyes, and trying to get his moustache out of his mouth.

In ordinary circumstances John Cameron would have told a lie ; but on this occasion he hurriedly bade the still undressed Duncan to take the tiller, and he went forward to a locker at the bows which was usually kept for bait, and from thence he got a black bottle which was half-full.

"Now, Johnny Wickes," Macleod said to the boy, who was quite blinded and bewildered, but otherwise apparently not much the worse, "swallow a mouthful of this, you young rascal ; and if I catch you imitating a dolphin again, it is a rope's end you'll have, and not good Highland whisky."

Johnny Wickes did not understand ; but he swallowed the whisky, and then he began to look about him a bit.

"Will I put my clothes round him, Sir Keith ?" Duncan Cameron said.

"And go home that way to Dare ?" Macleod said with a loud laugh. "Get on your clothes, Duncan, lad ; and get up the sail again ; and we will see if there is a dram left for us in the bottle. John Cameron, confound you, where are you putting her head to ?"

John Cameron, who had again taken the tiller, seemed as one demented. He was talking to himself rapidly, in Gaelic ; and his brows were frowning ; and he did not seem to notice that he was putting the head of the boat—which had now some little way on her, by reason of the wind and tide, though she had no sail up—a good deal too near the southernmost point of Colonsay.

Roused from this angry reverie, he shifted her course a bit ; and then, when his brother had got his clothes on, he helped to hoist the sail, and again they flew onwards and shorewards, along with the waves that seemed to be racing them ; but all the same he kept muttering and growling to himself in the Gaelic. Meanwhile Macleod had got a huge tar-

paulin over-coat, and wrapped Johnny Wickes in it, and put him in the bottom of the boat.

"You will soon be warm enough in that, Master Wickes," said he; "the chances are you will come out boiled red, like a lobster. And I would strongly advise you, if we can slip into the house and get dry clothes on, not to say a word of your escapade to Hamish."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said John Cameron eagerly, in his native tongue, "that is what I will be saying to myself. If the story is told, and Hamish will hear that you will nearly drown yourself, what is it he will not do to that boy? It is for killing him he will be."

"Not as bad as that, John," Macleod said, good-naturedly. "Come, there is a glass for each of us; and you may give me the tiller now."

"I will take no whisky, Sir Keith; with thanks to you," said John Cameron; "I was not in the water."

"There is plenty for all, man!"

"I was not in the water."

"I tell you there is plenty for all of us!"

"There is the more for you, Sir Keith," said he stubbornly.

And then, as great good luck would have it, it was found, when they got ashore, that Hamish had gone away as far as Salen on business of some sort or other; and the story told by the two Camerons was that Johnny Wickes, whose clothes were sent into the kitchen to be dried, and who was himself put to bed, had fallen into the water down by the quay; and nothing at all was said about Keith Macleod having had to leap into the sea off the coast of Colonsay. Macleod got into Castle Dare by a back way, and changed his clothes in his own room. Then he went away up-stairs to the small chamber in which Johnny Wickes lay in bed.

"You have had the soup, then? You look pretty comfortable."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, whose face was now flushed red with the reaction after the cold. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"For tumbling into the water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here, Master Wickes. You chose a good time. If I had had trousers on, and waterproof leggings

over them, do you know where you would be at the present moment? You would be having an interesting conversation with a number of lobsters at the bottom of the sea, off the Colonsay shores. And so you thought because I had my kilt on, that I could fish you out of the water?"

"No, sir," said Johnny Wickes. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well, you will remember that it was owing to the Highland kilt that you were picked out of the water; and that it was Highland whisky put life into your blood again; you will remember that well; and if any strange lady should come here from England and ask you how you like the Highlands, you will not forget?"

"No, sir."

"And you can have Oscar up here in the room with you, if you like, until they let you out of bed again, or you can have Donald to play the pipes to you until dinner-time."

Master Wickes chose the less heroic remedy; but, indeed, the companionship of Oscar was not needed; for Janet Macleod—who might just as well have tried to keep her heart from beating as to keep herself away from any one who was ill or supposed to be ill—herself came up to this little room, and was very attentive to Master Wickes, not because he was suffering very much from the effects of his ducking, but because he was a child, and alone, and a stranger. And to her Johnny Wickes told the whole story; despite the warnings he had received that, if Hamish came to learn of the peril in which Macleod had been placed by the carelessness of the English lad, the latter would have a bad time of it at Castle Dare. Then Janet hastened away again; and, finding her cousin's bedroom empty, entered; and there discovered that he had, with his customary recklessness, hung up his wet clothes in his wardrobe. She had them at once conveyed away to the lower regions; and she went with earnest remonstrances to her cousin, and would have him drink some hot whisky-and-water; and when Hamish arrived, went straight to him too, and told him the story in such a considerate way that he said—

"Ay, ay, it wass the poor little lad! And he will mek a good sailor yet: And it wass not much dancher for him when Sir Keith wass in the boat; for there is

no one in the whole of the islands will sweep in the water as he can sweep ; and it is like a fish in the water that he is."

That was about the only incident of note—and little was made of it—that disturbed the monotony of life at Castle Dare at this time. But by-and-by, as the days passed, and as eager eyes looked abroad, signs showed that the beautiful summer-time was drawing near. The deep blue came into the skies and the seas again ; the yellow mornings broke earlier ; far into the evening they could still make out the Dutchman's Cap, and Lunga, and the low-lying Coll and Tiree amid the glow at the horizon, after the blood-red sunset had gone down. The white stars of the saxifrage appeared in the woods ; the white daisies were in the grass ; as you walked along the lower slopes of Ben-an-Sloich the grouse that rose were in pairs. What a fresh green this was that shimmered over the young larches ! He sent her a basket of the first trout he caught in the loch.

The wonderful glad time came nearer and nearer. And every clear and beautiful day that shone over the white sands of Iona and the green shores of Ulva, with the blue seas all breaking joyfully along the rocks, was but a day thrown away that should have been reserved for her. And whether she came by the

Dunara from Greenock, or by the *Pioneer* from Oban, would they hang the vessel in white roses in her honor ; and have velvet carpetings on the gangways for the dainty small feet to tread on ; and would the bountiful heavens grant but one shining blue day for her first glimpse of the far and lonely Castle Dare ? Janet the kind-hearted was busy from morning till night—she herself would place the scant flowers that could be got in the guests' rooms. The steward of the *Pioneer* had undertaken to bring any number of things from Oban ; Donald the piper-lad had a brand-new suit of tartan, and was determined that, short of the very cracking of his lungs, the English lady would have a good Salute played for her that day. The *Umpire*, all smartened up now, had been put in a safe anchorage in Loch-na-Keal ; the men wore their new jerseys ; the long gig, painted white with a band of gold, was brought along to Dare, so that it might, if the weather were favorable, go out to bring the Fair Stranger to her Highland home. And then the heart of her lover cried—"O winds and seas—if only for one day—be gentle now !—so that her first thoughts of us shall be all of peace and loveliness, and of a glad welcome, and the delight of clear summer days !" —Good Words.

THE RUNIC STONE.

HEINE.

I sit by the sea on the Runic Stone,
Half dreaming and half waking ;
The sea-mews cry, the wild winds moan,
And the wandering waves are breaking.

I have loved full many a maiden kind,
To many a friend have bound me ;
Where are they now ? Wild moans the wind,
And the wandering waves break round me.

Temple Bar.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S CRITICAL METHOD.

MEN have frequently imagined themselves wrecked on a desert island, for the purpose of inquiring how they would, under such circumstances, beguile the

tedium of existence. They have further assumed that the works of only one writer could be saved from the wreck, and that their insular library would consist of the

productions of one mind. Persons of a religious turn have, it goes without saying, pronounced a verdict in favor of the Bible, apparently forgetting that it is the production of various intellects, or perhaps considering that, as it is all inspired, the authorship may fairly be regarded as single. Others, again, have selected Shakspeare as their one literary companion; and I suppose some people would declare for the collected speeches of the politician they happen to agree with.

I confess my choice would be the works of Sainte-Beuve; and I should be satisfied to be restricted to the *Causeries du Lundi*, bargaining, of course, that I might have the "new series" as well as the first one. I could dispense with the *Poésies Complètes*, though, were the great critic still alive, I would not say so for worlds, for fear of touching the one sore place in his existence that never healed. He shared the first infirmity of noble minds. He began life by wanting to be a poet. But it is easier for the most ill-navigated bark to enter Corinth, than for the best directed talents to secure an original place in the Hall of the Muses, unless they be to the manner born. Sainte-Beuve, Frederick the Great, Richelieu, Earl Russell, Lord Beaconsfield, Bulwer Lytton—the list might be almost indefinitely lengthened—suffered from the same unsatisfied craving. It is a touching circumstance. To be rejected in love is esteemed a hard fate; but to be unhappy in one's first, which is said to be likewise one's last love, is inexpressibly pathetic. The great Lessing, who was also deeply infected with this generous passion, had the manliness to avow that he had been an unsuccessful suitor. "I am not a poet," he bravely said, "though I wish I were. My thoughts are canalised; they do not come bubbling from a native source, and gurgling where they will." The moral elevation of that modest confession would alone entitle Lessing to the loftiest of pedestals, and the homage of mankind. Sainte-Beuve frequently alludes, but with hesitation and almost in a coquettish tone, to his efforts in verse. He must have known, fine critic that he was, that he had many gifts, but not the *mens divinator*; but he nowhere deliberately surrenders the bays. "I have made my

collection of poems," he says, in noticing M. Crépet's *chefs-d'œuvre* of French poetry; "and you see I have returned to what was long while my love. For all of us bearers of burdens, is it not natural that a weight, even though in reality fully as heavy, should seem lighter, if what we carry be roses?"

As a fact, however, Sainte-Beuve passed under the "door of humility," and became a prose writer and a critic pure and simple. In that capacity, he did, it seems to me, work that of its kind is unequalled in interest and merit. He is the best companion I know; and oral conversation should indeed be good to wean us from his *Causeries*. He is an unrivalled talker—with his pen. You will say it is monologue, which, as Byron observed speaking of his father-in-law, "old gentlemen mistake for conversation!" But Sainte-Beuve has nothing of the old gentleman about him, in Byron's sense. He is the perfect gentleman of later middle-life, when judgment and manner are at their best, and when experience comes to the aid of good breeding, and weds abundant matter to a courtly air. Neither are Sainte-Beuve's "talks" like the talk of Macaulay or Lord Brougham. He never dogmatizes. It is you who are listening, rather than he who is talking; and a man must be amazingly fond of hearing his own voice or expounding his own opinions, who wants to put in his oar when Sainte-Beuve is evenly and equably skimming along, making no ripple, leaving no trail. If I am asked to describe his style, I cannot. He is almost the only good writer I know who has not got one. Good conversation has no style; and neither has Sainte-Beuve. He is, what he describes himself, a talker. For this specially is to be noted in him, that he never—or at any rate very rarely—soliloquises. You are always before him, and he talks to you, but never at you. He is no rhetorician; no good talker ever is. He never argues; no good talker ever does. I was not thinking of justifying my choice of Sainte-Beuve, as the author I would decide to have on a desert island. I was only trying to describe him as he is. But I perceive I have arrived at an account of him which at any rate explains my preference. On a desert island the

most unsociable person would infallibly crave for a companion, and for a companion that would talk. Here is an author who does nothing but talk. There are some writers—writers, no doubt, far greater than Sainte-Beuve can profess to be—who transport you out of this world and above this world, and, as it were, apotheosize the loneliness of your spirit, by taking you into the pure ether of thought and sentiment. Reading Sainte-Beuve one can never feel alone. More than that. It is not only that he talks to you, the individual reader of the moment; he addresses all intelligent and well-bred people, on subjects that interest intelligent and well-bred people, and in a manner that satisfies intelligent and well-bred people. Reading him on a desert island would be the nearest possible equivalent to moving in the best society.

Such is his manner, his style, if you will, though I just now said that he has none. His matter, I submit, equally justifies my imaginary decision. Quite apart from its supernatural advantages, the Bible is a work of stupendous interest. But though it deals with the very beginning of things, it suddenly breaks off eighteen hundred years ago; and a good deal has happened during the last eighteen hundred years which must be pronounced to be exceedingly interesting to the modern mind. One has a great esteem, and a profound reverence for one's grandfather; but one would hardly elect to live with him exclusively and always. Living with the Bible only, would be living with ancestors remoter even than one's grandsires. Shakspeare, no doubt, is for all time. But Shakspeare makes a considerable demand upon his reader. He takes us up to empyrean heights; where we dwell with rapture for awhile, and then confess that we want to descend. He has "taken it out of us;" and the carnal mind needs repose. He confers pleasure such as it is given only to the master-spirits to confer. But master-spirits cannot be our constant companions. Shakspeare himself would have found "always Shakspeare," could there have been a second, a great bore. Sainte-Beuve is neither ancient history, nor finely-touched. He is essentially modern, and, using the word in not too literal a sense, homely. He

talks about things and people that everybody cares about, in a manner everybody can appreciate. In fact, his manner would escape them, in their attention to what it is he says. Like Wordsworth's perfect woman, he is not too good for daily food, on a desert island or off it. He never gets away into the air, like Ariel, and bids us follow him, if we would hear him singing. He is an honest pedestrian, though not in the current sense of going ever so many miles an hour. On the contrary, he is essentially a loungers and saunters up and down the gravel paths of thought and observation at a leisurely pace, his arms crossed behind his back, not swinging at his sides.

I have said he is essentially a modern. But when does modern life begin? No doubt that is rather like the question, Where is the North? which Pope answers so capitally in the *Essay on Man*, or like Sainte-Beuve's own question, on which he has written a charming "Lundi," "Qu'est-ce qu'un Classique?" Still though no one would now-a-days dream of writing down a date—though poor old Rollin would have done so—and saying all this side of it is modern, and all that side ancient history, every one feels there are ancient writers and modern writers, conquerors of old and captains of to-day. Marlborough is a modern, and so is Montaigne. So that we get tolerably far back, even under our nomenclature of modern. Sainte-Beuve has a *Causerie* upon almost every Frenchman or Frenchwoman of eminence in any department of literature or action, since France was properly France, say since the days of Louis XI. What a host of subjects, what a multitude of people are thus given him to discourse about, kings, ministers, poets, soldiers, orators, beauties, great men scarcely yet appreciated, little men who have not even yet found their level, saints, heroes, brilliant impostors, devotees, dramatists, lyrists, satirists, writers of memoirs, memoirs of writers; and there they all are, Monday after Monday, fifty-two of them in every year, for year after year. If you were thrown on a desert island, how long would you like to live? Say, thirty years. Sainte-Beuve ought to amuse you for all that time. Of course if you gobble up a book as though it were a newspaper or a novel, you might get to the

end of him in a year or two. But I fancy Sainte-Beuve would soon cure the reader of the worst and most confirmed of bad habits, of this greedy trick of bolting mental pabulum. His own pace is so measured, that you necessarily end by imitating it. He is a writer to be read slowly, and one "Lundi" ought to be enough for a day. Let us suppose that the whole course was exhausted at the end of five years. Where is the man who could not begin and read them all over again? Fortunately the power of modern memory is limited, and we are not all Macaulays. A "Lundi" not perused for five years, or for even a shorter period than that, is a new "Lundi." At a second reading, moreover, the desert islander might discard the plan of his first reading, which was to read "straight on end," and might dip into the good array of volumes at will. There is matter for all tastes. For it is not only French history, French reigns, French memoirs, French poetry, French wits, coxcombs, and philosophers, that are handled and dissected. Nearly all that Germany has produced in literature worth notice, and much that England has developed, of the same sort, come within the scope of this Monday interlocutor. Thackeray would have it that men of letters are week-day preachers; and certainly most of them are as long-some as any pulpiteer. Some, too, are wearisome, addicted to preaching sermons, as though one day in the week was not enough to be specially set apart for that purpose. Sainte-Beuve never sermonizes; and I doubt if a page of his ever sent the dullest reader to sleep. He is always short, never obscure, and ready to finish sooner than you are. My only fear is that, were one wrecked with him on this supposititious island and had him alone for company for a dozen years, the cry "a sail, a sail!" would come too late; and we should be restored to the tongues of men only to find them vulgar and tiresome.

But what has all this got to go with Sainte-Beuve's critical method? Something, as you would find out, were you left with all his "Causeries" on a desert island. For he has, or thinks he has, a critical method, though I confess I never found it out till he told me of it himself. I do not speak of any special

confidence. He has described this method in one of the "Nouveaux Lundis," and it is abundantly evident that, modest writer as he ostensibly is, he greatly piqued himself on it. I may say at once that I do not set a much higher value on it than I believe one need do on Wordsworth's laws for writing poetry. When Wordsworth wrote beautiful poetry, as we know he continually did, he did so by flinging to the wind what he calls his laws of metrical composition. Sainte-Beuve does pretty much the same with his critical method, and with the men, women, and books he criticises. There is nothing in the world more unsatisfactory and inconclusive than men's explanations about themselves. A living English painter, who, more than all his contemporaries, deserves the designation of a man of genius, when asked to explain how he paints his pictures, is said invariably to answer, "I really don't know how I do them." That may be exaggeration, and perhaps, to some extent, affectation. But an artist of any sort had better leave explanations of his method to other people.

"I have often," says Sainte-Beuve, "heard modern criticism, and mine in particular, reproached with having no theory, with being altogether historical, altogether individual. Those who treat me with the greatest amount of favor have been pleased to say that I am an excellent judge, but that I am without a code. I have a method, nevertheless, and though it may have had no pre-existence in my own mind, and may not at first have arrived at the condition of a theory, it has shaped itself with me, by practice, and a long series of applications of it has only confirmed its value in my eyes."

This is exceedingly precise, and justifies us in inquiring what this method is. Sainte-Beuve does not set it forth with all the exactness the foregoing sentences would cause one to anticipate. But he is, as usual, thoroughly intelligible; and I will endeavor briefly to explain what he designates his system.

Literary production, then, according to Sainte-Beuve, is not something distinct or separable from the writer that produces it and his organisation. One can taste of a work, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. One

must say, such a tree produces such fruit. "L'étude littéraire me mène ainsi tout naturellement à l'étude morale."

I am sorry to interrupt the synopsis of Sainte-Beuve's method at this early stage. But is it not necessary to inquire already whether, even in the foregoing few sentences, two assertions are not made, perfectly distinct, with one of which we must necessarily agree, from the other of which we may possibly be compelled to dissent. The man and the work unquestionably are one; just as the man and the fingers, or the man and the eyes, are one. No one would dream of contesting that point. But is it wise, or is it even fair, to judge the work in all, or in part, from the man? *Ex pede Herculem*, it is said; but I dare say there have been some Herculeses that had small feet. Far from being able to allow that it is difficult to judge a book of consequence, "independently of one's acquaintance with the man himself," I should rather be disposed to say that this latter knowledge renders it difficult to judge the work "independently." If this were not so, how comes the proverb, that no one is a hero to his own valet? Mr. Carlyle's proffered explanation that it is not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet, though ingenious and delightfully epigrammatic, will not hold water. No one knows a man so well as his valet, if the valet has been long enough with him, whether the master be a hero or the reverse.

Thus, on the threshold, I, who have the privilege of remaining anonymous, or the controversy would seem too arrogant, and, were Sainte-Beuve alive, too unequal, venture to raise an objection. Sainte-Beuve himself was perhaps not insensible to the fact that it might be raised, for he takes care to allow that, where ancient writers are our theme, we are without the means of observation requisite for the employment of his method. That seems to me to be a considerable, not to say a fatal concession. To get hold of the man, he allows, book in hand, is nearly always impossible in the case of the great writers of antiquity, and the utmost our scrutiny can command is a half-broken statue. All that can be done under such circumstances is "to comment on the work, to admire it, and

to 'rêver l'auteur et le poète à travers.' " I should have thought that was quite enough, and I confess I hardly seem to be reading Sainte-Beuve, or even a critic at all, but rather—shall I say?—some sonorous, plausible, but shallow word-compeller of the type of M. Victor Hugo, when he passes away from the difficulty with a majestic wave of the hand, and the following pretty phrase: "A mighty river, and rarely fordable, separates us from the great men of old. Let us salute them across the stream!" That is very nice. But had anyone else written it, Sainte-Beuve would have been the first man to observe that it is neither "l'étude littéraire" nor "l'étude morale." It would have been more logical and more pertinent to say that we cannot properly estimate the value of the great works of antiquity. But it would not have been true, however much in keeping with "critical method." Were it true, Shakspeare would be the English author whose merits Englishmen would feel the greatest difficulty in deciding.

Sainte-Beuve then goes on to say that he looks forward to the advent of a time when, science having greatly progressed in its career of conquest, there will be formed great families of character, whose principal divisions will be known and determined. In other words, psychology will do for men and women what the conchologist does for shells, though of course not quite so accurately, and subject to greater risks of error; and human society will be one great classified museum, though we presume we shall not be compelled to live in glass cases. Sainte-Beuve, for himself, disclaims any such complete powers of classification; he makes only simple monographs. But he indicates the road, and follows it to the best of his ability.

How, then, whilst waiting for the completion of this magnificent psychological system, which is ultimately to divide us all off into convenient sections and subsections—whereby any intelligent critic will be able to tell at a glance what we are, and what our books necessarily must be—is the intelligent observer to arrive at a proper measure of some superior personage who has written a volume of poems? How is one to proceed, asks Sainte-Beuve, if one is to rid oneself of old-fashioned rhetorical judgments, and

to be as little as possible the dupe of phrases, of words, of pretty conventionalities, and the rest?

To know the man himself is, as we have seen, of the utmost importance. But our familiarity with him must not end here, nor, indeed, even begin here. We must first find out, if we can, what is his birthplace, and what his race. Is he of Saxon descent, or of Norman? Is he a Dane, or is he a Fleming? It is just possible that he may be any two of these, or, indeed, all four; and we suppose the psychology of the future, assisted by mathematics and quantitative analysis, will be able to tell us to a nicety in what proportions he is compounded of all these elements. So much will be allowed for the influence of a grandfather, so much for that of a great-grandmother. "One recognises," says Sainte-Beuve, "and infallibly finds afresh this superior man, in part at least, in his parents, his mother more especially; that parent," he adds, with truly Gallic caution, "which is the more direct and the more certain of the two; in his sisters also, in his brothers, in his children even." Clearly Dickens was not so good a judge of character as he imagined, and he evidently had not got hold of a sound method; for he complained bitterly that when, on one occasion, he allowed a pertinacious American, who afterwards served as excellent "copy," to interview him, the stranger rushed to the window, flung it open, and called out to the people in the street, "You may all come up, and bring your aunts and uncles with you."

"*Cela est très-délicat*," Sainte-Beuve observes, "*et demanderait à être éclairci par des noms propres, par quantité de faits particuliers*," and he proceeds to say that he will illustrate his method by examples. That, at any rate, is a particularly fair method of procedure. He takes the instance of Châteaubriand, who constitutes a peculiarly interesting case, but whom perhaps, I ought to add, Sainte-Beuve did not greatly love. I am not insinuating that Châteaubriand was an estimable or lovable character, for he was not. But I doubt if Sainte-Beuve, or anybody, would be in a better position for taking a fair measure of the literary value of that writer's produc-

tions, after becoming thoroughly acquainted with, and minutely dwelling upon the mean and repugnant features in his character. Sainte-Beuve, however, having certain theories respecting Châteaubriand, no doubt in the main sound enough, pounces upon his sisters, and says, "This same Châteaubriand, of whom we were speaking, had a sister who possessed imagination, as he himself said, *sur un fond de bêtise*. There was another sister, who enjoyed an exquisite sensibility, with nothing to correct it. She died mad and killed herself." It is obvious that such sisters as these lend themselves kindly to constructive criticism, and assist a man greatly in applying his method. Sainte-Beuve applies it remorselessly, and no doubt vastly enjoyed doing so in this instance. "The elements which Châteaubriand combined and associated at least in his talent, and which kept up a sort of equilibrium, were separately and disproportionately divided between his sisters." There could not be a politer way of saying that Châteaubriand was an imaginative person, half *bête*, half-lunatic. But we think Saint-Beuve would have arrived at this conclusion concerning him without any assistance from his sisters.

Sainte-Beuve expresses his regret that he did not know the sisters of Lamartine. But he appears to think that his "method" is greatly fortified by citing an accidental *mot* of Royer-Collard, who did know them, and who spoke of them, when in the beauty of their youth, as something charming and melodious, like a nest of nightingales. That is a very pretty idea; but we fear the sisters of poets are not always nightingales, nor the brothers of a nest of nightingales always poets. Madame Surville, the sister of Balzac, and who resembled him in appearance to a striking degree, might almost have justified people, observes Sainte-Beuve with complimentary tartness, in their extravagant admiration for the novelist himself. Beaumarchais, too, it would appear, had a sister of the most sprightly wit, which she pushed to the very limits of decency. Sainte-Beuve accepts all this on the testimony of another, and draws the dashing conclusion, "*C'était bien la sœur de Figaro, le même jet et la même sève*." If meth-

ods could be formed and defended on such evidence as this, we could all afford to have our methods.

Other examples follow, and they are just as interesting and just as inconclusive as those we have quoted. "Has it not been the same," asks our critic, "in our time, with certain daughters of poets, who have helped me better to comprehend and represent the poet their father? At times I have thought to catch in them again the enthusiasm, the warmth of soul, some of the leading paternal characteristics in fine, in a condition of purity and integrity, and, so to speak, embalmed in virtue." Charming gallant, all that; and it is only in a fit of gallantry towards the female sex that we should find this sober and unenthusiastic Frenchman thus expressing himself. But he seemed to be aware that such language, though highly agreeable, is not particularly critical; and he hastened to add: "C'est assez indiquer ma pensée, et je n'abuserai pas." It seems to me that this is as such as to say, "There is something in my method, is there not? but perhaps not very much."

But Sainte-Beuve's critical method has not yet been fully set forth. A distinguished writer must be studied not only in his grandmother, his sisters, or his daughters; we must examine him in his comrades, in his rivals, in his chosen adversaries, in the people he admires or dislikes. Moreover, we must scrutinize him in his dawn, in his full mid-day, and, alas! in his decline. Here we seem to get upon somewhat safer ground, for we are dealing with the man himself and not with his relatives. No doubt it is eminently characteristic of a man what associates he chooses, what foes he selects, for this is all his own doing; but no one chooses his own grandfather or even his own offspring. Probably, if men could be said to choose their own wives—"avec pleine connaissance de cause"—the wives of great men would be the most instructive comment on their characters. Unfortunately, like other mortals they choose a pair of eyes, a well-turned head, a Juno-like figure, or a tender voice; and their spouses may have a host of qualities peculiarly distasteful to them. Upon safer ground, too, we seem to be standing, when Sainte-Beuve tells us that a critic may

reap a world of instruction concerning an author by noticing, firstly, whom he imitates; and, secondly, who imitate him. Indeed, what he says upon this point is so admirable and so much in his best manner, that I will take the liberty of translating the passage:—

"One may, up to a certain point, study certain talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples, and natural admirers; it is a last means of easy and convenient observation. Affinities openly proclaim or subtly betray themselves; genius is a king that calls into being its own people. Apply that to Lamartine, to Hugo, to Michelet, to Balzac, to Musset. Enthusiastic admirers are somewhat of accomplices; they are worshipping themselves, their own virtues and their own defects, in their great representative. Tell me who admires you and whom you admire, and I will tell you what you are. But it is indispensable to discern, in the case of each famous author, his true natural public, and to separate this original nucleus—which bears the stamp of the master—from the *banal* public and that mob of vulgar admirers who go about repeating everything said by their neighbor. The disciples who imitate the style and taste of their model in composition are very curious to note, and the most fit in their turn to throw light upon him. As a rule, the disciple overloads or parodies his master without suspecting it. If the school be an elegant one, he enfeebles him; if it be picturesque and crude, he travesties him and exaggerates his manner to excess. The mirror is a magnifying one. There are days, too, when the disciple is warm and sincere, and when one might easily deceive oneself and be tempted to exclaim—parodying the ancient epigram, 'O Châteaubriand! O Salvandy! which of the two has imitated the other?' Change the names and put in their stead yet more modern ones if you like, but the epigram is eternally true. When the master is negligent and when the disciple is careful and dresses himself in his best, on those days when Châteaubriand works amiss and Marchand does his best, they wear a false aspect of each other. A little way off, behind and by moonlight, one may be excused for mistaking them."

This is excellently well said, and I

am sure Sainte-Beuve diverted himself much in writing it, for it combines the most profound ill-nature with the most consummate good-breeding. Satisfied, however, with launching this penetrating shaft, he straightway recurs, with his wonderful dexterity, to more amiable utterances. Disciples, he says, are not always necessarily copyists; and, even in literature pure and simple, there are pupils who improve upon their master.

If the admiration which an author excites in certain minds affords many hints to a judicious critic, the dislike and antipathy he arouses in others is, says Sainte-Beuve, equally instructive. There is a natural antagonism between certain families and groups of intellect, and other families and groups. "How prevent it? It is in the blood, in the temperament, in the first line taken up—which often does not depend on the man who takes it. When it is not a matter of sheer envy, it is an affair of race hatred. How oblige Boileau to admire Quinault, Fontenelle to hold Boileau in great esteem, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert to feel affection for Voltaire?"

It will be seen that Sainte-Beuve does not stick very rigorously to his text, which, it will be remembered, was his critical method or code; but he is, perhaps, all the more agreeable and interesting in consequence. Indeed, it is only by reading each sentence in this remarkable exposition with the most exact care that one perceives both the drift of his argument and its weak points. See with what apparent negligence he slips in the following sentences just before those I lately cited:—

"Nothing serves better to mark the limitations of some particular talent, to circumscribe its sphere and its domain, than to know the exact point at which revolt against it commences; that in itself is piquant to watch and observe. A man is often detested in the world of letters all his life, without ever being seen."

I wonder if Sainte-Beuve was aware of the important bearing of this last observation, at once so shrewd and so true, upon the principles of his critical method. I will endeavor to show briefly that it seals its condemnation.

"Many a man is hated all his life in

the world of letters, without ever having been seen." Quite so. But why? For two reasons, it seems to me. Firstly, because the world of letters, like any other world, resents an exhibition of indifference to itself and its existence, and is quick to ascribe what may be only a noble passion for solitude and meditation to a haughty disdain for others. It has been justly observed that you had better do a man a serious injury than wound his vanity. It is with the world, and any particular world, as it is with men. Worlds, and the world of letters in a striking degree, are exceedingly touchy, and will not stand being ignored. For an author of distinction never to be seen is for him to be infected with a host of faults which will always be believed precisely because they cannot be verified. No doubt, if he mixes freely with his kind, he will be sure, if he be a man of any consequence or strength of character, to make a certain number of enemies; and these will malign him, and will be as little particular in discerning whether he really be the detestable fellow they affirm as though they had never seen him. But he will, at the same time, secure to himself an equal number of friends, who will perhaps be more active and more successful in maintaining his reputation than his enemies in assailing it. Thus, his being seen, to use Sainte-Beuve's phrase, will be of advantage to him, unless he be a really and irrevocably detestable person.

These are the two reasons which render the observations I have cited, and affirm to be so important, both shrewd and true. But I venture to ask if it follows from them, that a man's works can be more fairly estimated when he himself is known and seen? It is perfectly true that a man's poems, or whatever they are, will not be fairly weighed, and will, perhaps, scarcely be weighed at all, so long as he is alive, but refuses to live in the midst of the weighers. They will be fairly weighed, let me add, when he is no longer seen, because he is dead and can no longer be seen, and the vainest and most sensitive of critical circles can no longer be angry because he does not appear before them. But whilst he yet perambulates this egotistical and exacting planet, is it not plain that his daily appearance among his contemporaries

will operate as a continual bias, in one direction or the other, upon those who sit in judgment on his works? How often is it that the just judge is found, who, though he detests the author, belauds the work, or loves the writer and damns his book? On two separate occasions, the writer of this paper "hinted a fault" in the performances of men whose intimacy was much prized by him. His candor nearly cost him two of his most valued friends. I suppose human nature is like that; and there's an end on't. Men—men living together, dining together, clubbing together—cannot afford to tell the truth about each other in print. Of course, if they dislike each other, and, what is pretty certain, each other's works as well, they can afford to say so in terms of as much exaggeration as they like to employ. But that is not telling the truth, either. The late Lord Lytton was not far wrong when he said:—"All public praise is private friendship!" He might have supplemented the observation with the remark, "All public detraction, when it goes beyond a certain point, is private malignity."

I submit, therefore, that the more a man is known as a man and an individual, the less chance is there of his works being fairly measured. The man himself—or what is supposed to be the man himself—is being continually thrust into the page, to discolor its sentiments, to distort its meaning, to obscure its patent drift. If the critic be a friend, he will find each passage heightened in beauty and merit by the recollection of the man who wrote it. If he be other than a friend, each metaphor will become confused, and each simile trite, in the darkening shadow of their objectionable author.

But perhaps the author's grandmothers, sisters, aunts, and nieces can help us here? To put the question is to answer it. They can help in the same sense that all facts help a man who has got a theory, and has not the smallest intention of surrendering it. If one grandmother will not do, perhaps the other will; and if the miscreant poet had a sister who deserved to be canonized, perhaps he had another who broke all the commandments, the eleventh included. The more convenient sister of the two will be taken, and the other left;

or should both have been models of propriety, the methodical critic will indeed be unfortunate if a niece or a cousin cannot be hunted up somewhere to corroborate a foregone conclusion.

And this is the critical method of, in my opinion, the greatest and most delightful of modern critics. "Save me from my friends," is a common observation. "Save me from myself!" would be yet more to the purpose. Happily, Sainte-Beuve saves himself; for just as Wordsworth, when duly inspired, forgot all about his principles of poetic composition, so Sainte-Beuve, in all, or nearly all, his great critical judgments, ceases to potter among uncles, and aunts, and grandchildren, and goes straight to the author's nearest and truest relatives, his works themselves.

For this, I submit, is the true critical method, and the only sound and secure one. If a critic happens to know anything personal about his author, let him try to forget it. Happy Virgil! Happy Shakspeare! We know nothing about either of your great-grandmothers and precious little more about yourselves. Possibly one was a bit of a courtier, and the other no end of a sad dog. But we don't know; and accordingly we read of the praises of Augustus, and Mæcenas, and Marcellus with charmed ears; and we peruse *Romeo and Juliet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Venus and Adonis*, and even the *Sonnets* themselves, without turning up the whites of our eyes and wishing it was always Sunday. The best criticism, like the best poetry, is objective. I would say to the critic, as I would to the poet, "Mind you don't analyse over much. Look straight at the object, and tell us about it, just as it is, without too much subtle sentiment or too much recondite reasoning. Leave the man's grandmother alone, and his wife, and even his neighbor's wife. The loves of the poets may be very interesting; but the most interesting thing about them, at least to the robust and candid mind, is what they have said, and how they have said it! To keep before you eternally all that gossip and detraction, and envy, and even strict truth, have ransacked concerning the poet, is to hamper and cloud your judgment concerning the poem. And as of poems, so of all other productions—his-

ories, philosophies, statues, pictures, operas. Deal with these on their own merits. Look straight at the performance ; purge yourself of your prejudices,

and struggle to be candid. That is the only system, the only critical method, worth a rush."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON PLANTS.

It is now an ascertained fact that as a rule, no organised being in the world subsists alone by the nourishment which it absorbs, either in the form of food or of atmospheric air ; it has also need of heat and light. Light is the creator of the charming colors, the sweet perfumes, the exquisite flavors which we gain from the vegetable kingdom. But how these marvellous operations are accomplished, what are the rules of the dispersion of darkness and its multiplied refractions, are not yet thoroughly determined. Let us glance at what has been already determined.

Plants are nourished by absorbing through their roots certain substances in the soil, and by decomposing through their green parts the carbonic acid gas contained in the atmosphere. They decompose this gas into carbon, which is assimilated, and into oxygen, which they exhale, and return to the atmosphere for the use of animals. This, which may be called the respiration of plants, cannot be performed without the help of the solar rays. Charles Bonnet, the well-known philosopher of Geneva, was the first in the last century to verify this truth. He remarked that all plants grow vertically, and stretch towards the sun in whatever position the seed may have been planted. We have all noticed how plants in dark places direct their stems to the place whence a ray of light issues. He also discovered that when plunged into water they disengage bubbles or gas under the sun's influence. Our own Dr. Priestley took up the subject and gained another step ; he burned a light in a closed space until it went out, shewing that the oxygen had been consumed, and that in consequence the air had become unfit for maintaining combustion. Into the space he introduced the green parts of a plant, and after ten days the air was so purified that the candle would burn once more. In other words he had proved that plants can substitute oxygen for carbonic acid

gas. If some water-cress, for instance, be grown in water, and exposed to sunlight, the presence of the oxygen gas given off by the leaves may be demonstrated by the rekindling of a paper the lingering spark of which is introduced into the vessel in which the plant is contained.

Dr. Ingenhousz further explained this interesting fact. He observed that plants have the power of correcting impure air in a few hours ; and that this marvellous operation is due solely to the influence of the sun upon plants. This influence only begins when the sun has risen some little time above the horizon ; the obscurity of night entirely suspends the operation, as do also high buildings or the shade of trees. Towards the close of day the production of oxygen relaxes, and entirely ceases at sunset.

When these facts had been established, the explanation was soon discovered : the impure gas which was absorbed and decomposed during the day was nothing but the carbonic acid which is freely given out from the lungs of every breathing animal, the pure gas resulting from the decomposition being oxygen. But the diurnal respiration of most plants is exactly the inverse of the nocturnal, for the gas which they emit during night is the unwholesome carbonic acid. It was discovered also that mere heat could not take the place of light in these operations. There was another point which required elucidation ; this was, the relation that existed between the amount of carbonic acid absorbed and of oxygen exhaled. Another Genevese citizen, De Saussure, maintained that the latter is always the smaller quantity, and that at the same time a portion of the oxygen retained by the plant is replaced by nitrogen ; whilst Boussingault shewed that the volume of carbonic acid decomposed was equal to that of the oxygen produced.

There is a wonderful rapidity and energy in the performance of these func-

tions by the green parts of plants, as was proved by placing an earthen vessel in the sun filled with vine-leaves. Through this a current of carbonic acid was passed, and when it came out it was pure oxygen. It is calculated that one single leaf of the water-lily thus exhales during the summer about three hundred quarts of oxygen. Indeed there are some peculiarities about aquatic plants which make them more valuable in clearing the atmosphere than others, for during the night they are inactive and disengage no carbonic acid, whilst they act as others do in the daytime. It is easy to shew the direct action of the sun on vegetable respiration by placing some leaves of the *nayas* in a vessel filled with water saturated with carbonic gas; as soon as this is exposed to the sun, an infinite number of little bubbles of almost pure oxygen will be seen rising to the surface. The shadow of a cloud crossing the sky suffices to lessen this action, which is again resumed with sudden activity when it has passed. By intercepting the solar rays with a screen, the changes of quick or slow production of gas-bubbles may be clearly observed.

So far these remarks apply only to white light, that is the mixture of all the rays which the sun sends us; but this light is not simple; it is composed of seven prismatic groups of colors, the properties of which are quite distinct. This prismatic group further prolongs and extends itself by invisible radiations. Beyond the red there are radiations of heat; beyond the violet, chemical radiations. The first act on the thermometer; the second determine energetic reactions in chemical compositions. What is their influence on vegetation? Does the solar light affect plants through its color, its chemical properties, or its heat?

Many experiments have been tried to solve this question, but it is still a matter of doubt. If plants are placed in colored glasses, less oxygen is disengaged than under the influence of white light. Young plants grown in comparative darkness, and consequently pale as to color, have been exposed to different rays of the spectrum, the effect being that in three hours and a half they assumed a green tint under the action of yellow light; whilst an hour longer was

required for orange, and sixteen hours for blue. It is evident from this that the energy of solar action on plants corresponds neither with the maximum of heat, which lies in the red rays, nor in the maximum of chemical intensity which is at the other extremity of the spectrum, that is the violet.

If blades of grass are put into tubes filled with water charged with carbonic gas, and exposed to colored rays, and the quantity of oxygen gas disengaged is measured, it will be found that the largest quantity is in the tubes which have been acted on by yellow and green light; afterwards those influenced by orange and red. Just as aquatic plants send out gaseous bubbles under white light, so do they to nearly the same extent under orange light, but twenty times less if placed under blue glass. These experiments would seem to prove that it is the *luminous* rays only, and principally the yellow and orange, that act upon plants. To this may be added, that green light produces much the same effect as darkness on vegetable respiration; thus explaining why there is such a slow lingering growth under the shade of large trees or forests, where the ground beneath is bathed in emerald light.

The sun also assists in the transpiration and constant renewal of the moisture essential to the tissues of plants. Like the human being, when there is no evaporation, the plant becomes dropsical, and the leaves fall because the stem is too weak to bear their weight. This imperious need and love which they have for light shews that the solar rays are really the essence which gives color. The corollas of those flowers which grow on mountains at a great elevation have a deeper hue than those which blow in lowlands. The sun's rays pass more easily through the transparent atmosphere which bathes the higher peaks. Certain flowers vary with their altitude; thus the *Anthyllis vulneraria* passes from white, through pale red, to an intense purple. Well-lighted and cleared tracts of land are much richer in color than those shaded by high hedges and trees; and some flowers are observed to change during the day, owing to the direct action of the sun. The *Hibiscus mutabilis*, for instance, blooms white in the morn-

ing and becomes red at noon-day ; the floral buds of the *Agapanthus umbellatus* are also white at early dawn and afterwards acquire a blue tint ; the *Cheiranthus camelea* changes from white to lemon color and then to a red violet. If a flower be taken as it is coming out of its sheath and wrapped in black paper, so as to intercept the light, it remains white ; but recovers its color when exposed to the sun. Nor are fruits any exception to this rule ; the beneficial action of daylight is necessary to their development, and to all those principles which communicate taste and scent to the different parts.

Another part of this interesting study relates to the *mechanical* action which light exercises, as shewn in the sleep of flowers, the inflection of the stems, and the inclination towards the great luminary. Pliny speaks of the sunflower which always faces the sun and turns round with it ; a delicate sensibility which the poet Moore has beautifully expressed in words and music. The lupine is another instance, which indicates by its diurnal revolution the hour of the day to the laborer. The stems of all plants as a rule turn towards the side of the light, and bend to drink it in. This constitutes what is known as 'heliotropism.' If cress be grown in darkness on moist cotton-wool, and then placed in a room lighted on one side only, the stems bend and incline very rapidly towards it ; the higher part only turns, the lower remaining upright. But if it be placed in a room lighted by two windows, a fresh observation will be made. Supposing they are on the same side, and admitting an equal amount of light, the stem bends in the direction of the middle of the angle formed by the rays ; whilst if one window allows more light to penetrate into the room than the other, the stem turns to it. When the two are opposite there is no deviation from the straight line.

There are some curious facts regarding climbing-plants ; their stems generally turn from left to right round the pole used for support ; others follow a contrary direction ; while to some it seems to be a matter of indifference. Mr. Darwin has concluded that light is an influential cause. If plants of this class are placed in a room near a win-

dow, the stem requires more time to perform the half-revolution during which it is turned away from the light, than for that which is towards the window. In one case the whole circle was completed in five hours and twenty minutes ; of this the half in full light only required an hour ; whilst the other could not traverse its part in less than four hours and twenty minutes—a very striking variation. Some Chinese ignamas, *Diascorea batatas*, in full growth were placed in a completely darkened cave, and others in a garden ; in every case those which were in darkness lost the power of climbing round their supports ; those exposed to the sun were twisting, but as soon as they were put in the cellar they grew with straight stems.

The sleep of plants, which certainly has a connection with light, is another curiosity in nature. Flowers and leaves of some growths seem to fade at particular hours, the corolla being closed, which after a state of lethargy blows out afresh ; in others, the flower falls and dies without having closed. In the case of the convolvulus the flower is drawn up at noon. Linnæus noted the hours in which certain plants blow and fade, and thus composed a floral dial ; but science has not yet been able to explain these curious relations to light.

The green coloring of leaves and stems is owing to a special matter called chlorophyll, which forms microscopical granulations contained in their cells. These grains are more or less numerous in each cell, and it is to their number as well as to the intensity of their color that the plant owes its particular shade of green. Sometimes they are found pressed together and cover the whole internal surface of the cell ; whilst at other times they are smaller in quantity and do not touch each other. It has recently been observed also in the latter case, that under the influence of light the green corpuscles undergo very curious changes of position ; in certain plants they crowd to the part of the wall of the cells exposed to the action of the sun—a phenomenon which does not take place in darkness or under red rays only.

There might be given many other very interesting effects of light on plants, not usually noticed. The truth is, the direct

rays of the sun exert a potent influence on every living thing, whether plant or animal. Sunlight, fair and full upon you and upon your dwelling, might be called the greatest blessing in nature ; but on this branch of the subject we will not at present expatiate.—*Chambers's Journal*.

DRIFTING DOWN: A THAMES BARCAROLLE.

BY J. ASHEY-STERRY.

DRIFTING down in the gray-green twilight,
 O, the scent of the new-mown hay !
 Soft drip the oars in the mystic shy light,
 O, the charm of the dying day !
 While fading flecks of bright opalescence
 But faintly dapple a saffron sky,
 The stream flows on with superb quiescence,
 The breeze is hushed to the softest sigh.
 Drifting down in the sweet still weather,
 O, the fragrance of fair July !
 Love, my love, when we drift together,
 O, how fleetly the moments fly !

Drifting down on the dear old river,
 O, the music that interweaves !
 The ripples run and the sedges shiver,
 O, the song of the lazy leaves !
 And far-off sounds—for the night so clear is—
 Awake the echoes of bygone times ;
 The muffled roar of the distant weir is
 Cheered by the clang of the Marlow chimes.
 Drifting down in the cloudless weather,
 O, how short is the summer day !
 Love, my love, when we drift together,
 O, how quickly we drift away.

Drifting down as the night advances,
 O, the calm of the starlit skies !
 Eyelids droop o'er the half-shy glances,
 O, the light in those blue-gray eyes !
 A winsome maiden is sweetly singing
 A dreamy song in a minor key ;
 Her clear low voice and its tones are bringing
 A mingled melody back to me.
 Drifting down in the clear calm weather,
 O, how sweet is the maiden's song !
 Love, my love, when we drift together,
 O, how quickly we drift along !

—*London World*.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEXT to that of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, the name most prominently brought into notice by the late Russo-Turkish war was that of the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army of the Danube. The Grand Duke is the third son of the Czar Nicholas, and was born on the 8th of August, 1831. He received a thorough military education, has never shown any



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THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

disposition to engage in political life, is a drill-sergeant to the backbone, and at present combines in his person four of the highest military offices in Russia, being General of Engineers, Inspector General of the Cavalry, Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Guards, and of the military district of St. Petersburg. His rise in the army, however, is understood to have been owing entirely to the right of seniority, as he was always reputed to be the most 'stupid and dull of all the princes of the imperial house. His brother Constantine would have had priority over him if the former had not been brought up as a sailor and a statesman, and placed at the head of the Marine and the Council of State. "His brothers," says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, "always made fun of Nicholas at court, and spread the most uncomplimentary stories about him. Even Alexander himself, before he became emperor, could not resist the impulse to play jokes on his stupid brother. His marriage with his plain and unattractive second cousin, the Princess of Oldenburg, into which he was forced by his father, was a source of great vexation to the Grand Duke. He was then a handsome man, twenty-five years of age, and the presence of a little red-haired, red-faced, plain-looking woman by his side did certainly not contribute to increase his prestige. For a few years the Grand Duke

tried, however, to make the best of this match. He had two sons born to him, purchased large farms in the vicinity of the capital, and gave all his spare time to cattle and poultry, the breeding of which was always a favorite pursuit of his wife and of all the members of the Oldenburg family. These domestic occupations rendered him still more ridiculous in the eyes of the Russian aristocracy."

The Grand Duke probably owed his appointment as commander-in-chief of the principal army of invasion in the late war to the same causes that raised him to his other military positions—the fact that he was the senior military prince of the empire. As a matter of course, the ultimate success of the invading army reflected much lustre upon the commander-in-chief; but he is not thought to have displayed any of the higher qualities of generalship; and there were times when the preponderance of numbers and the splendid fighting qualities of the Russian army were almost defeated by the inefficiency of its leaders. After the signature of the armistice and the posting of the Russian lines close to Constantinople, the Grand Duke was superseded by General Todleben, chiefly, it was said, because it was feared that his impulsive and haughty temper might betray him into steps which would thwart the pacific intentions of the St. Petersburg Cabinet.

[LITERARY NOTICES.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Bros.

"These short books," says the publishers' prospectus, "are addressed to the general public, with a view to stirring and satisfying an interest in literature and its great topics in the minds of those who have to run as they read. An immense class is growing up, and must every year increase, whose education will have made them alive to the importance of the masters of our literature, and capable of intelligent curiosity as to their performances. The series is intended to give the means of nourishing this curiosity to an extent that shall be copious enough to be profitable for knowledge and life, and yet be brief enough to serve those whose leisure is scanty."

Such, concisely but clearly expressed, is the

aim of the series, and the method in which it is proposed to carry it out is not less praiseworthy. Besides a general supervision of the work by Mr. Morley, each volume is to be prepared by a scholar selected with special reference to his skill as a writer and his familiarity with the particular field assigned him. The names of the authors who have already promised to co-operate would alone be a sufficient guarantee of the literary excellence of the series; and the reader could hardly be blamed who should form very high expectations of such a list as the following: Johnson, by Leslie Stephen; Gibbon, by Prof. J. C. Morison; Scott, by R. H. Hutton; Spenser, by the Dean of St. Paul's; Hume, by Professor Huxley; Bunyan, by J. A. Froude; Goldsmith, by William Black; Dickens, by Thomas Hughes; Milton, by Prof. Mark Pattison; Wordsworth, by Goldwin

Smith; Swift, by John Morley; Burns, by Principal Shairp; Shelley, by J. A. Symonds; Byron, by Professor Nichol; and Defoe, by W. Minto.

Of this list the first three volumes have already appeared, and will enable us to apply a practical test to the usefulness of the series. To Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose "Hours in a Library" have won him a recognized place as one of the most competent and sympathetic of critics, has been assigned what is at once the most inviting and the most difficult task of all, that, namely, of following in the footsteps of "the inimitable Boswell;" and if the manner in which he has discharged it can meet with only a qualified approval, it may be said with confidence that there are very few who would have been willing to undertake it at all, or, having undertaken it, would or could have performed it half so successfully. The truth is that to one who has really enjoyed Boswell the idea of providing *any* substitute for him must always appear somewhat grotesque—scarcely less so than the idea of providing a literary substitute for Shakespeare. His book, with its vast array of notes and commentary, is twice or three times too long, but any process which eliminates Boswell himself deprives his narrative of at least half its charm. Nor can the difficulty be met, as Mr. Stephen himself confesses, by restricting one's self to the use of Boswell's materials. The effectiveness of Boswell's pictures and anecdotes lies as much in their "setting" as in the pictures and anecdotes themselves; and, though highly interesting and entertaining reading, the chapters in Mr. Stephen's book which abridge Boswell's narrative and bring together its "gems" are the least satisfactory portions of the work. With all his skill as a delineator of character and reporter of conversation, however, Boswell was no critic, and consequently was hopelessly incapable of defining Johnson's position and qualities as a writer. Now just here, happily, lies Mr. Stephen's chief strength; and the critical portions of his book, and especially the admirable chapter on Johnson's writings, give it an independent value, and should secure it a permanent and prominent place in the Johnsonian literature. It should be said, too, that Mr. Stephen gives us a more rounded and complete, and also a more pleasing, conception of Johnson's character than we obtain from Boswell. This is done by emphasizing that humane and gentle side of Johnson's temper which is commonly overlooked, and which is certainly far from conspicuous in Boswell's report of his "talk."

In his life of Gibbon Professor Morison has had a much easier task, and has produced a thoroughly satisfactory work. What is known

of Gibbon's life is no more than enough to fill such a volume, and the narrative is probably as full as it could have been made without actual padding—is much fuller, indeed, than the well-known Autobiography. As in Mr. Stephen's book, too, the critical portion of the work is of exceptional excellence and usefulness, and there are few readers but will obtain some fruitful ideas from the two chapters on the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

"Sir Walter Scott," by R. H. Hutton, is more nearly a simple compilation than either of the preceding volumes, but it should be said in explanation of this that Lockhart left no room for a subsequent gleaner in his field. He gathered into the ten generous volumes of his *Life of Scott* everything that could even tend to illustrate Scott's life and times, and all that any one can now do is to sift and recombine his materials. The freshest feature of Mr. Hutton's monograph is his treatment of the relations between Scott and the Ballantynes, which have never before been discussed with such insight and candor. Lockhart, if not consciously unfair, was obviously biassed; and this portion of his work has been more criticised than any other, and is recognized as its greatest blemish. Mr. Hutton's critical comments are somewhat desultory, but are always helpful and suggestive.

THE COSSACKS: A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Cossacks" is in several respects a very remarkable work, but few readers will be found to accept Turgeneff's estimate when he pronounces it the finest and most perfect production of Russian literature. Nor is it necessary to be deeply versed in Russian literature in order to dissent from this opinion. An acquaintance with two or three of Turgeneff's own stories will suffice to convince one that he has been far too sweeping and generous in his tribute to the merits of a brother-novelist, and that he either feels, as is often the case with authors, an exaggerated admiration for methods different to his own or has chosen to ignore his own universally recognized pre-eminence. To our mind Turgeneff's novels belong to an altogether higher plane of art. Compared with their homogeneous, closely-knit, and artistic construction, "The Cossacks" is a series of crudely-joined or disconnected sketches; and though Tolstoy's character-studies are profound and striking, they are typical rather than individual, and do not impress us with that actuality of existence which Turgeneff always secures for even the minor personages

of his better stories. There is no necessary connection between the characters and the events and outcome of the story—so that the one flows naturally and as it were inevitably from the other—and throughout the author himself is the almost visible *deus ex machina*.

The chief charm of "The Cossacks"—and it is a very great charm—lies in its picturesque and romantic delineation of Cossack life and character, and in the manner in which their primitive simplicity is contrasted with the more complex motives and aims of so-called civilized life. This contrast is effected by causing us to look at the Cossacks and their customs through the eyes and mind of Olenin, a tenderly-bred youth, who, under the impulse of a sudden and somewhat unaccountable freak, determines to leave the luxury and dissipations of Moscow and seek adventure and a more wholesome life on the remote frontier. The descriptive passages are exceedingly fine, and the situations throughout are highly interesting; but as a whole the story is not a pleasing one, as the Cossack qualities are not of a kind to provoke any very enthusiastic admiration, and Olenin himself is what Dr. Johnson would have called a "futile fellow."

The translation appears to have been somewhat hastily done, and the book has been published without adequate revision; but these are minor faults, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Schuyler will feel encouraged to render accessible others of Count Tolstoy's works, especially "Anna Karenina," a novel of contemporary Russian life, which he mentions in his preface.

A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Charles F. Richardson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The aids to the study of American literature are so few that a brief sketch which should perform the same service for it that Mr. Stopford Brooke in his Primer has done for English literature would possess an even greater value. We are sorry to say that if Mr. Richardson aimed at this in the present work, he has failed utterly. As a critical survey of the literature (if that is what it was intended to be) his "Primer" is worse than worthless—his opinions where they are not meaningless are nearly always either mistaken or insufficiently stated; as an historical sketch it is too inadequate for us to feel any confidence in the inference that that is what the author designed to make it; and even as a list of authors and books it is curiously incomplete and insufficient. It seems to be the outcome of no prolonged study or special familiarity with the subject, but is altogether such a work as an experienced compiler might put

together at a week's notice from Duykinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature" and a collection of the more recent publishers' catalogues. If it be really the product of wider research and deeper reflection, we can only say that the author has done himself injustice, for the Primer itself is a harsher commentary upon his competency to the task he has undertaken than any depreciatory criticism of it could be.

PLAYS FOR PRIVATE ACTING. Translated from the French and Italian by members of the Bellevue Dramatic Club, of Newport. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Among the things which they do better in France than elsewhere, the writing of dainty and graceful parlor comediettas is one of the most noteworthy, and it was a happy thought of the publishers of the Leisure Hour Series to select a volume from a somewhat extensive collection of such plays which has appeared recently in Paris. The selection includes pieces ranging in scope from regularly constructed comedies with seven characters (the majority contain only three or four) down to monologues; and prior to reading them one would hardly realize that such trifles can be made so brilliant, sparkling, and amusing. The wit is polished, the vivacity unailing, the tone refined and graceful; and in most of the pieces the interplay of events and incidents is kept duly subordinate to the delineation and interpretation of character. In nearly every company of young men and women there are two or three with considerable dramatic aptitudes which can seldom be made tributary to the general entertainment for lack of a proper medium. In all such cases, these plays will furnish exactly what is wanted; for while many of them are quite good enough and complete enough for rendition on the regular stage, there is scarcely one which amateurs could so bungle that it would fail to prove entertaining.

Among the names attached to the comedies as writers are those of men so eminent in letters as MM. Gustave Droz, E. Legouvé, Prosper Mérimée, André Theuriet, E. d'Hervilly, Jules Guilleminot, Charles Monselet, Charles Cros, and Count Sollohub. The translators acknowledge that in adapting the plays for American acting they have taken many liberties with the text—chiefly, we imagine, in the way of changing the names and localizing the incidents.

POEMS OF PLACES. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Asia. Three volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

That "the whole extent and vast domain of

Asia" should fill so small a space in comparison with Europe in Mr. Longfellow's "Poems of Places" is not so surprising as the fact that appropriate material could be found to fill three volumes, and to fill them in such a manner as to make them among the most enjoyable of the series. The wide reading and tireless industry of Mr. Longfellow have seldom been exhibited so impressively as in these volumes, which, besides the original productions of the leading English and American poets, include translations from the Greek, Hebrew, German, French, Italian, Portuguese, Persian, Hindoo, and Japanese. As in the previous issues of the series, the slenderest thread of association suffices to link a poem with a place, and very many pieces are included which can hardly be said to have any local habitation at all; but it is already evident that the series will form one of the most comprehensive and copious anthologies yet made, and it may now be fairly said of it that while it contains much verse of inferior quality, it also contains nearly all the really good descriptive and lyrical poetry in the language.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have agreed to bring out a Concordance to the Septuagint.

THE Italian Government, on the occasion of the inauguration of a statue to Giordano Bruno, proposes to republish all the works of this illustrious philosopher.

THE Secretary of the Académie Française has been authorised to accept a legacy of 40,000 francs, bequeathed by M. Lelevain to found a yearly prize for wisdom, virtue, and probity.

THE Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott is preparing a book which will contain a short history of the monasteries and religious houses of England before the Dissolution by Henry the Eighth.

RAIKA, "the Queen of the Bulgarians," whose sad story was told by Mr. McGahan in one of the earliest of his letters to the *Daily News* on the Bulgarian atrocities, has lately published a pamphlet on her sufferings. She now resides in Russia.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL & Co. have in the press a work on Mount Etna, by Mr. G. F. Rodwell, Science Master in Marlborough College. It contains topographical and geological maps, and gives a detailed history of the mountain and of its eruptions.

THE great literary success of the day in France is Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime*.

The sale of the people's edition at two francs has reached 150,000; and a new and still cheaper edition is to appear with illustrations, published at two sous the number. *Le Pape* has likewise passed through half a score of editions.

A RECENT number of the *République Française* gives an account of the great publishing house of Hachette & Co. According to the writer this firm has the largest bookselling business in the world, turns over some fifteen million francs, publishes a book a day, employs 5000 persons, and exports yearly 200,000 packages.

DR. MORITZ BUSCH has in the press a most interesting book on the Franco-German War, founded on his diary, with the title of 'Graf Bismarck und seine Leute während des Kriegs mit Frankreich,' in two volumes. Dr. Busch, as is well known, was one of those who was admitted to the close *entourage* of the German Chancellor.

THE Rev. Isaac Taylor is preparing a book on the various alphabets, beginning with the Aramaic character of the papyri and the Phœnician of the Moabite inscription, and coming down to our current writing. There will also be a chapter on the history of the numerals.

PROF. HAECKEL, of Jena, has answered Prof. Virchow's famous speech delivered at Munich at the meeting of German naturalists and physicians. The title of his pamphlet is *Freie Wissenschaft und freie Lehre*, the motto *Impavidi progrediamur*. Virchow had denied that evolution could ever change an ape into a man. Haeckel re-asserts the possibility, and more than possibility, of that change, and represents Virchow as the ally of the Jesuits.

THE Russian Government lately gave its sanction to the proposal for founding a new university in Siberia. Tomsk is the town chosen for this new seat of learning. At present the donations for this establishment amount to 430,000 roubles. The *Russische Revue* suggests that the year 1882, the third centenary of the Russian possession of Siberia, would be the right time for opening the new university.

THE second part of König's *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte* (History of German Literature) has just been published. This volume embraces the period in German literature between the latter half of the fifteenth century and the latter half of the eighteenth. Part III. will complete the work, and will, it is expected, be published in September next. The book will possess more of a popular character than the works of Koberstein and Vilmar on the same subject. It contains brief biographies

of the authors, and short sketches or outlines of each of their works.

At the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations there was, this year, an increase of twenty-five per cent in the number of candidates, who were, as usual, mostly women. More than three-fourths of them were in the first, or literature and history, group. Nearly one-quarter of these failed in simple arithmetic, but only one per cent failed in English composition. One-fourth of the distinctions awarded were gained by candidates who had attended lectures provided by the Cambridge Association. Either the religious knowledge group is not so attractive as formerly, or the examination does not suit the candidates; only two-fifths entered for it this year, and two-fifths of these failed. In the language group French is still the favorite. Mathematics beyond arithmetic as yet commands very few candidates; only two (Cambridge students) gained a first class. The group including political economy, advanced history, and logic is more popular, as are also the science subjects. Geology and botany are preferred to zoology and chemistry. Henceforward there is to be a change in the examination, by which any of the groups can be taken at any time. The amount of literature and history required of candidates in order to pass in the first group is to be reduced. In science two new subjects will be added, physics and physiology. The scholarships offered in connection with the Cambridge Association for the Higher Education of Women will be increased in value by the aid of the Cloth-workers' and Drapers' Companies. Mrs. Sidgwick, Hill Side, Chesterton Road, Cambridge, will give all information.—*Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

MEDICAL USES OF THE TELEPHONE.—We have already recorded various experiments and suggestions with reference to the medical uses of the telephone. It has been in use in the house of a medical man during the last few weeks to enable a member of the family suffering from an infectious exanthem to communicate with her family and friends, and this application we would recommend as very practical to the managers of fever hospitals and asylums. In the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* we read that its utility in the class demonstration of auscultative signs of disorder of the chest is being studied with good promise of success. Professor da Costa made a preliminary trial in March last at the Pennsylvania Hospital of a Bell's telephone, constructed by Dr. W. B. Hopkins, a former resident. It

was tested by cases of cardiac murmurs and different varieties of respiration; and while the results obtained were not fully satisfactory, it was believed to be demonstrated that a slight modification in the construction of the instrument, enabling it to respond to more delicate impulses, would fit it for the purpose, and make it an almost indispensable adjunct to the clinical amphitheatre.—*British Medical Journal*.

OUT-DOOR PHOTOGRAPHY SIMPLIFIED.—An invention which simplifies photography out of doors may be said to have claims on the attention of tourists and travellers, as well as of professional photographers. To carry the bottles, liquids, and other appliances at present required necessitates troublesome baggage; but Mr. Chardon of Paris shows that all this may be avoided by the use of his "dry bromide of silver emulsion." This preparation, a mixture of collodion and the bromide, will keep an indefinite time in bottles excluded from the light, and does not suffer from varying temperatures. Specimens carried to China and back, by way of the Red Sea, underwent no alteration; an important consideration for travellers and astronomers who wish to take photographs in tropical countries. When required for use, the bromide is mixed in certain proportions with ether and alcohol; the plates are coated with this solution, and as soon as dry are ready for the photographer. They require no further preparation, and retain their sensibility through many months. The image may be developed immediately, or after some weeks, according to circumstances; in proof of which photographs taken at Aden have been developed in Paris. But a very small quantity of water is necessary, and the image may be transferred to a film of gelatine or a sheet of paper at pleasure, which lessens the risk of breakage, and the plates may be used for fresh pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOR.—Announcements of photographic pictures representing not merely light and shade but color also have hitherto proved somewhat premature. It is reported from Munich that a method of attaining this desirable result has been devised by a gentleman well versed in practical science. The process consists, it is said, of photographing and printing the three primitive colors of a picture by three distinct operations. One photograph is taken on a plate chemically prepared so as to be sensitive to yellow rays only, and the negative of this plate is printed by a photo-lithographic process in yellow ink. In the same way a second plate will be subjected to the action of the blue rays, and the negative printed over in blue ink, to be followed in due course by the complementary red; all three colors uniting to produce the infinite variety of tints

and gradations which may come within the range of the camera. The real secret of the invention consists, it seems, in the means to be adopted for thus rendering plates equally sensitive to any one of the three primitive colors, and one only. If this has really been done as reported, what a revolution there is likely to occur in the photographic world! It is right to add, however, that so far as we know, the shop-windows in Munich have not yet displayed any sun-pictures, colored by the new process.

THE MICROPHONE IN MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Medical practitioners have caught at the notion that an instrument so delicate as the microphone may be used with advantage in auscultation. It might be important to hear distinctly obscure sounds within the body; but so far as experiments have yet been carried they do not succeed better than with the stethoscope. But it is now proved by experiment that the microphone may be turned to good account in surgical operations. If the existence of a stone in the bladder is suspected, it can be verified by the microphone: when the surgeons' "sound" (instrument) touches the concretion, however small, a distinct click is heard. In like manner the smallest fragments may be detected after an operation for lithotomy. The presence of a bullet or pieces of bone in a wound, or of a buried stump in the gums, could also be discovered. Another notion is that some way may be found to assist the hearing of deaf people by microphonic means.

STAR-GAUGING.—If the speculations respecting the real distribution of the stars in the universe are to be built up on a firm foundation, it is necessary that our knowledge of the apparent distribution of the stars of various magnitudes on the surface of the sphere should be greatly increased. At present we possess in the atlas of the *Bonner Durchmusterung* a complete and trustworthy representation of the stars of the northern hemisphere down to the ninth or the 9.2 magnitude of the scale there adopted, and an incomplete representation of a great many stars below that magnitude. Sooner or later the wearisome task will have to be taken in hand of ascertaining by proper observations with a powerful telescope the actual number of stars of different magnitudes, down to the faintest, in each small portion of at least a great part of the sphere. If only the numbers of all stars visible in each small portion are counted without distinction of brightness, telescopes of various apertures for various limits of visibility will have to be employed. Argelander, when comparing the numbers of stars visible to the naked eye of those observed in the telescope of the *Durchmusterung*, and the estimated numbers of

those seen by the Herschels in their gauges, pointed out the uncertainty of the conclusions arising from the great leap between the small telescope of only three inches diameter employed in the observations to the *Durchmusterung* and the eighteen-inch telescope employed in the gauges, and he recommended observations with telescopes of intermediate size. The recommendation has been followed at the observatory at Milan by Prof. Celoria, who, by the advice of Prof. Schiaparelli, has for some years past been engaged upon a series of gaugings with a telescope of Plössl of nearly four inches aperture. The first results of his labors, referring to the zone between the equator and the sixth degree of northern declination, have been recently published in a paper "Sopra alcuni scandagli del cielo eseguiti all' osservatorio reale di Milano, esulla distribuzione generale delle stelle nello spazio." The zone being subdivided into twenty-one sub-zones, each 17' broad, the numbers of stars are given in each sub-zone for every space of 10 m. in right ascension, and also for every hour. The results are exhibited graphically by a series of curves, a separate curve being first given for every sub-zone, and then the whole breadth of six degrees being represented by a general curve, which is made comparable with the corresponding curves representing the results of Argelander's *Uranometria*, of the *Durchmusterung*, and of Herschel's gauges. There is a fair agreement in the chief features of these curves, the influence of the Milky Way being well marked, though the degree of this influence is of course conspicuously strong in the curve representing the results of the most powerful telescope. The continuation of Prof. Celoria's *Scandagli* is very much to be desired.

HOW TO MAKE A MICROPHONE.—A correspondent of *The English Mechanic* gives the following simple instructions for making a microphone: "Go to a toyshop and buy a child's toy tambourine. Take a thin piece of white pine wood, say 2 in. by 1½ in. With a pair of scissors cut a piece of thin sheet copper about ½ in. broad, 2 in. long. Keep one end broad, cut the other, by taking off the corners, to a blunt point, drill a hole towards the broad end large enough to take a small brass screw; at the other end another hole, but only large enough to receive the end of a small copper wire. Place this piece of copper thus shaped in a hand vise, and turn up to a right angle the pointed end to the height of half an inch. Now take another piece of copper plate the same breadth, a little short of an inch in length, and turn one end up in the same way. Bore a hole in this to take a brass screw, get a piece of carbon, file it to 1 in. long, ½ in. broad, ⅜ in. deep; drill hole

through it for screw. Now place this piece of carbon across the larger piece of copper plate, and screw it firmly on to the board, passing, of course, through the plate. Take the other piece of copper and screw it to the board at the other end. Two very small blocks of wood may now be cut, into which fix binding screws. With coaguline fix these one at each edge of the tambourine, and then by the same process fix the board in the centre, with its two ends towards the binding screws. When thoroughly firm, bring a thin copper wire twisted into a helix through the hole in the upright and twisted firm to that hole. Bring the other end round the screw of the binding screw, and screw it well down upon it. You have thus connection with the carbon plate. Take a small file and cut a nick in the centre of the upright at the other end of the board, just deep enough to carry a piece of stout brass wire. Connect the copper in the same way as the other to the binding screw, in a line with it, the distance between the two copper plates on the board being about half an inch. You have only now to cut a piece of stout brass wire, which, falling into the nick, shall by another nick in itself so balance, that one end, filed to a knife edge, shall just touch the edge of the carbon. This is a long story to tell of what, when seen, is very simple. As to the effect, although I have purchased some microphones from well-known makers, and found them very good, for a large field, for fly walking, etc., the tambourine I find far the best. If the tambourine was supported on four pieces of oak I think it would improve it."

THE TASIMETER.—Mr. Edison has applied the principle of his carbon telephone to a new instrument, which is said to be a measurer of infinitesimal pressure. The principle is the variation of the electric resistance of a carbon button due to variation of pressure, and the instrument is said to be an extremely delicate thermoscope. Some account of it is given in *Nature*, which states that "pressure that is inappreciable and undiscoverable by other means is distinctly indicated by this instrument. Mr. Edison proposes to make application of the principle of this instrument to numberless purposes, among which are delicate thermometers, barometers, and hygrometers. He expects to indicate the heat of the stars and to weigh the light of the sun." Such an instrument, remarks the *British Medical Journal*, is likely to have numerous applications to physiological, and probably also to clinical, research.

A USE FOR NETTLES.—Foreign journals report that experiments have been made at Langenschwalbach, in Prussia, with a view to

utilize the fibre of the common nettle. It was found that when treated in the same way as hemp, the fibre came out as soft as silk and as strong as linen; and this result being regarded as encouraging, a large plantation of nettles has been made to provide material for experiments on a larger scale.

VARIETIES.

SHELLEY'S LAST DAYS.—Until the small cluster of real sympathizers gathered round Shelley the last year of his life, he was a forlorn outcast—a Pariah, as he often called himself. The Shelley family forbade his name to be spoken in their house, and held no communication with him for the last five years. His early friends had no sympathy with his writings; the press denounced him, and his wife remonstrated with him. His poetry was the pure outpourings of his inward mind. His convictions were so strong that he was pursuing the right course that he was deaf to all adverse counsel. Having completed the task of burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams, I returned to Pisa. On going to Mrs. Shelley's house I found in the drawing-room with her Vacca, the Professor of Anatomy at the College, and Leigh Hunt. I showed the heart to Vacca, and also some fragments of his skull, which Vacca remarked was very thin, and then I offered the heart to Mrs. Shelley. After a fitful glance 'on the black and charred piece of flesh, she was too shocked to touch it. Leigh Hunt was standing by her side, and she said to me, "As you are going to ride to Rome to-morrow, give it to Hunt to take care of;" which was done—and then I narrated to her and to those present an account of the ceremony. Mrs. Shelley said, "I have written to Miss Curran at Rome to give you the portrait she did of Shelley; it is unfinished, but there is no other, and I am very anxious to have it." After a pause she added, "There is one of me, too, but now no one will value that." I said, "Yes, I do." "You can have it, but it is unfinished, and she has made a great dowdy of me; I care nothing about it; my only earnest desire is to have Percy's and that you will take the greatest precautions to convey safely to me; that is the only treasure I have, and I know you will take care nothing happens to it, for you loved him. They are both unfinished; we were to have sat again, but we did not." I executed this commission. From this time Mrs. Shelley never saw her own portrait, nor expressed any wish to see it until fifteen or twenty years after. She then asked, or wrote, that she wished I would let her have it, as a particular friend of hers was very anxious to

see it. To this, verbally or in writing, I refused, and she never afterwards alluded to it. Mr. Garnett states as a proof of Mrs. Shelley's tolerance that she restored the omitted notes to "Queen Mab." She had other reasons to do so besides her toleration.—*J. W. Tre-lawny, in Athenæum.*

HISTORIC SLANG.—How common is the expression, "Oh, she is down in the dumps"—that is, out of spirits. This is a very ancient slang phrase, and is supposed to be derived from "Dumpos, King of Egypt, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy;" so that the thieves and gipsies are not all to blame for having given us a few expressive words! We next come upon a word full of pathetic meaning for many of us: it is the ghost that haunts us at Christmas time, and pursues us more or less throughout the new year—it is the word "dun." It is a word of consequence, for it is at once a verb and a noun, and is derived from the Saxon word "dunan," to din or clamor. It owes its immortality—so tradition says—to having been the surname of one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln in the reign of Henry VII., who was so active and dexterous in collecting bad debts, that when anyone "became slow to pay," the neighbors used to say, "Dun him," that is, send Dun after him. "Draw it mild" and "come it strong" have their origin in music, being the terms used by the leader of an orchestra when he wishes his violin players to play loud or gently. From this they have passed into synonyms for exaggerators and boasters, who are requested either to moderate their statements or to astonish their audience. The word "coach" in these days is a painfully familiar one, as parents know who have to employ tutors to assist their sons to swallow the regulation amount of "cram" necessary for competitive examination. The word is of university origin, and can boast of a logical etymology. It is a pun upon the term "getting on fast." To get on fast you must take a coach; you cannot get on fast in learning without a private tutor—*ergo*, a private tutor is a coach. Another familiar word in university slang is "a regular brick," that is, a jolly good fellow; and how the simile is logically deduced is amusing enough. A brick is "deep-red," so a "deep-read" man is a brick. To read like a brick is to read until you are deep "read." A deep-read man is, in university phrase, a "good man;" a good man is a "jolly fellow" with non-reading men; *ergo*, a jolly fellow is a "brick."—*Chambers's Journal.*

GOLD LACE.—Gold lace is not gold lace. It does not deserve this title, for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. The silken threads for making

this material are wound round with gold wire, so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down, applies another coating, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire; it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill; but the most remarkable example ever known was brought forward by Dr. Wallaston. This was an example of solid gold wire without any silver. He procured a small rod of silver, bored a hole through it from end to end, and inserted in this hole the smallest gold wire he could procure; he subjected the silver to the usual wire-drawing process, until he had brought it to the finest attainable state—being, in fact, a silver wire as fine as a hair, with a gold wire in its centre. To isolate this gold wire he subjected it to warm nitrous acid, by which the silver was dissolved, leaving a gold wire one-thirty-thousandth of an inch in thickness—perhaps the thinnest round wire that the hand of man has yet produced. But the wire, though beyond all comparison finer than any employed in manufactories, does not approach in thinness the film of gold on the surface of silver and gold lace. It has been calculated that the gold on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness, that is, not above one-tenth thickness of ordinary gold-leaf.—*Hatters' Gazette.*

A HINT.

OUR Daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.
Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.
There close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why that's why I kiss you," she said.

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